ZION'S GLAD SONGS

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FOR ALL

...CHRISTIAN GATHERINGS...

BY

M. L. McPHAIL

PRICES:

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Overcome the World.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Thus speaks our ris - en glorious Lord, In earn-est king-ly tones
2. "I know Thy works," O Lamb of God! Much Thou hast done for me;
3. "I would that thou wert hot or cold;" O warn-ing words divine;
4. I hear thy knock, O Heav'nly Guest, The door is o - pen now;

To him that hath a hear-ing ear, "To him that o - ver-comes;"
My heart is humbled when I ask, What I have done for Thee?
May not their mean-ing ev - er rend This tremb-ling heart of mine;
Grant me the bliss with Thee to feast, Un - til in death I bow;

Hear O my soul the faith - ful word! A - wake my droop-ing eyes!
A clear - er vis - ion of Thy love O'erwhelms my fleshly fears;
I would re-tain the earn-est zeal That loy - al love in-spires,
If I but keep thy sa - cred trust, I'll soon be safe at home

f. FINE.

The hour has come to do and dare; To win a heav'n-ly prize.
I'll strive to serve my Lord a - lone, Thro'-out my fu - ture years.
That helps me con - quer ev - er - more The flesh and its de - sires.
To share a feast of end - less joy With those who o - ver-come.

D. S. *O - bey His word and share His throne, While bliss-ful a - ges roll.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O-ver-come the world; 'Tis the Savior's voice, Hear His promise, O my soul. . . .
Overcome the world; 'Tis the Savior's voice. Hear His promise, Hear His promise, O my soul.

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It Is Jesus.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. When the Bear - er of our sorrows Treads the av - e - nues of care,
2. Do you strug-gle with the tempter? Are you shad-owed by de - spair?
3. Do the ruth - less waves of sorrow O'er your saddened spir - it roll,
4. Un - to those who mourn in Zi - on, Out of ash - es He will bring

Bringing com - fort to the suff - 'ring and the blind, We can
Are re - vers - es bring - ing pov - er - ty and pain? There is
Caus-ing hu - man hope or joy a wreck to be? There's a
Health and beauty that will ev - er more re - main; With the

hear the loud ho -san-nas that are ring - ing in the air; As be-
One who sees your per - il and de - lights to answer pray'r, One whose
Sav - ior ev - er pres - ent who can cheer the griev-ing soul, And re-
oil of joy a - noint - ed all the ran-somed ones will sing And a-

CHORUS.

lieving souls the source of healing find.
mighty arm can res - cue and sus-tain. It is Je - sus!
buke the rag-ing bil-lows of the sea.
dore the Lamb of God who once was slain. It is Je-sus our Redeemer, He is

Je - sus! Sad one weep no
a - ble to de - liv - er, He will bid the child of sor - row weep no

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It Is Jesus. Concluded.

more! weep no more, He will heal the brok - en heart - ed, o - pen

wide the pris - on door, He is a - ble to de - liv - er ev - er-more.

3 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar,

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

The Conquering Lion of Judah.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. The Li - on of Ju - dah goes forth in His might, To vanquish the
2. The Li - on of Ju - dah shall conquer the world, The slay - er of
3. The Li - on of Ju - dah shall reign o - ver all, And low at His

wrong and es - tab - lish the right; To shat - ter the chains of the
souls from his throne shall be hurl'd; The pow - ers of dark - ness shall
feet ev - 'ry creat - ure shall fall; His glo - ry shall saints and arch-

poor and oppres'd, And mil-lions from Sa-tan's do - min - ion to wrest.
ut - ter - ly fail, For wor - thy and a - ble is Christ to pre - vail.
an - gels pro-claim, O ho - ly, thrice ho-ly His won - der - ful name.

FINE.

bold - ness we fling The ban-ner of Ju - dah's all-con-quer-ing King.

REFRAIN.

The glo - ri - ous ban - ner of Christ is un - furled, The Li - on of

Ju - dah shall con - quer the world; So free to the breez - es with

D. S.

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We Have An Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se -
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break - ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be-hold thro' the gath'ring night The city of

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
cured by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from His
have told the reef is near, Tho' the temp - est rave and the
cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can
gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the

ca - bles strain, Will your anch - or drift, or firm re - main?
heart to mine, Can de - fy that blast, thro' strength di - vine.
wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow.
nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
heav-'nly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul Stedfast and sure while the billows roll,

Fasten'd to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

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Song of Triumph.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. What thing shall sep - a - rate us from the love of Christ the Lord?
2. I now am quite per-suad-ed that no pow - ers, life or death,
3. Ah, who shall lay gross e - vil to the charge of God's e - lect?

Shall bit - ter per - se - cu - tion, fam - ine, per - il, or the sword?
Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, nor height, nor things beneath,
'Tis God who jus - ti - fi - eth and who pledg - es to pro-tect.

For Thy sake, it is writ - ten, we are killed the whole day long;
Nor an - y - thing shall sep - a - rate us from His pre - cious love;
Who dares condemn a saint of God since Je - sus for him died?

But ev - en in af - flic - tion we may raise the tri-umph song:
No things of dark - ness here be-low, nor things of light a - bove.
The claims of jus - tice by that blood are whol - ly sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

Through Je-sus Christ, who loved us And the cross for sin - ners bore,

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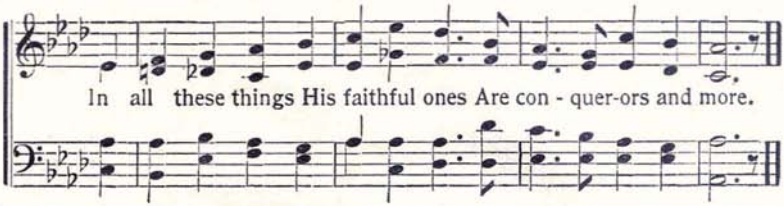
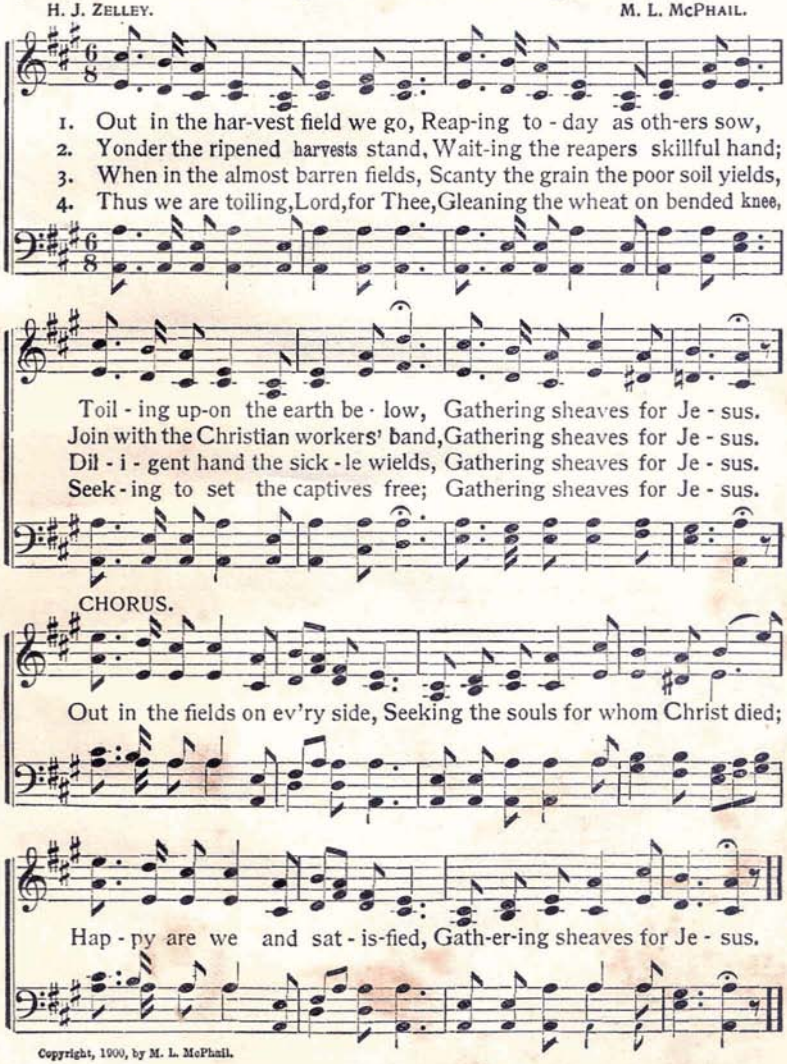
Song of Triumph. Concluded.



7 Gathering Sheaves For Jesus.

H. J. ZELLEY. M. L. McPHAIL.



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Leaning on The Everlasting Arms!

E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

last - ing arms! What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms! Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

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Clinging to Jesus Alone.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

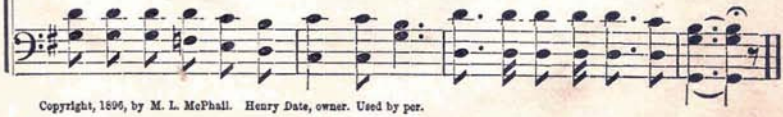
1. Clinging to Je - sus a - lone is sweet, Jesus a-lone, Jesus a-lone!
2. Worldly al - ll - an - ces I re - sign, Jesus a-lone, Jesus a-lone!
3. Fol-low-ing Je - sus I know is best, Jesus a-lone, Jesus a-lone!
4. Humbly I keep in the path He trod, Jesus a-lone, Jesus a-lone!
5. Life will be sweeter by far than now, Jesus a-lone, Jesus a-lone!

Wisdom I learn at the Master's feet, Clinging to Je-sus a - lone.
Pleasures of fol - ly can - not be mine, Clinging to Je-sus a - lone.
Toil-ing as - sur - eth e - ter - nal rest, Clinging to Je-sus a - lone.
Walking with Je - sus I walk with God, Clinging to Je-sus a - lone.
When im-mor-tal - i - ty crowns my brow, Clinging to Je-sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry and hon - or and love un-told, Ev - er shall be my own;

When I am walking the streets of gold, Clinging to Je-sus a - lone.



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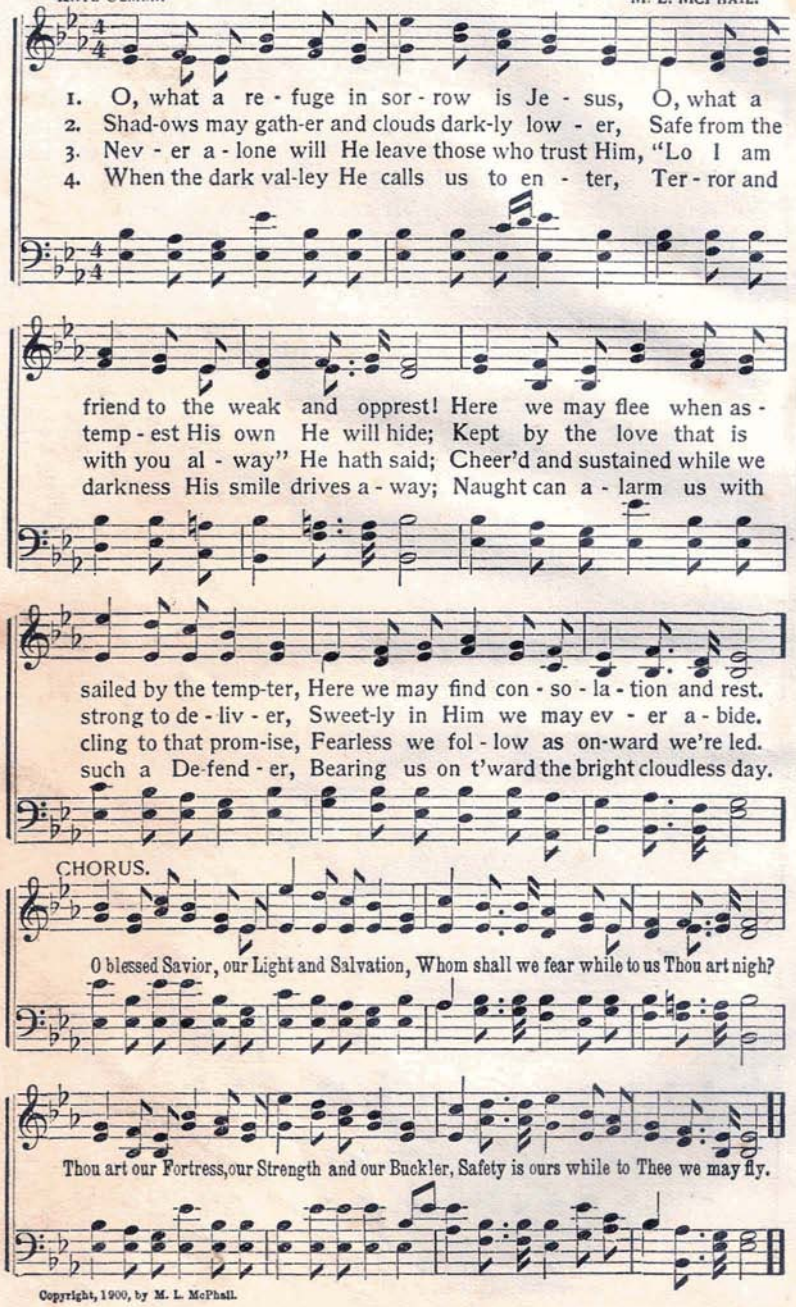
Our Light and Salvation.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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Trusting.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Trusting in Je - sus I find sweetest rest, Just simply trust-ing, O how I am blest; Nev - er a dan - ger and nev - er a fear,
2. Trusting when rough seems the path to my feet, Trusting when life is with gladness re - plete; Trusting tho' friends all for - sake here be - low,
3. Trusting for guidance where I cannot see, Knowing His wisdom suf- fi - cient for me; Trusting in weak-ness His won - der - ful might,
4. Trusting, yes trusting still un - to the end, Trusting in Him my un - change-a-ble friend; Trusting un - til with the ran - somed a - bove,

CHORUS.

Now can affright me since Je - sus is near.
Still my Re - deem-er doth love me I know. Trusting in Je - sus by night and by day, O, how his presence il-lu-mines my way; Knowing He
Looking in darkness to Him for the light.
Singing the praise of His won-der - ful love.
loveth and car - eth for me, Why should my heart ever sorrowful be?

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Walking with My Savior.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. More and more of Je - sus learn-ing ev - 'ry day, Walk-ing with my
2. When the tempest rag - es, when the billows roll; On the Rock of
3. Sweet it is to serve Him as the days go by, Knowing He will
4. If with Him I suf - fer I shall al - so reign, With Him shall in-

Sav - ior in the nar-row way; By His love sur-round-ed by His
A - ges He sup - ports my soul, Walking thro' the val-ley I need
guide me with His lov - ing eye; All to Him com-mit - ted He will
her - it when He comes a-gain; Naught on earth can sever from His

own hand led, For my jour-ney strengthened by the liv-ing bread.
nev - er fear, For my precious Je - sus then draws ver-y near.
sure - ly keep, For He nev - er wear-ies and doth nev - er sleep.
love di - vine, For this precious Je - sus ev - er - more is mine.

CHORUS.

Precious, precious Je - sus, Friend who never fails;
Je-sus, precious Je - sus, fails, who never fails,

Walking with my Sav - ior, Per-fect peace prevails.
Savior, with my Sav-ior, sweet peace prevails.

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Keep Close to the Master.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. Would you live nobly the years of your life? Would you be vic-tor in
2. Would you be richer than kings on the throne? Would you know more than the
3. Would you re - ceive of the heav-en-ly dove? Would you in-her-it the

each mortal strife? Would you be safe when the dangers are rife? Keep
wis-est have known? If you must leave all but Je sus a - lone, Keep
mansions a - bove; Dwell ev - er-more in the home of His love? Keep

CHORUS.

close, ver - y close to the Master.
close, ver - y close to the Master. Keep close, ver - y close, ver - y
close, ver - y close to the Master.

close to the King; Give Him and trust Him to keep ev'rything; You shall be

safe and be joyful and sing, Keep close, ver-y close to the Master.

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Walking in the Sunlight.

H. J. ZELLEY. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. I have left the world below, And I'm sing - ing as I go,
2. As the clouds that form at night Dis - ap-pear at ear - ly light,
3. I am hap - py, safe and free, And I love with Christ to be;

T'ward the sun - rise of that bright e - ter - nal day, As I jour - ney
And be - fore the morning sunlight flee a - way, So my doubts and
By His side my trusting soul will ev - er stay; Soon my tri - als

on I find All the shadows are be-hind For I'm walking in the
fears are flown And my faith has stronger grown, For I'm walking in the
will be past, I shall wear the crown at last, For I'm walking in the

CHORUS.

sunlight all the way.
sunlight all the way. O, the sunlight of the blessed Savior's love,
sunlight all the way. sunlight, glorious sunlight

Fills my soul with a radiance from above. I am singing, gladly
Fills my soul O, hal-le-lu-jah—

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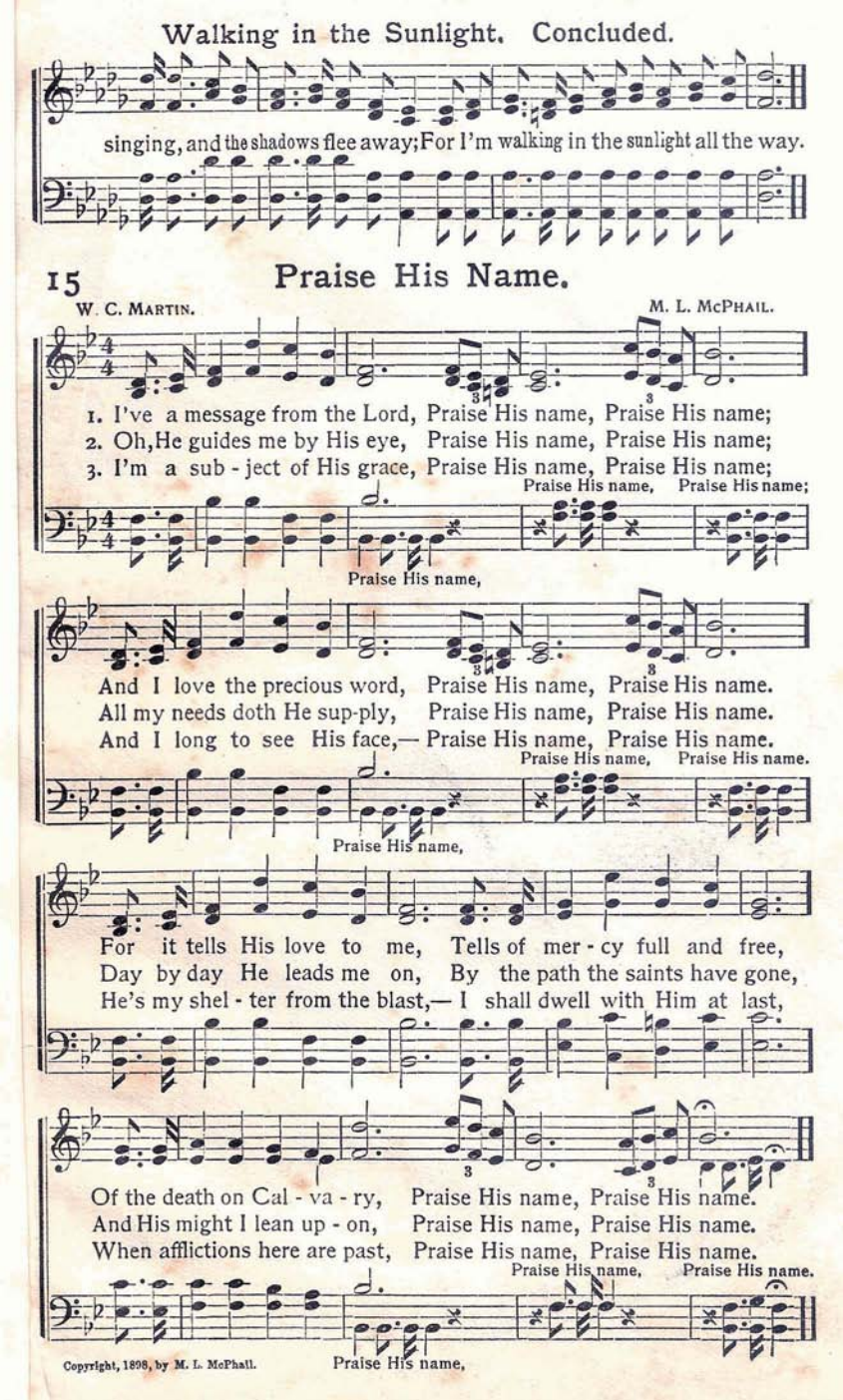

15 Praise His Name.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Praise His name, Praise His name;
2. Oh, He guides me by His eye, Praise His name, Praise His name;
3. I'm a sub - ject of His grace, Praise His name, Praise His name;

Praise His name, Praise His name;

Praise His name,

And I love the precious word, Praise His name, Praise His name.
All my needs doth He sup-ply, Praise His name, Praise His name.
And I long to see His face,— Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name,

For it tells His love to me, Tells of mer - cy full and free,
Day by day He leads me on, By the path the saints have gone,
He's my shel - ter from the blast,— I shall dwell with Him at last,

Of the death on Cal - va - ry, Praise His name, Praise His name.
And His might I lean up - on, Praise His name, Praise His name.
When afflictions here are past, Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name,

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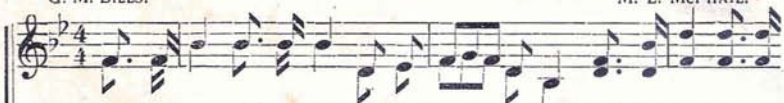
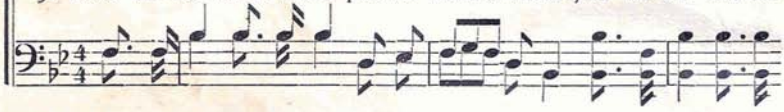
16 The Power of Jehovah's Arm.

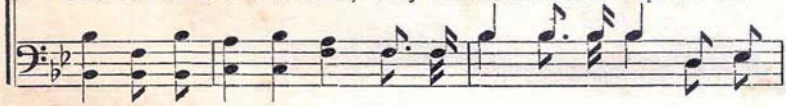
G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.



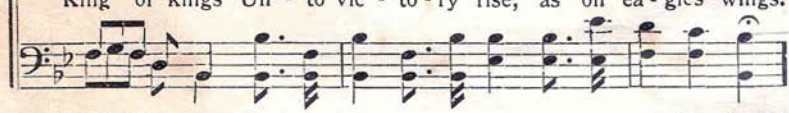
1. When the del - uge had bur-ied the mountains crest, And the wreckage of
2. When the prophets of Baal of their fren - zy tire, And the Al-might-y
3. When the furnace was white with the fier - y glow, And the ser-vants of
4. When the ser-vants of Saul saw their lead - er fall, Strick-en down to the
5. Thus the rec - ords di-vine put our fears to shame, As we fol - low our



sin strew'd its heaving breast, There was mirrored the har - vest of
God answers pray'r by fire; When the flames lick the earth and the
God to their fate did go; Lo, the An - gel of God to the
earth by the heav'n-ly call; Saw the foe of the saints by the
God in - to flood and flame; They who have for their Cap-tain the

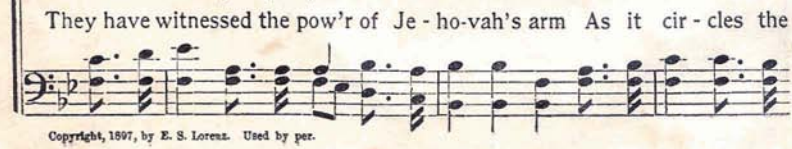


slight - ed grace And the hand of the Lord on a guilt - y race:
trench - es dry, "Serve the God of E - li - jah" the peo-ple cry:
res - cue came While the He-brews re - joiced in the harmless flame:
priest-hood spurn'd, And a hat - er of Christ to a Christian turn'd:
King of kings Un - to vic - to - ry rise, as on ea - gles' wings.



CHORUS.

They have witnessed the pow'r of Je - ho-vah's arm As it cir - cles the



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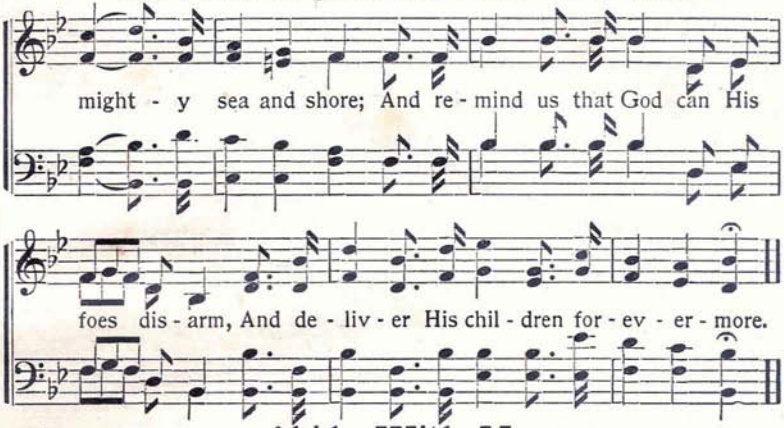
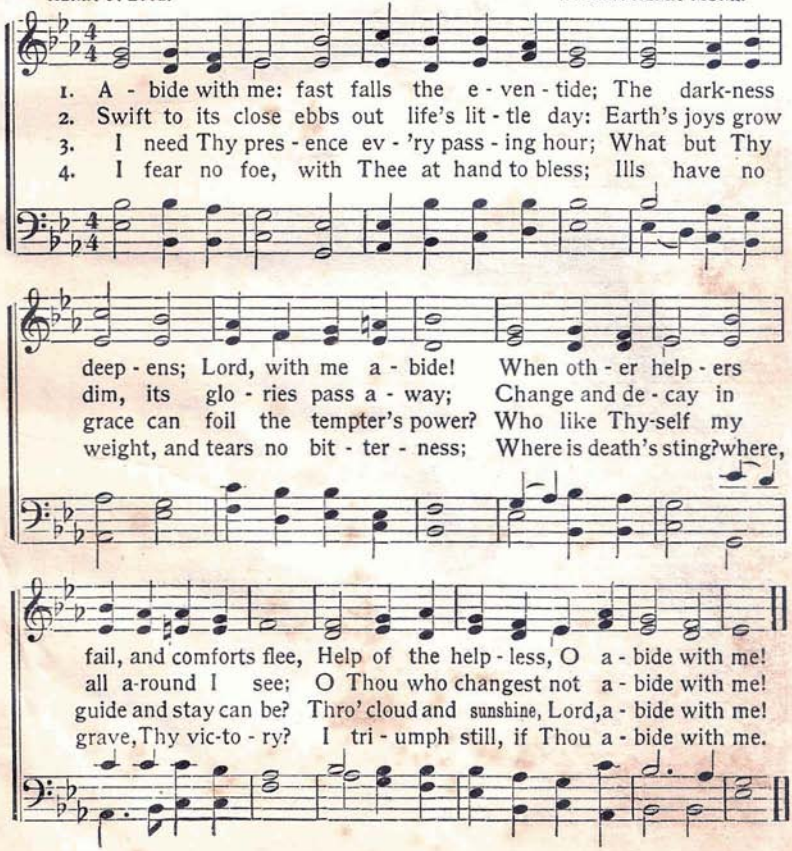


17 Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



Toward the Mark.

"I press toward the mark for the prize."—Phil. 3: 14.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. T'ward the mark I'm dai - ly pressing For that nev - er fad - ing prize,
2. T'ward the mark I'm dai - ly pressing Nev - er look-ing back to earth
3. T'ward the mark I'm dai - ly pressing, Henceforth this one thing I do;

Tho' the race course oft is rug-ged; Storm clouds roll a-cross the skies:
For its glit - ter and its glam - our I have found of lit - tle worth;
All the sin - ful past for - get -ting, Reaching t'ward the grand and true;

Yet none of these things shall move me From the purpose of my soul;
Ev - 'ry weight and sin's be-set-ments By his grace I cast a - side,
Mak-ing sure my blest high call - ing To a crown of glo - ry bright,

Look-ing off un - to my Sav - ior I shall reach the hap - py goal.
Look-ing on - ly un - to Je - sus Thro' the gates my soul shall glide.
Look-ing un - to Christ my Captain I shall win in faith's good-fight.

CHORUS.

Look-ing ev - er un - to Je - sus I shall
Look-ing ev - er un - to Je - sus

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in the race a - bide; Looking ev - er un - to

I shall in the race a - bide; Look-ing ev - er

Je - sus, Thro' the gates my soul shall glide.

un - to Je - sus, Thro' the gates my soul shall glide.

19 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path: but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

"E'en Though It Be a Cross."

H. J. ZELLEY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I oft - en sing those words of pray'r, "Nearer my God to Thee,"
2. Near-er, near - er my God to Thee, This is my heart's de - sire;
3. I know un - less the cross I bear The crown will ne'er be giv'n;

I long for fel - low - ship di - vine, And Thy dear face to see.
Each day to jour-ney by Thy side, To this do I as - pire.
That I must suf - fer here be - low, If I would reign in heav'n.

But will I for this bless - ed state All gain con - sid - er loss,
To gain this hon - or'd place so dear All things I count but dross;
I fear to look a - way from Thee Lest I should suf - fer loss,

FINE.

And let Thee draw me as Thou wilt "E'en tho' it be a cross?"
Use an - y means to lift me up "E'en tho' it be a cross."
For in Thy way my soul would rise "E'en tho' it be a cross."

D. S. *O draw me clos - er though it is A cross that rais-eth me.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

This is my heart's sincere de-sire, "Nearer my God to Thee,"

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The Keys of Tomorrow.

H. J. ZELLEY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. You're groaning to-day 'neath a bur - den of care; 'Tis more than your
2. Your way may be clouded, your future con-cealed, And scarce-ly the
3. Don't take anxious tho't for your raiment and food, Your Fa-ther will

sad, fainting spir - it can bear. Don't seek from the fu - ture new
pres - ent is clear - ly re - veal'd; 'Twill strengthen in weakness and
give you what-ev - er is good; No lines of des - pair on his

f. FINE.

trou-ble to bor-row, But leave in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.
com-fort in sor-row, To leave in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.
brow will e'er furrow, Who leaves in Christ's hand the keys of to-mor-row.

ban-ish your sorrow, And leave in His hands the keys of to-mor-row.

CHORUS.

Then lift up your head, tho' your eye-lids are wet, The clouds may be

D. S.

dark, but the sun's shin-ing yet; Trust ful - ly in Je - sus and

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Invitation to the Saints.

R. B. HENNINGES. E. C. HENNINGES.

With animation.

1. Come, dear saints, and let us vis - it at the court of heav'nly grace,
2. He has spread a "feast of fat things" that will tempt our ap-pe-tites.
3. We may saun - ter thro' the orchards where the spirit's fruits are ripe,
4. And the feast of his pro - vid - ing! Who can tell, without a taste,

For Je - ho - vah deigns a wel - come to pre - pare. He has
O the dain - ti - ness and rich - ness of his fare! He will
Plucking hope and love and kind-ness as we go; And their
What shall charm our pal-ates at that ep - i - sode? Come, dear

come, come.

bid us leave our earth-cares for the plea - sures of His face, And re -
cheer our drooping spir - its with the vint - age that de-lights Ev - 'ry
fine, de - li - cious flav - ors from our mem - o - ries shall wipe Ev - 'ry
saints, and vis-it long and of - ten! Come with seemly haste! For the

CHORUS.

cruit in Heaven's heathful at-mos-phere.
honored guest his ben - e - fits to share. Come, O come, come, hasten
trace of bit - ter - ness and earthly woe.
King says "Welcome" to his high abode.

come, dear saints,

quick-ly, For the King of glo - ry waits: Come, O come, and

come, dear saints. come, dear saints.

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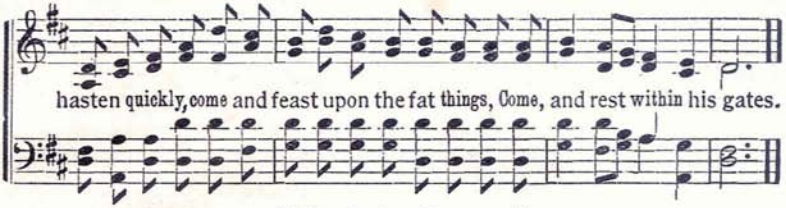
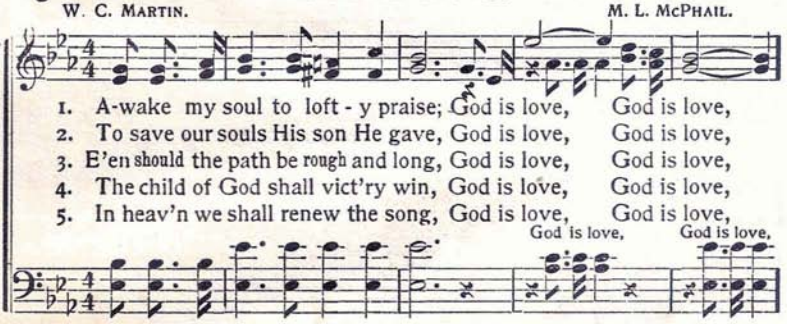
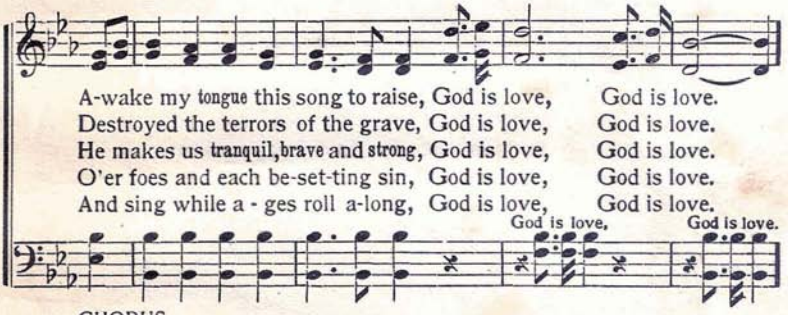
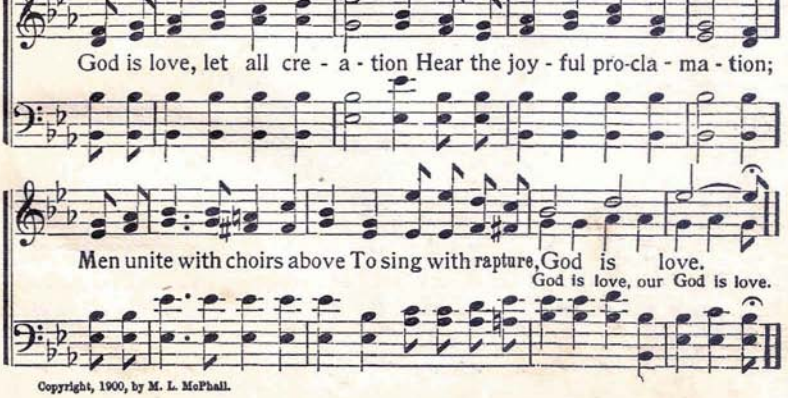


23 "God is Love."

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.







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Carry it All to Jesus.

H. J. ZELLEY, M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. O what is thy bur - den so heav - y to day, That gloom fills thy
2. O what is thy bur - den that maketh thee weep, That clouds the bright
3. O what is thy bur - den so great and severe, That like a great
4. O what is thy bur - den that press-es a-gain, That long like a

spir - it and joy flees a - way? Thy faults rise be - fore thee and
sun - light and ban - ish - es sleep? Thy failures have caused thee this
thun-der cloud hov - ers so near — Thy fears and fore- bod - ings both
blight on thy spir - it hath lain? Thy friends who are wand'ring have

fill with dis - may, Go car - ry thy bur den to Je sus.
an-guish so deep, Go car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus.
gloomy and drear? Go car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus.
caused thee this pain, Go car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Car - ry thy bur-den to Je - sus, Car-ry thy bur-den to Je - sus,

Thy faults and thy failures, thy friends and thy fears He'll car - ry each

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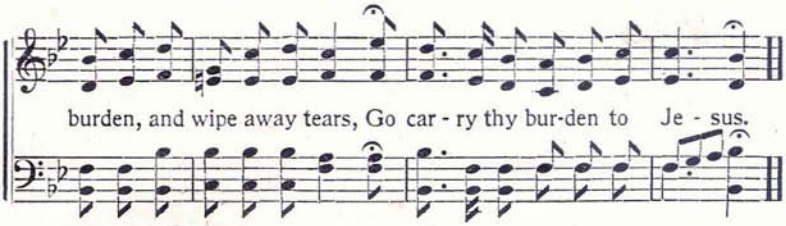
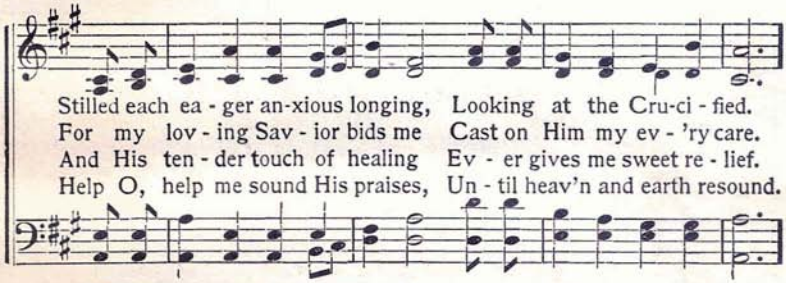


25

Sunshine.

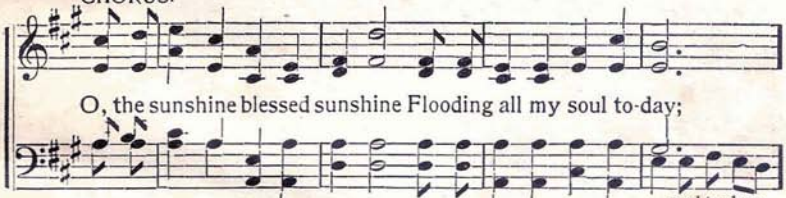
KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

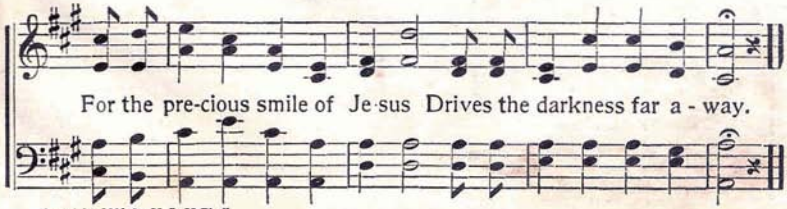
1. At the cross I found my Savior, There my heart was sat-is - fied:
2. Now no long - er heav - y lad-en, With the sins I can-not bear;
3. All my doubts and fears I bring Him All my sor - row, all my grief;
4. O, what peace what joy what comfort In my Sav - ior I have found,



Stilled each ea - ger an-xious longing, Looking at the Cru-ci - fied.
For my lov - ing Sav - ior bids me Cast on Him my ev - 'ry care.
And His ten - der touch of healing Ev - er gives me sweet re - lief.
Help O, help me sound His praises, Un - til heav'n and earth resound.

CHORUS.





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Beautiful Light.

"There shall be no night there; . . . for the Lord God giveth them light,"—Rev. 22: 5.

R. B. HENNINGES. E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Straining their eyes for the tar - ry - ing day, "O for the light,
2. Gross is the darkness that cov-ers the earth, "O for the light,
3. Hast - en the day of thy splendor, O Lord, "O for the light,

gladsome and bright!" Sigh'd the poor shepherds who watched on the plain,
gladsome and bright!" Groans the cre-a - tion, long trav'ling in pain,
gladsome and bright!" Drive from our dwelling the shadows a - way,

Worn by the wear-i-some vig - ils of night, Lo! in the skies a bright
Wait - ing re - lief from the curse and its blight. Lo! in the skies a bright
Grant earth a sea-son of joy and de - light. Lo! in the skies a bright

rad - iance ap - pears, Beautiful light, gladsome and bright! Charming them
rad - iance ap - pears, Beautiful light, gladsome and bright! 'Tis the new
rad - iance ap - pears, Beautiful light, gladsome and bright! Sa - tan is

rall.

on to the manger where shines Is-ra-el's hope and the world's rising light.
star of a glo - ri - ous day, Bidding them hope in the God-promised light.
banished, the darkness dispelled. Shines forth forever the Kingdom of light.

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Beautiful Light. Concluded.

CHORUS. *tempo*

Light, light! O for the light! Beautiful, beautiful gladsome and bright!

Beautiful, beautiful, O for the beautiful, bright gladsome

Light, light! O for the light! Beautiful, beautiful gladsome and bright.

Beautiful, beau-ti-ful, O for the beautiful,

27 Follow in the Steps of Jesus.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Would you glo - ri - fy the Lord? Follow in the steps of Je - sus;
2. Would you find the promised rest? Follow in the steps of Je - sus;
3. Would you know God's will alone? Follow in the steps of Je - sus;
4. Would you wear a star - ry crown? Follow in the steps of Je - sus;
5. Would you in the homeland dwell? Follow in the steps of Je - sus;

f FINE.

Would you gain a rich re-ward? Follow in the steps of Je - sus.
Com - fort wear-y ones opprest? Follow in the steps of Je - sus.
Would you yield to Him your own? Follow in the steps of Je - sus.
Heed - ing not the world's cold frown, Follow in the steps of Je - sus.
He a - lone does all things well, Follow in the steps of Je - sus.

D.S. *Follow in the steps of Je - sus.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Ev - er in Him a-bide, Leaving all else be-side; Cling to the cru-ci-fied,

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I Gladly All Surrender.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. A pil - grim here be - low, I would no guidance know But that of
2. Led on - ward by His hand, o - bey - ing His com-mand, Un-heed-ing
3. I glad - ly all re - sign to God my friend divine; I fling my
4. Be God a - lone my guide; let Him all things decide; Let His most

God who leads me on - ly where His child should go; Con - tent with
what the world may say, with Him I take my stand: And, knowing
self - ish wants a - way and take His will for mine; For well I
wise and kind - ly will o'er all my life pre - side; I'll fol - low

what it is my Father's pleasure to be - stow I glad - ly all sur-
I shall triumph here and reach the glo-ry - land, I glad - ly all sur-
know that peace and joy for me are His de - sign, I glad - ly all sur-
Him and trust Him what-so-ev - er may be - tide: I glad - ly all sur-

CHORUS.

ren-der to the Lord.
ren-der to the Lord. He is my life, my light, His will is my delight; He
ren-der to the Lord.
ren-der to the Lord.

leads me wise-ly in the day and safe-ly in the night. I trust Him, I o-

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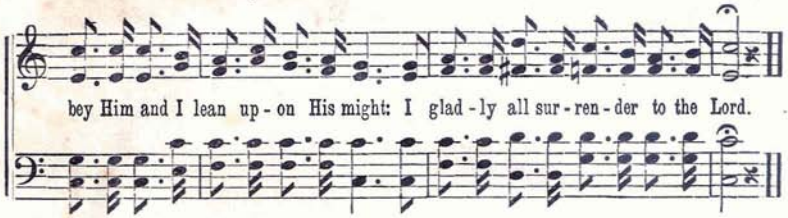
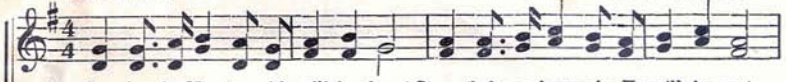
I Gladly All Surrender. Concluded.

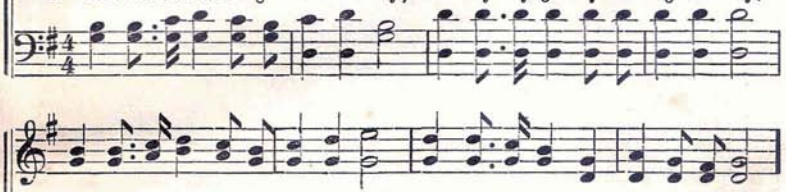


29 Working With Jesus.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

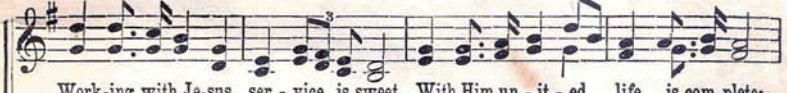


1. Serv-ing the Mas-ter with will-ing heart Strength for each serv-ice He will im-part;
2. Glad-ly ful - fill - ing each hum-ble task, Nev - er for-get-ting His help to ask;
3. Called to high plac-es, Lord, keep us true, Our con - se - cra - tion help us re - new;
4. Lord make us will-ing Thee to o - bey, On - ly Thy glo - ry seek-ing each day;



Wis-dom un - fail - ing our feet to guide, Grace in a - bun - dance what-e'er be-tide.
Pa - tien - tly waiting should He so will, Work-ing or wait - ing, serv - ing Him still.
Self all sur-ren-dered, in touch with Thee, Thy humble serv - ants still would we be.
Nev - er dis-cour-aged dost Thou but bless, Since faith-ful-ness with Thee is suc-cess.

CHORUS.



Work-ing with Je-sus ser - vice is sweet, With Him un - it - ed life is com-plete;

No-blest im - pul - ses still ris-ing high'r Freed from all dross by heav - en - ly fire.

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30 Peaceful in the Time of Storm.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. On Christ I lean a - mid a-larms, I am peace-ful in the
2. How sweet to feel my Sav - ior near! I am peace-ful in the
3. Tho' sor - rows oft - en weigh me down, I am peace-ful in the
4. While Je - sus keeps su-preme con-trol, I am peace-ful in the
5. My foes may threat en to des-troy, I am peace-ful in the
6. My flesh may dread life's e - vil tides, I am peace-ful in the
7. I do not look for cloud-less skies, I am peace-ful in the

time of storm; And grasp the ev - er - last - ing arms, I am
time of storm; For per - fect love re - moves all fear, I am
time of storm; I have a joy no woe can drown, I am
time of storm; No earth - ly pow'r can harm my soul, I am
time of storm; Yet still my heart doth leap for joy, I am
time of storm; Yet on her course my spir - it glides, I am
time of storm; Un - til I land in par - a - dise, I am

CHORUS.

peace-ful in the time of storm. I am rest - ing in the arms that

nev - er fail, can - not fail, can - not fail; I am rest-ing in the

arms that can - not fail, I am peace-ful in the time of storm.

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Claim the Promise.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Nev - er let a shade of care rest on your brow, You can have the
2. He has called you in the world to shine for Him, Nev - er need the
3. When the err-ing feet you seek to guide a - right From the paths of
4. When at last your service for Him here shall cease, And He bids you

Sav-ior's help - ing hand just now; He has promised if His word you
brightness of your life grow dim; He has promised ev - er - more He
dark-ness in - to His own light, He has promised power to give you
rise to realms of end-less peace, He has promised your re-ward on

will be - lieve, That ac - cord - ing to your faith you shall re - ceive.
will be - stow All that you may need to keep your light a - glow.
from a - bove As you tell the sto - ry of His wondrous love.
high shall be Far be - yond all tell-ing thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Claim the promise, plead it o'er and o'er, On His blessed word lay hold as ne'er before;

Claim the promise, plead it o'er and o'er, Let your faith be mightier than e'er be-fore.

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Be True to Your Colors!

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

March movement.

1. Be true to your col - ors! my com-rade to - day; The smile of the world would al - lure you a - stray; O nev - er to mammon your
2. The might-y are fall-ing who drift with the tide; Who trust in their numbers, and walk in their pride; O brethren of Je - sus! keep
3. The paths of temp - ta - tion al-lure us in vain; Who turn to their charms will lie down with the slain; So glad - ly we fol - low in
4. Be true to your col - ors! my com-rade be true; Be firm when the fur - nace is glow - ing for you; Our Captain is might - y the

FINE.

trea - sure be - tray Your blest con-se - cra - tion to Je - sus.
close to his side, There's safe - ty and vic - t'ry with Je - sus.
per - il and pain, To en - ter life's por - tal with Je - sus.
flame to sub - due; Be stead-fast, and con-quer with Je - sus.

D.S. *com-rade, be true, Be loy - al, and conquer with Je - sus.*

CHORUS.

Till the marching ume is o'er, And we tread the shining shore, Where the faith-ful o - ver-com-er takes his crown, Be true to your col-ors, my

D. S.

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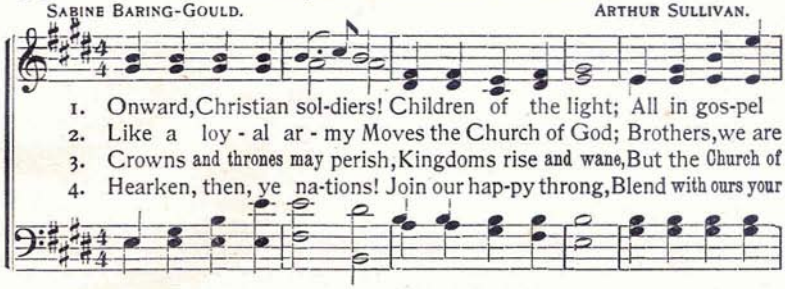
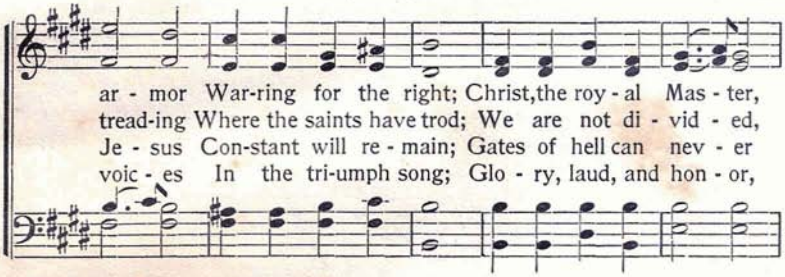
33 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

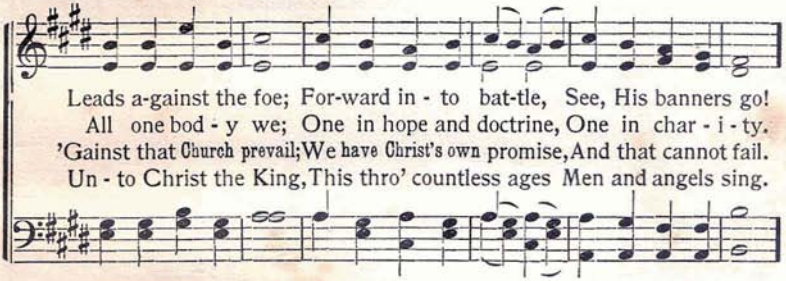
SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



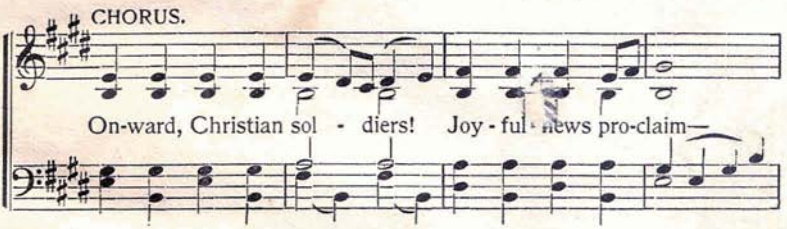
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Children of the light; All in gos-pel
2. Like a loy - al ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Hearken, then, ye na-tions! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your



ar - mor War-ring for the right; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

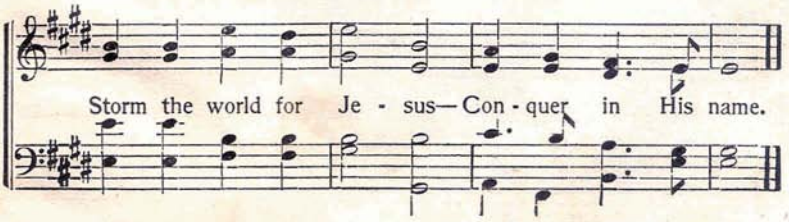


Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat-tle, See, His banners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.



CHORUS.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Joy - ful news pro-claim—



Storm the world for Je - sus— Con - quer in His name.

His Blood Avails.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. When bow'd in sorrow, guilt and fear, Be - fore the mer - cy seat,
2. Now walk - ing as His Spir - it leads His light my path il - lumes;
3. My ev - 'ry step He ord - ers now, My ways to Him are known;

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, In accents clear and sweet:
And sweet-ly with my raptured soul My Sav - ior oft communes;
Tho' oft the shadows gath - er deep, I nev - er walk a - lone;

"Thy ma - ny sins are all for-given, Thy faith hath made thee whole,
His ways are ways of pleasantness, And all His paths are peace;
His boundless love sur-rounds me still, He holds me in His hand.

f. FINE.

De - part in peace and sin no more." 'Twas joy be - yond con-trol.
For in His pres-ence joy a-bounds, There pleasures cannot cease.
And there I'll rest till safe a - bove Be - fore His face I stand.

D. S. *this I know, His blood a-vails From sin to set me free.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I can - not com-pre - hend the love That led Him to the tree; But

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35 On, to the Haven, Eternal.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Safe in the life-boat I joy-ful-ly ride Out on life's per-il-ous o-cean; Shutting my ears to the roar of the tide,
2. Safe in the life-boat I smile at the wave, Wave of re-pin-ing or sad-ness; Since at my side stands the "Mighty to save,"
3. Safe in the life-boat when tempests a-rise, Wrecking some cher-ish'd en-dea-vor; Je-sus I know is un-er-ring-ly wise·
4. Safe in the life-boat when dan-ger is past, Moor'd to the arch-es of glo-ry; While love's unspeak-a-ble ag-es shall last

CHORUS

Peace-ful a-mid its com-mo-tion.
Trust-ful-ness fills me with glad-ness. On to the hav-en e-ter-nal I glide, Telling the won-der-ful sto-ry; Je-sus, my
He will sus-tain me for-ev-er.
Sing-ing the won-der-ful sto-ry.

Pi-lot, re-mains at my side, Fill-ing my soul with his glo-ry.

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Precious Is He.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. My Sav - ior is prec - ious to me, Un - speak-a - bly precious is He; I have yield-ed my all in re-sponse to His call For-sak - ing the world His to be. To the ban-quet of love He has guid - ed my feet, In His presence to feast on the fin - est of wheat.
2. Se - cure in His tend - er em-brace, I rest at the fount - ain of grace; 'Neath its life giv - ing flow I am kept here be - low, In the light of His glo-ri - ous face; O, so peer-less the beau - ty in Je - sus I see, That I cry out in won-der "how could He love me."
3. When fear or temp-ta-tion as - sail, His love and His pow - er pre - vail; When His sweet voice I hear whisp'ring low "I am near," The wiles of the tempter all fail. Called in heav-en - ly plac-es with Him to a - bide, My Re-deem-er is dear - er than all else be - side.

REFRAIN.

Precious is He, precious is He, My Savior is precious, so precious to me;

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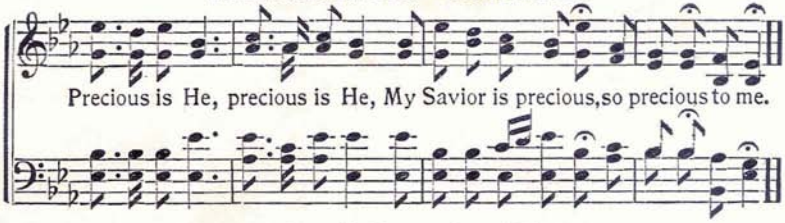
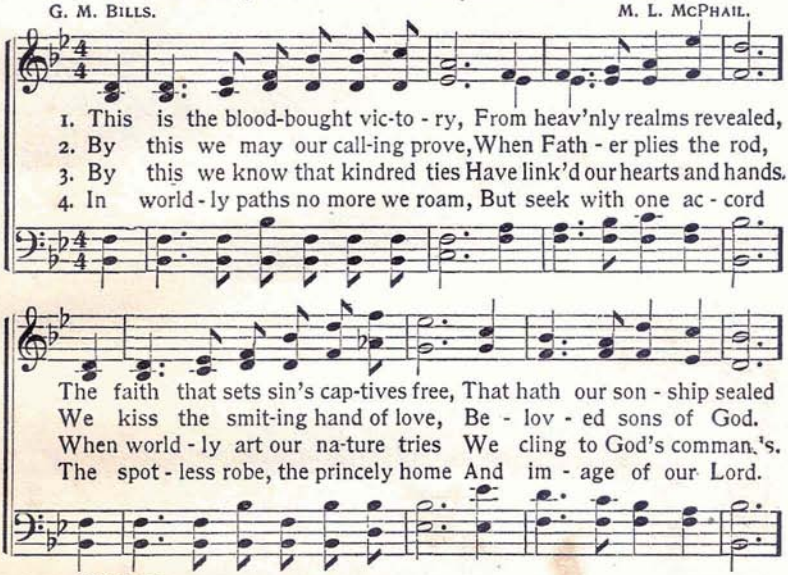
Precious Is He. Concluded.



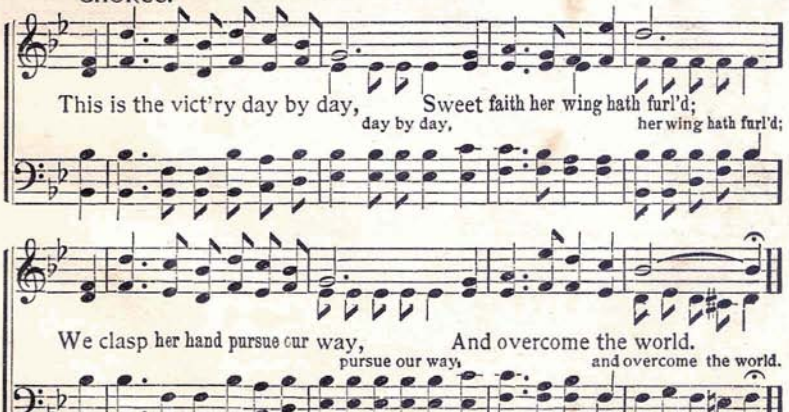
37 The Blood-bought Victory.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."— 1 John 5: 4.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.



CHORUS.



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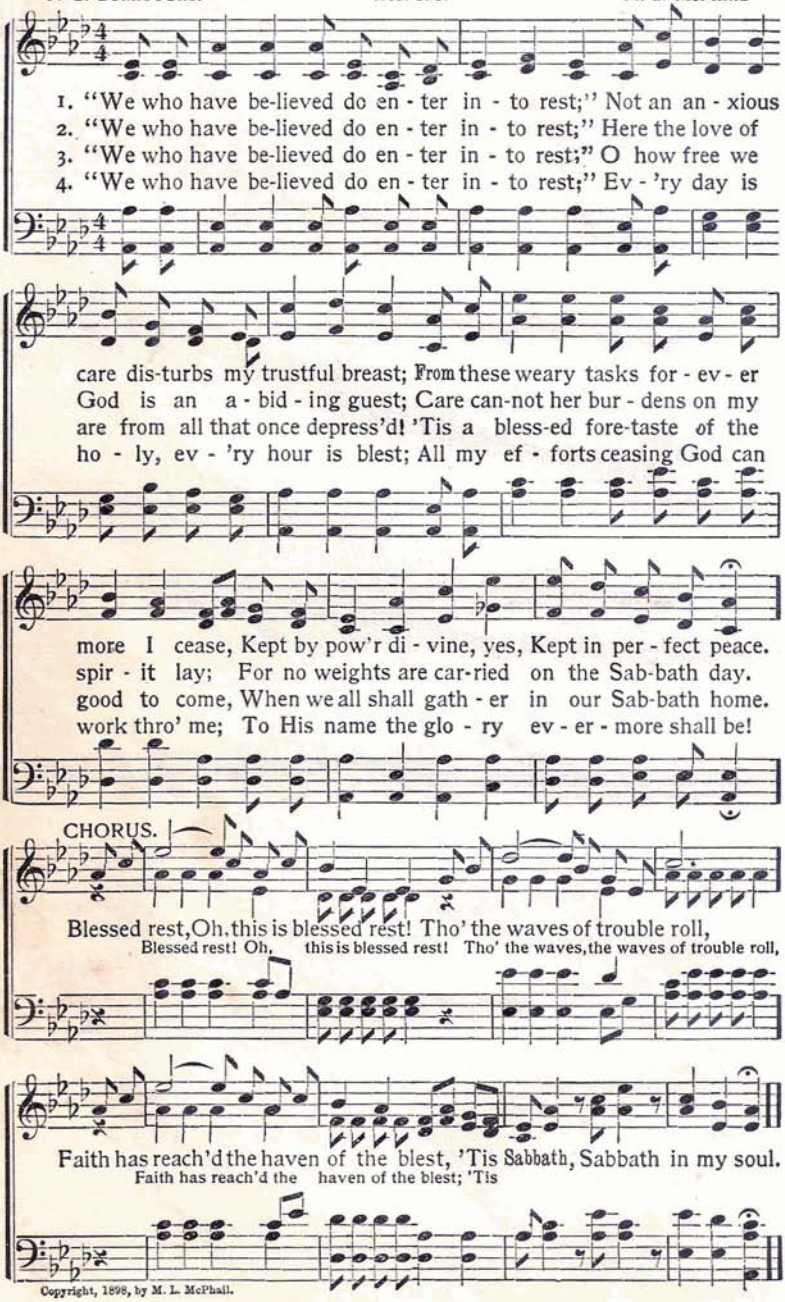
38 'Tis Sabbath in my Soul.

F. G. BURROUGHS. Heb. 3: 3. M. L. McPHAIL



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39 Witnessing For Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, ye who know His pow'r; In His great sal-
2. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, let the cheer-ful face Show the joyous
3. Wit-ness-es for Je-sus, let the life of love, Be the high-est

va - tion trust - ing ev - 'ry hour; To the world a-round you
temp - er of the in - ner grace; Let the bless - ed Spir - it
tri - bute to our King a - bove; May the Mas-ter's im - age

f. FINE.

show by look and tone How the precious Savior guides and keeps His own.
dwell-ing in your soul Ev - 'ry word and action, ev-'ry tho't con - trol.
brighten more and more, Till we bear His likeness on the gold-en shore.

faithful be and true, Telling, gladly telling, what he is to you.

CHORUS.

Wit-ness-ing, wit-ness-ing; prov-ing ev - 'ry day That the Master's

D. S.

with us all a - long the way. Wit-ness-ing, wit-ness-ing,

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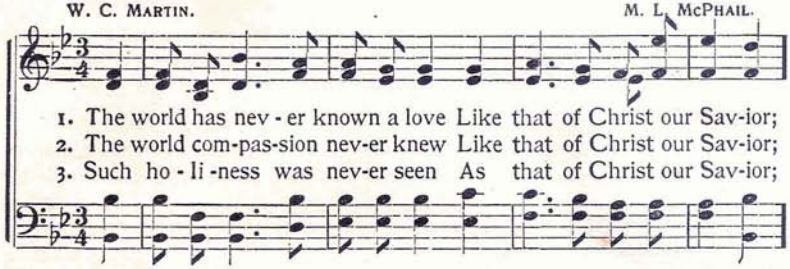
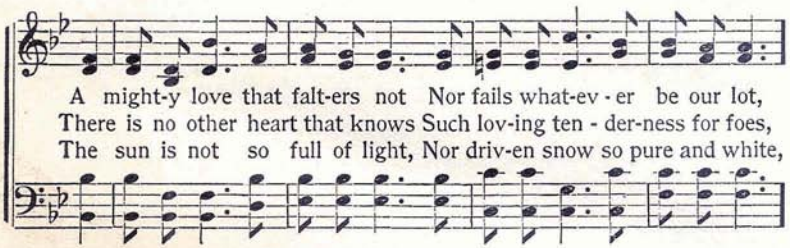
40 Such Love was Never Known.

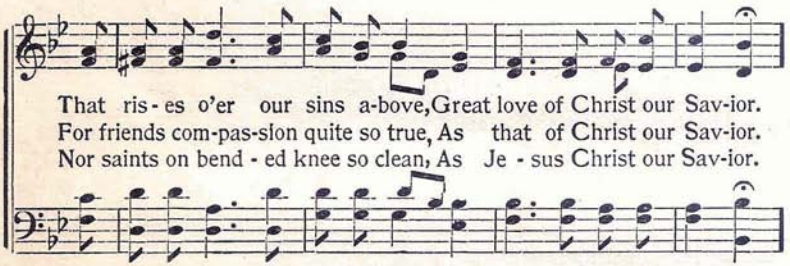
W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.



1. The world has nev - er known a love Like that of Christ our Sav-ior;
2. The world com-pas-sion nev-er knew Like that of Christ our Sav-ior;
3. Such ho - li -ness was nev-er seen As that of Christ our Sav-ior;

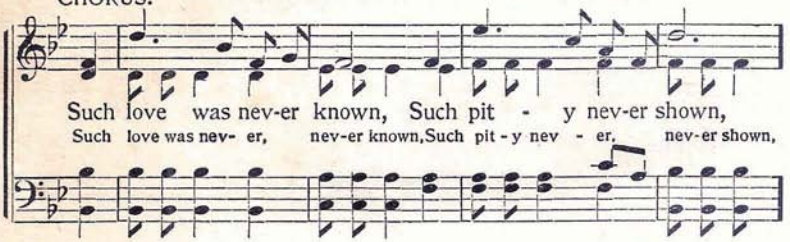


A might-y love that falt-ers not Nor fails what-ev - er be our lot,
There is no other heart that knows Such lov-ing ten - der-ness for foes,
The sun is not so full of light, Nor driv-en snow so pure and white,

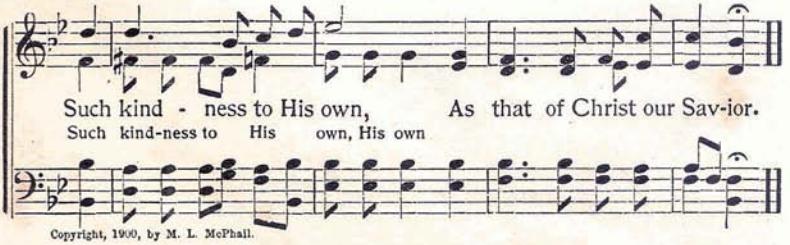


That ris - es o'er our sins a-bove, Great love of Christ our Sav-ior.
For friends com-pas-sion quite so true, As that of Christ our Sav-ior.
Nor saints on bend - ed knee so clean, As Je - sus Christ our Sav-ior.

CHORUS.



Such love was nev-er known, Such pit - y nev-er shown,
Such love was nev- er, nev-er known, Such pit - y nev - er, nev-er shown,



Such kind - ness to His own, As that of Christ our Sav-ior.
Such kind-ness to His own, His own

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41 Keep Your Armor Bright.

F. G. BURROUGHS. E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Have you on the gos - pel arm-or? Ev - 'ry piece you need to wear;
2. Having on the righteous breast-plate Shield your heart with faith and love;
3. Take the hel-met of sal - va - tion For each va-liant war - rior meet;
4. Grasp the Spirit's two edged weapon, Firm-ly cling to God's dear Word;
5. Clad in all the gos - pel arm-or, You shall put the foe to flight;

Gird God's blessed truth a - round you With all watch-ful-ness and pray'r.
Then no fiery darts of ar - rows Can your joy and peace remove.
Let the gos - pel pre - pa - ra - tion Be the cov'-ring for your feet.
And by pray'r and sup - pli - ca - tion Keep your eyes fixed on the Lord.
If by watchfulness you're keeping Ev - 'ry por - tion shin-ing bright.

CHORUS.

Keep your arm-or shin - ing bright As you bat - tle for the
Keep your arm - or shin-ing bright, As you

right, Marching onward in the light, shout the vic-to-ry, the vic - to-ry.
bat-tle for the right,

accel. *e cres.* *al* *ff* *tempo.*

Marching onward in the light, Shout the vic - to-ry, the vic-to-ry.

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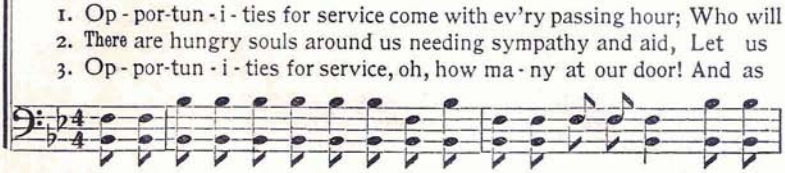
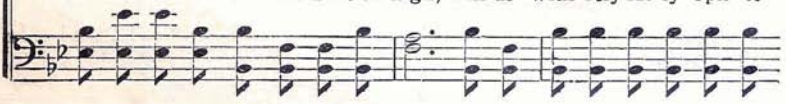
Opportunities For Service.

E. E. HEWITT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Op - por-tun - i - ties for service come with ev'ry passing hour; Who will
2. There are hungry souls around us needing sympathy and aid, Let us
3. Op - por-tun - i - ties for service, oh, how ma - ny at our door! And as



watch for them as treasure from the sky? Op-por - tun - i - ties as fleeting
help them in the Master's gen - tle way; Let us car-ry love's bright sun-shine
var - ied as the clouds that float on high; Fill us with Thy Ho-ly Spir - it



as the dew up - on the flow'r, Who will grasp them as they're glid-ing by?
to dis - pel the gloom-y shade; Let us smooth the rugged road to - day.
blessed Sav - ior, we im - plore. Help us please Thee as the moments fly.

CHORUS.

Happy service, blessed service, When we la-bor for the glory of our King;

Hap-py service, blessed service, And for joy of heart His servants sing.

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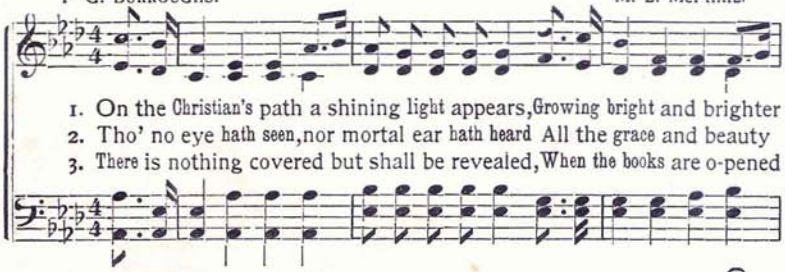
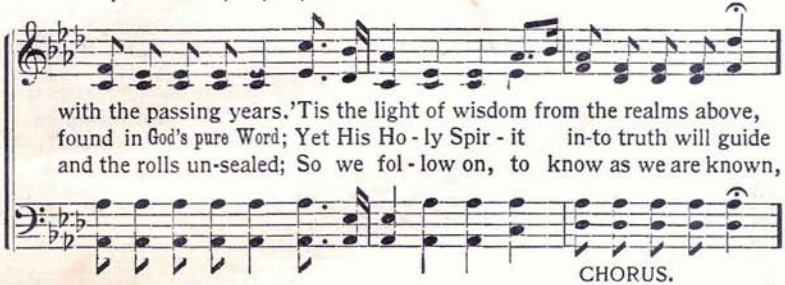
The Shining Light.

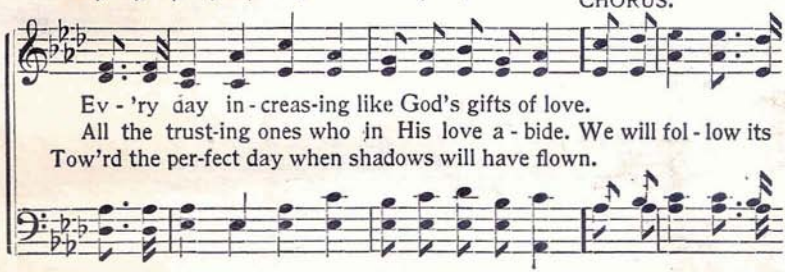
F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. On the Christian's path a shining light appears, Growing bright and brighter
2. Tho' no eye hath seen, nor mortal ear hath heard All the grace and beauty
3. There is nothing covered but shall be revealed, When the books are o-pened

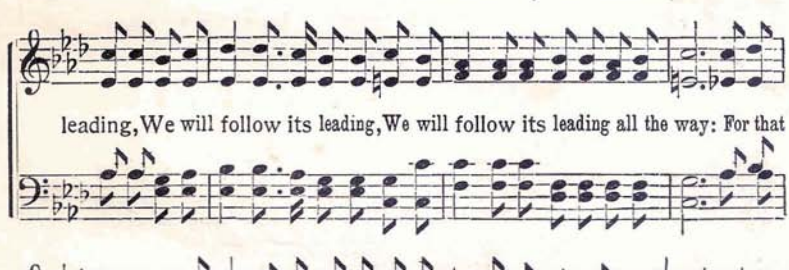


with the passing years. 'Tis the light of wisdom from the realms above,
found in God's pure Word; Yet His Ho - ly Spir - it in-to truth will guide
and the rolls un-sealed; So we fol - low on, to know as we are known,

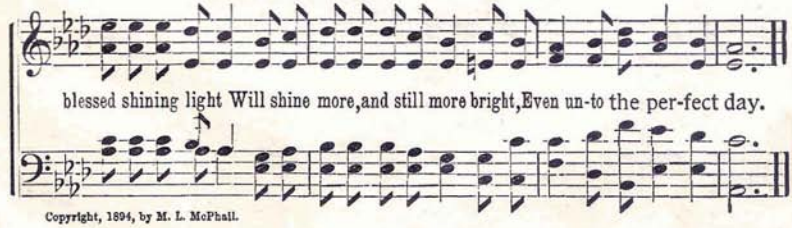


CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day in - creas-ing like God's gifts of love.
All the trust-ing ones who in His love a - bide. We will fol - low its
Tow'rd the per-fect day when shadows will have flown.



leading, We will follow its leading, We will follow its leading all the way: For that



blessed shining light Will shine more, and still more bright, Even un-to the per-fect day.

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The Bulwark of Thy Presence.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Cast, O Lord, the bulwark of Thy presence round my soul, Speak the
2. Let Thy soul-en-rich-ing mer-cy fall up-on me now; Cheer my
3. Let Thy peerless goodness which Thy children know so well Flow thro'

mighty word that makes the billows back-ward roll; Where the tempest
oft-en saddened spir-it, with Thy grace en-dow. In the shad-ow
all the earth wher-ev-er hu-man soul may dwell; Give to ev-'ry

breaks up-on me with re-sist-less shock Place my feet a-bove it
of Thy presence I would sweet-ly rest, Sheltered from be-sieg-ing
soul to taste and feel how good Thou art, Pour Thy precious mer-cy

CHORUS.

on the ev-er-last-ing rock. Thou canst shelter me; Thou canst calm the sea;
sins which I, O Lord, de-test. Thou canst shelter me; Thou canst set me free;
in-to ev-'ry ach-ing heart. O that all might see; might but look to Thee,

1 2

Thou art my un-fail-ing ref-uge in ad-ver-si-ty; -ver-si-ty.
In Thy shad-ow I shall rest in sweet se-cu-ri-ty; -cu-ri-ty.
And re-ceive Thy full sal-va-tion for e-ter-ni-ty; -ter-ni-ty.

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To Him that Overcometh.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Bless - ed prom - is - es are giv - en To the o - ver - com - ing soul
2. He who to the end en - dur - eth In God's tem - ple shall a - bide;
3. In com - mun - ion with the Sav - ior He shall walk in spot - less white;
4. In the pres - ence of the an - gels Christ the Lord His name will own;

Who a - mid the world's allurements Gains o'er self and sin con - trol.
In His se - cret place most ho - ly From the wrath to come shall hide.
Feasting on the hid - den man - na, In the heav'nly cit - y bright.
Free from sin and death for - ev - er, He shall share the victor's throne.

CHORUS.

Un - to him . . . . that o - ver - com - eth Heaven's
Un - to him that o - ver - com - eth

gate . . . will o - pen wide; . . . . Crown'd with end - less life and
Heaven's gate will o - pen wide; Crown'd with endless

glo - ry He shall reign . . . . at Je - sus' side. . . . . .
life and glo - ry He shall reign at Je - sus' side.

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Our Battle Song.

W. C. MARTIN. E. C. HENNINGES.

With animation.

1. A - wake, O Zi - on, bare thine arm; Shake off all trembling and alarm;
2. Move forward, soldiers of the King, And to the breeze His banner fling,
3. A - rise, O Zi - on, for-ward go, Our master leads against the foe;

No child of God can suff - er harm Who bat - tles in His might.
Move for-ward while ye grand-ly sing The bat - tle song of right.
His arm - y ne'er de - feat shall know, Nor can it ev - er fail.

A - wake to dare for Him and do, To stand with courage and be true,
Your God is watching ov - er you. Ye fight not with a weakling few,
O - bey to - day the trumpet call; The cit - ies of the great shall fall

To meet, to conquer and sub - due The en - em - ies of right.
But with Je - ho - vah, strong and true, The glorious God of might.
And Christ shall triumph ov - er all, With him shall ye pre - vail.

CHORUS.

A - wake! A - wake! A -
A - wake! O Zi - on, leave the night, leave the night,

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Our Battle Song.

rise! A - rise! In God, In

A - rise, to bat - tle for the right, for the right, In God, the God of truth and

God Ye shall o'er all pre - vail, . . . Ye shall o'er all prevail.

might, truth and might,

47 On Life's Ocean.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Sail - or on life's troubled o - cean Driv-en by the sweeping gale,
2. Soon the storms now sweeping o'er thee Shall be hushed by one sweet word,
3. Faith-ful be thou then to du - ty Till the gloom and care shall cease,

FINE.

Look a - bove the wild com-mo-tion: Trust in Je - sus and pre - vail.
And the waves that rise be-fore thee Shall be stilled by Christ the Lord.
And the morn re-veals in beau - ty Thy fair promised land of peace.

D. S. *Trust in Him un-til the morrow Dawns with peace and pur-est light.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

He will dry the tears of sor - row; He will end the storm-y night;

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48 Be Strong, Ye Christian Soldiers.

G. M. BILLS. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.—Eph. 6: 10. M. L. McPHAIL

March movement.

1. Be strong, ye val - iant sold - iers Ye sold - iers of the Lord,
2. The e - vil day is on us, Yet do not be a - fraid,
3. Un - ho - ly foes de - fi - ant- A - rise on ev - 'ry hand;
4. Temp-ta - tions keen and fear - ful Con - spire to wreck our love.
5. Be strong ye Christian sold - iers The hot - test fight is near,

Who wear the gos - pel ar - mor, And march with one ac - cord;
Tho' hosts of wick - ed spir - its A - gainst us are ar - rayed:
Their fier - y darts are strik - ing Our shield of faith so grand;
Christ's righteousness en - folds us Our weak-ness to re - move;
Sin's blind - ed host shall trem - ble Our fi - nal shout to hear;

Well shod with peace-ful ti - dings A hos - tile land we tread;
No er - ror ev - er pierc - es The gir - dle that we wear,
In vain they shock and shiv - er A - bout our glo-rious crest,
With dil - i - gence se - cu - ring This breast-plate all di - vine,
The Spir - it's sword is pierc - ing All er - ror thro' and thro',

Un - snared by cru - el er - rors A - long our path-way spread.
The truth is all a - vail - ing, Vic - tor - ious ev - 'ry-where.
The hel - mit of sal - va - tion As - sures our peace and rest.
Our love for God will tri - umph, Our light for Je - sus shine.
The word of God, re - sist - less, All na - tions will sub - due.

CHORUS.

Be strong, ye Christ-ian sold - iers, Your gos - pel weap-ons wield,

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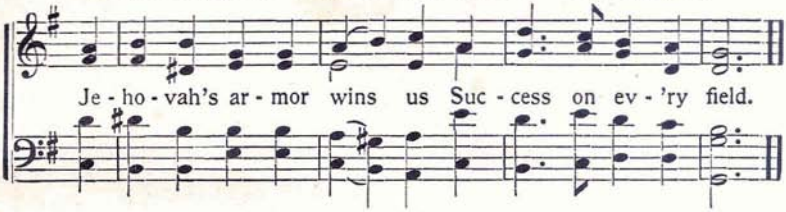
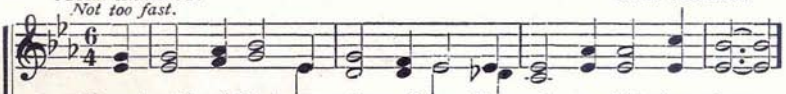


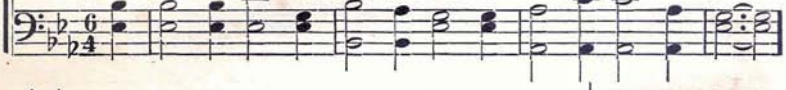
49 Sweet Will of God.

FLORA KIRKLAND. M. L. McPHAIL.

Not too fast.

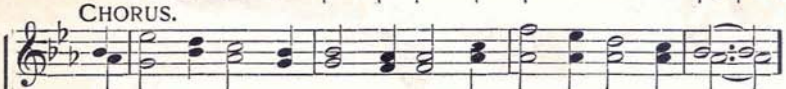


1. Sweet will of God, my ref-uge Thou, My safe a - bid - ing place,
2. Not as I will, tho' dark the way, I know my Lord is nigh:
3. Tho' from my life He seems to take What I tho't whol-ly blest;
4. Tho' sor - row fall up - on my life And dark-ness hide the light;
5. So spare me not, but do thy will, Thy bless-ed will, in me:

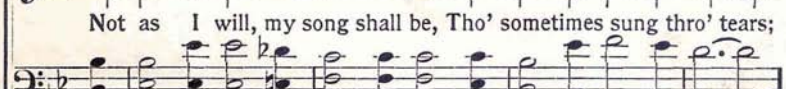


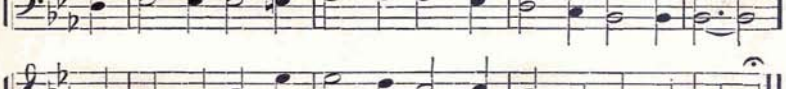
Till all the storms of life are past And I shall see His face.
His pres-ence turn-eth night to day He hear - eth ev - 'ry sigh.
E'en if I might I would not choose, My Fa - ther knoweth best.
'Tis bet - ter so; He can - not err! My Fa-ther's way is right.
Work out Thine own good pleasure, till Mine eyes my King shall see.

CHORUS.

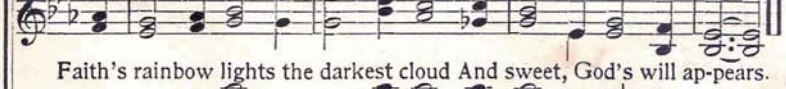


Not as I will, my song shall be, Tho' sometimes sung thro' tears;





Faith's rainbow lights the darkest cloud And sweet, God's will ap-pears.



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50 Happy is the Man that Findeth Wisdom.

VIRGINIA NOBLE. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Hap - py is the man that find - eth wis - dom, For the gain there-
2. Whence then is the place of un - der - stand-ing? Where shall price-less
3. Wis - dom from a - bove is pure and ho - ly Fill - ing hun - gry
4. Wis - dom from a - bove is full of mer - cy, Eas - i - ly per-

of is more than gold; Pre - cious far be - yond the fair - est
wis - dom then be found? Fear the Lord a - lone for He is
hearts with per - fect joy; For we know our Fa - ther's won-drous
suad - ed t'ward the right; Sown in peace the ten - der fruit - age

jew - el And the wealth of it can ne'er be told.
wis - dom, And in Him their treas-ures all a - bound.
bless - ings Are the on - ly gifts with - out al - loy.
rip - ens Beau - ti - ful - ly in the Fa - ther's sight.

CHORUS.

Let us then refrain our tongues from e-vil, Keep our lips from speaking guile;

Dai - ly let us seek the heav'nly wis-dom, Let us gain the Father's smile.

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51 A Little Talk with Jesus.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. G. H. FISHER.

Not too fast.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus At the clos - ing of the day,—
2. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus When our hearts grow weak and faint,
3. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,—How it lights the dark - est hour,

How it qui - ets ev - 'ry anx - ious fear, And drives our doubts a - way;
It will still the mur-mur on our lips, And cease our sad com - plaint;
How it keeps us "watching un - to pray'r," And foils the tempter's pow'r;

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,— How it soothes the ach - ing brain,—
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,— How it lifts the low'r - ing sky;
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,—There can noth - ing take its place,—

How it rests the wea - ry, struggling soul, And makes us strong a - gain.
Oh, what bless-ed light, and peace, and joy, When He, our Lord, is nigh.
How we long to reach our heav'n-ly home, And see Him face to face!

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Confess the Truth.

G. M. BILLS. E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Con-fess the truth be - liev - ing one, Con-fess the Savior's fame;
2. Con-fess that not for you a - lone The Lamb to death was led;
3. Proclaim the rich - es of His grace So grand-ly free to all;
4. The judgment time will soon re - veal Our bridegroom's roy-al care

The tri-umph that his love has won 'Tis bless - ed to pro - claim.
The pleading of his dy - ing groan A - vails for quick and dead.
That all the bruis-ed of our race Are ransomed from the fall.
For those who bear his ho - ly seal, And in his suff'ring share.

A ruin - ed race has been redeemed; The world is re - con - ciled;
All eyes shall wak - en to be - hold The joy - ful judgment hour
The love that bear-eth to thy soul Sweet par-don and re - lease
The quickened earth will bud and bloom, While all cre - a - ted things

A - ton - ing blood on Cal-v'ry stream'd For ev-'ry soul de - filed.
When Christ will loose from ev - 'ry soul The chain of Satan's pow'r,
Will flood the earth from pole to pole With lib - er - ty and peace.
As - cribe their vic - t'ry o'er the tomb To Christ the King of Kings.

CHORUS.

Con-fess the truth be - liev- ing One, Thy Savior's love de - clare;

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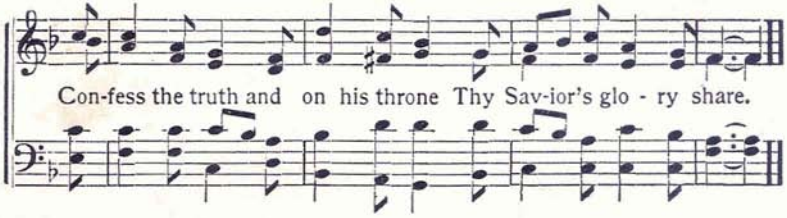
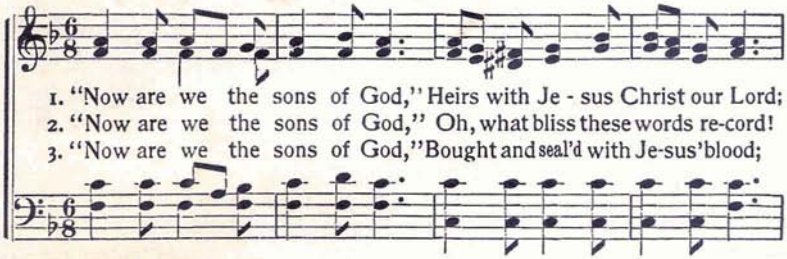
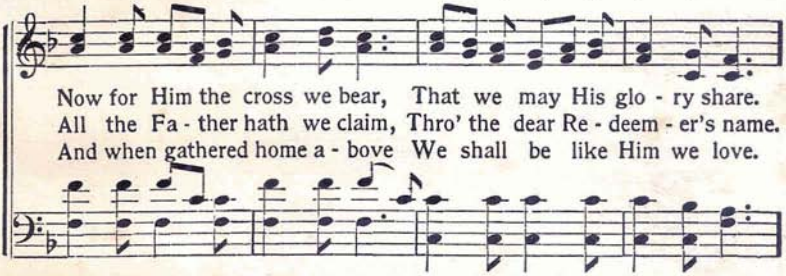


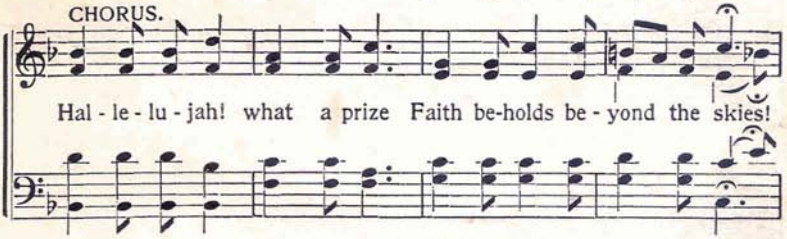
53 Now are We the Sons of God.

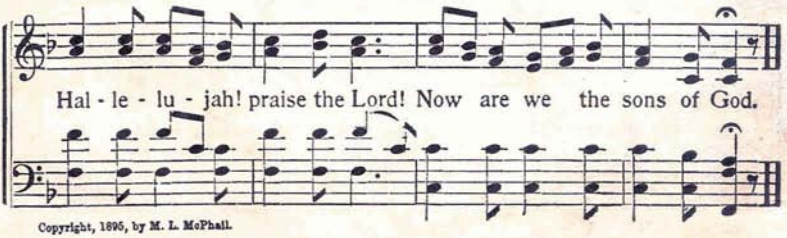
"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."—1 John 3: 2.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.









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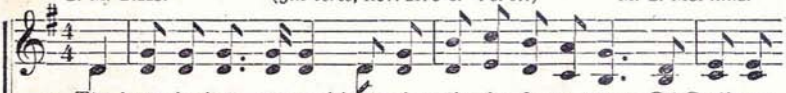
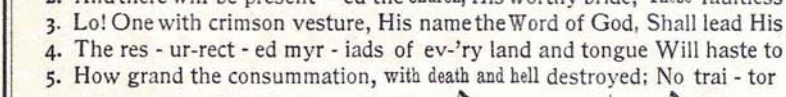
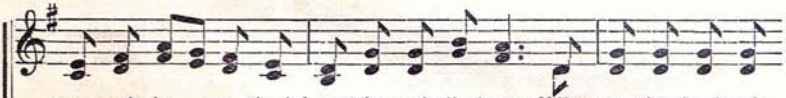
54 Before the Great White Throne.

(*1st verse*, Dan. 7: 9-14. Lu. 9: 12.) (*2d verse*, Rev. 3: 21. 14: 1-5. 19: 5-9.)
(*3d verse*, Rev. 19: 11-16. Ps. 72.) (*4th verse*, Isa. 25: 6-8. 45: 22-25. Lu. 3: 46)
G. M. BILLS. (*5th verse*, Rev. 21: 3-8. Ps. 67.) M. L. MCPHAIL.

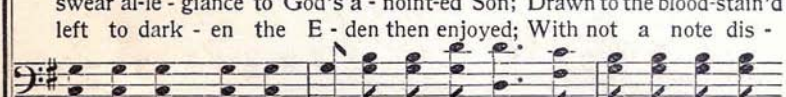


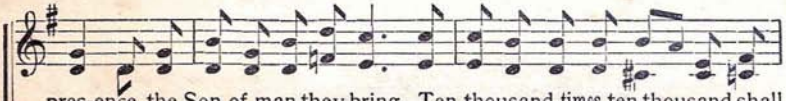
1. The hour is fast approaching when thro' a fiery stream Of God's e -
2. And there will be present - ed the Church, His worthy bride; These faultless
3. Lo! One with crimson vesture, His name the Word of God, Shall lead His
4. The res - ur-rect - ed myr - iads of ev-'ry land and tongue Will haste to
5. How grand the consummation, with death and hell destroyed; No trai - tor



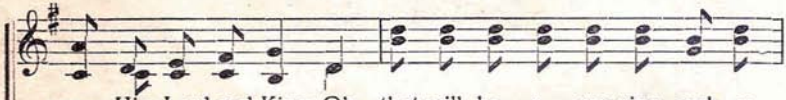


ter - nal glo - ry the judgment throne shall gleam; When to the Ancient's
virgins cho - sen, His joint-heirs to a - bide; They share His roy-al
shining ar - mies and wield the i - ron rod; His word shall smite the
swear al-le - giance to God's a - noint-ed Son; Drawn to the blood-stain'd
left to dark - en the E - den then enjoyed; With not a note dis -

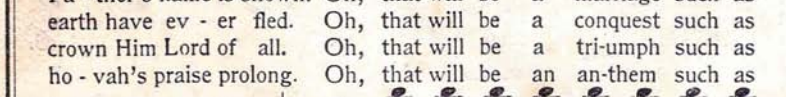




pres-ence the Son of man they bring, Ten thousand times ten thousand shall
hon - ors, His nature, and His throne, While written in their fore-heads His
na - tions, His feet the wine-press tread, Un-til the fiends of er - ror from
al - tar, the ransom'd host shall fall In grate-ful ad - o - ra - tion, and
cord - ant that u - ni - vers - al song Shall thro' e-ter-nal cy - cles Je -



crown Him Lord and King. Oh, that will be a crowning such as
Fa - ther's name is shown. Oh, that will be a marriage such as
earth have ev - er fled. Oh, that will be a conquest such as
crown Him Lord of all. Oh, that will be a tri-umph such as
ho - vah's praise prolong. Oh, that will be an an-them such as



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Before the Great White Throne. Concluded.

earth has never known, When Christ His kingdom shall re-ceive be-fore the
earth has never known, When the bride and bridegroom are made one be-fore the
earth has never known, When the kings of earth their hon-ors lay be-fore the
earth has never known, When ev - 'ry knee is bow-ing low be-fore the
earth has never known, When the Hal - le - lu - jah chor-us rings be-fore the

great white throne; Oh, that will be a crowning such as earth has never known,
great white throne; Oh, that will be a marriage such as earth has never known,
great white throne; Oh, that will be a conquest such as earth has never known,
great white throne; Oh, that will be a tri-umph such as earth has never known,
great white throne; Oh, that will be an anthem such as earth has never known,

When Christ His kingdom shall re-ceive be-fore the great white throne.
When the bride and bridegroom are made one be-fore the great white throne;
When the kings of earth their hon-ors lay be-fore the great white throne.
When ev - 'ry knee is bow - ing low be-fore the great white throne.
When the Hal - le - lu - jah chor - us rings be-fore the great white throne.

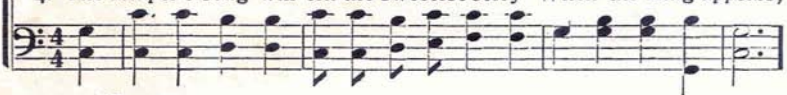
55 Happy Day.

FINE. D. S.

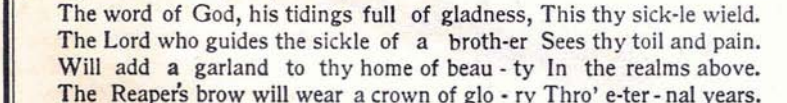
56 Reap the Sheaves.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Go reap the sheaves that still remain in sadness Drooping on the field.
2. Des-pair not when the lab - or of an - oth - er Brings the greater gain.
3. The thorns that lin-ger in thy path of dut - y, Painful tho' they prove,
4. The Reaper's song will tell the sweetest story When the King appears,

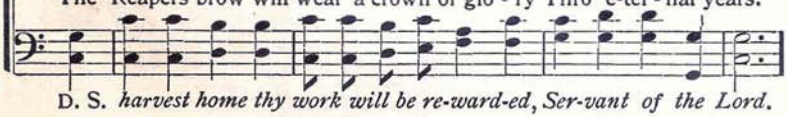


The word of God, his tidings full of gladness, This thy sick-le wield.
The Lord who guides the sickle of a broth-er Sees thy toil and pain.
Will add a garland to thy home of beau - ty In the realms above.
The Reaper's brow will wear a crown of glo - ry Thro' e-ter - nal years.

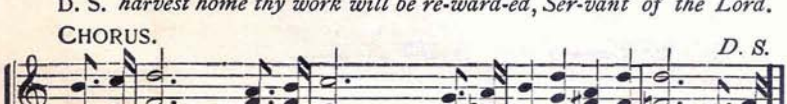


D. S. *harvest home thy work will be re-ward-ed, Ser-vant of the Lord.*

CHORUS.



Reap the sheaves! reap the sheaves, With the sick-le of His word, In the



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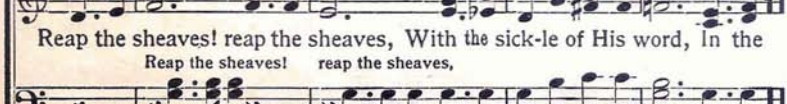
57 The Lord Is My Shepherd.



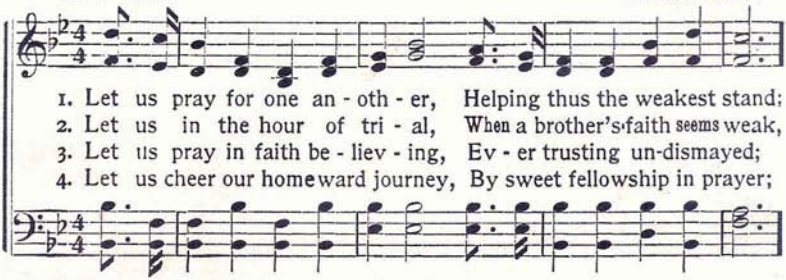
1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; ‖ he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

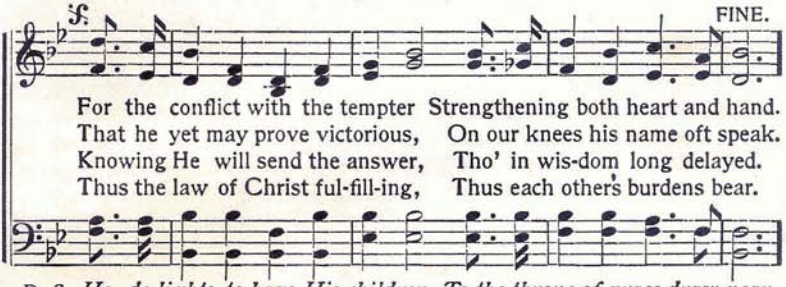
3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup···runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. ‖ A- | men.

58 Pray For One Another.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.

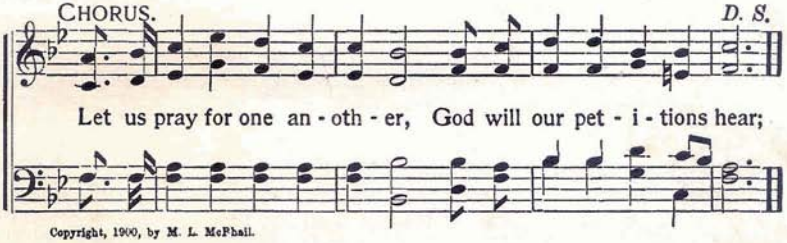


1. Let us pray for one an - oth - er, Helping thus the weakest stand;
2. Let us in the hour of tri - al, When a brother's faith seems weak,
3. Let us pray in faith be - liev - ing, Ev - er trusting un-dismayed;
4. Let us cheer our homeward journey, By sweet fellowship in prayer;



For the conflict with the tempter Strengthening both heart and hand.
That he yet may prove victorious, On our knees his name oft speak.
Knowing He will send the answer, Tho' in wis-dom long delayed.
Thus the law of Christ ful-fill-ing, Thus each other's burdens bear.

D. S. *He de-lights to have His children To the throne of grace draw near.*



Let us pray for one an - oth - er, God will our pet - i - tions hear;

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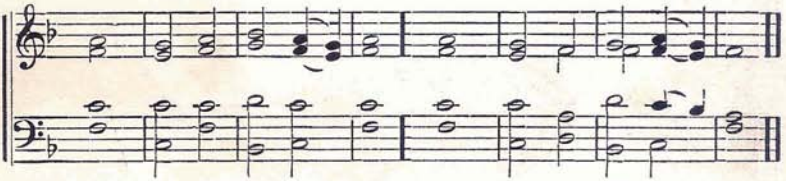
59 The Lord's Prayer.



1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖ for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever. A- | men.

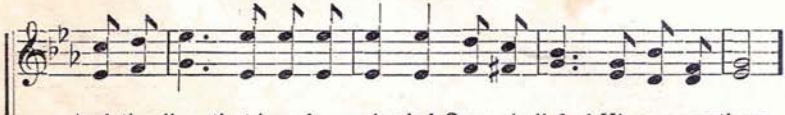
Every Tear.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

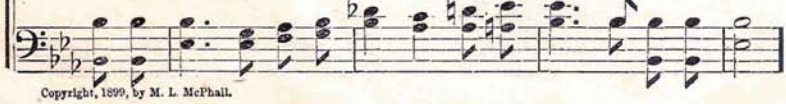
1. Ev - 'ry tear will be a trea - sure That is shed for Je-sus here;
2. Ev - 'ry tear will be a trea - sure That is shed at Je-sus' feet;
3. Ev - 'ry tear will be a trea - sure Shed in sor - row or in pain;

For it is our Father's plea-sure To re - ward His children dear.
It will be a welcome of - f'ring Shin-ing on the mer - cy-seat.
Fu-ture skies will be the bright-er For these blinding drops of rain.

Not a sigh can rise un - heed - ed From a heart that owns His care;
He will prize each lov-ing tok - en, Dear - er far than o-dors sweet,
When we clasp a-gain our trea-sures In the tear - less by-and-by,



And the lips that long have pleaded Soon shall find His answer there,
And the love that grief hath spoken He will crown with bliss complete,
We shall find un - fail - ing pleasures In the gar - dens of the sky,



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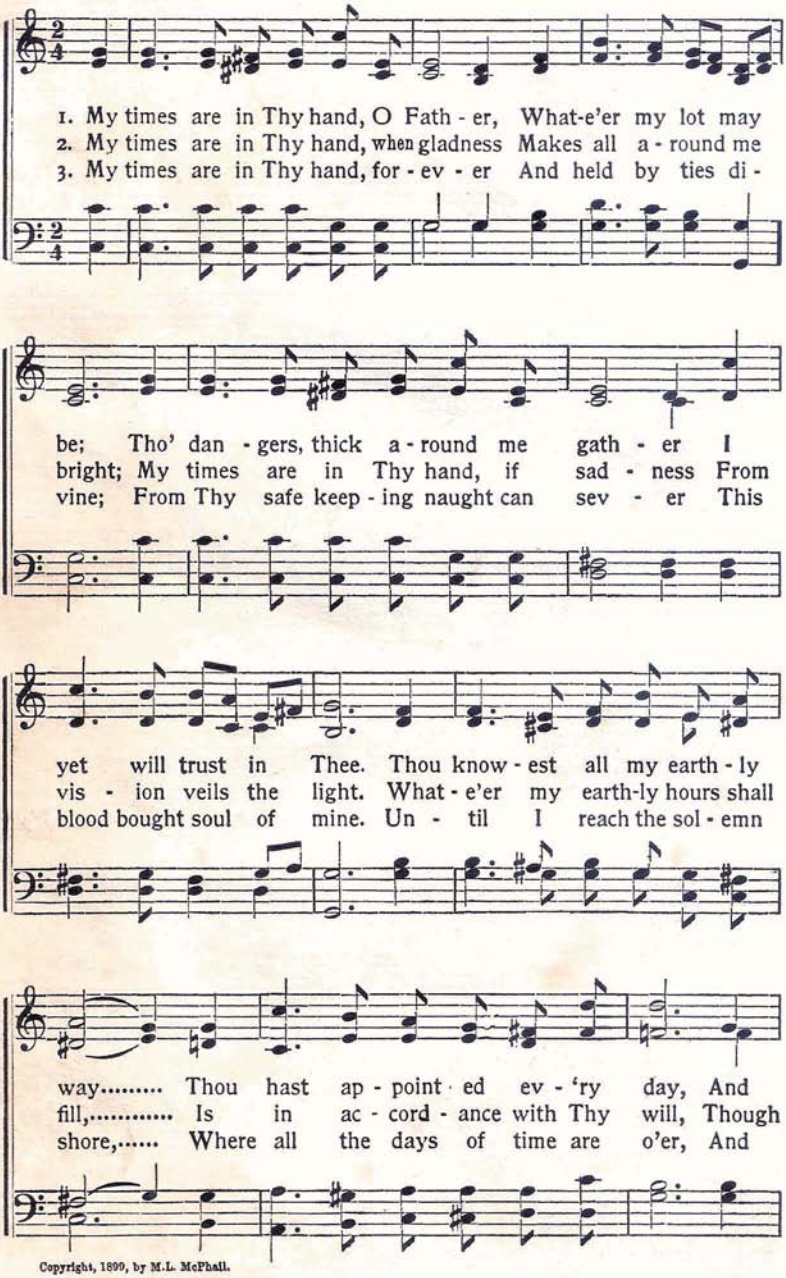
61 My Times are In Thy Hand.

Miss Jennie Wilson. M. L. McPhail.



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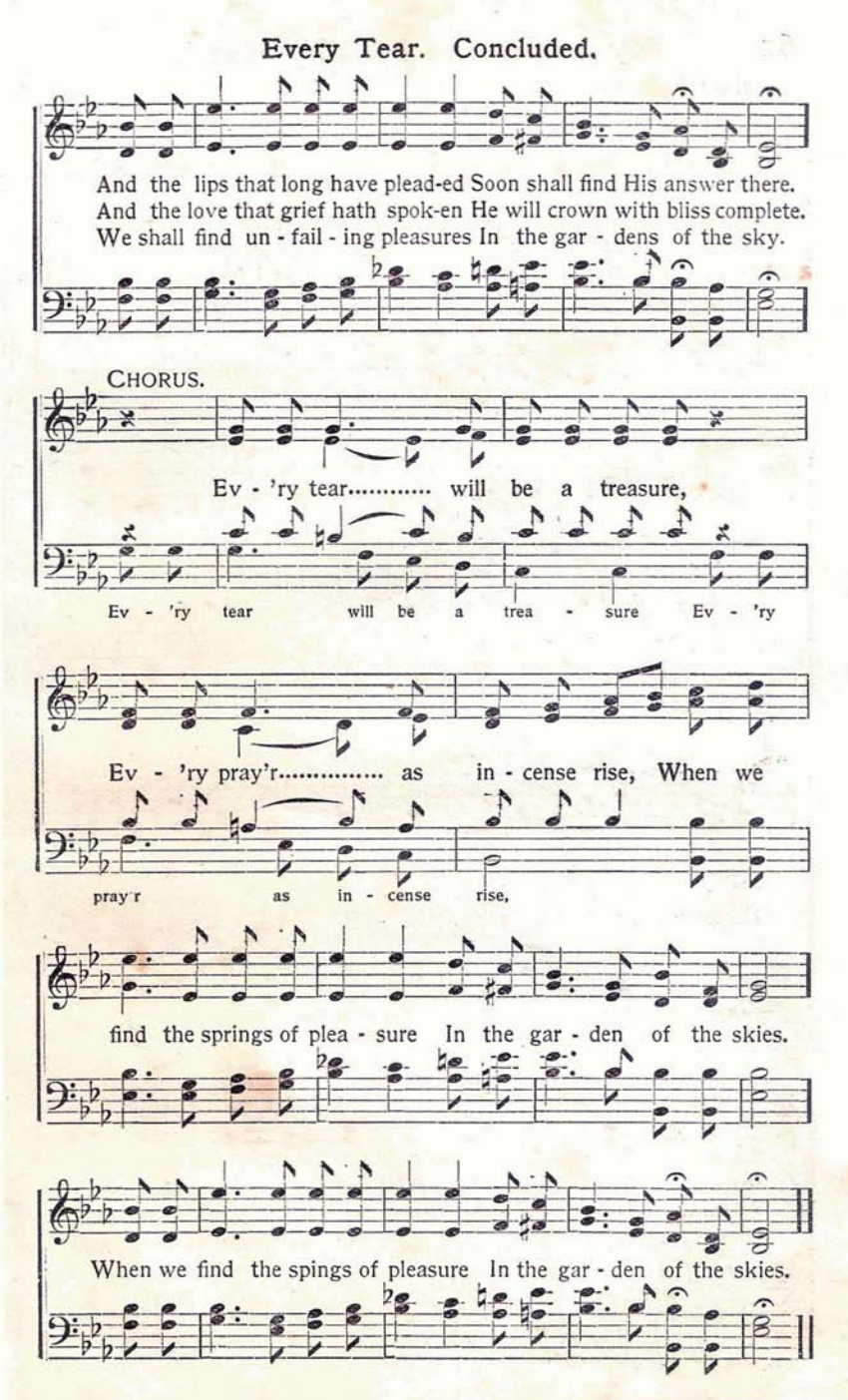
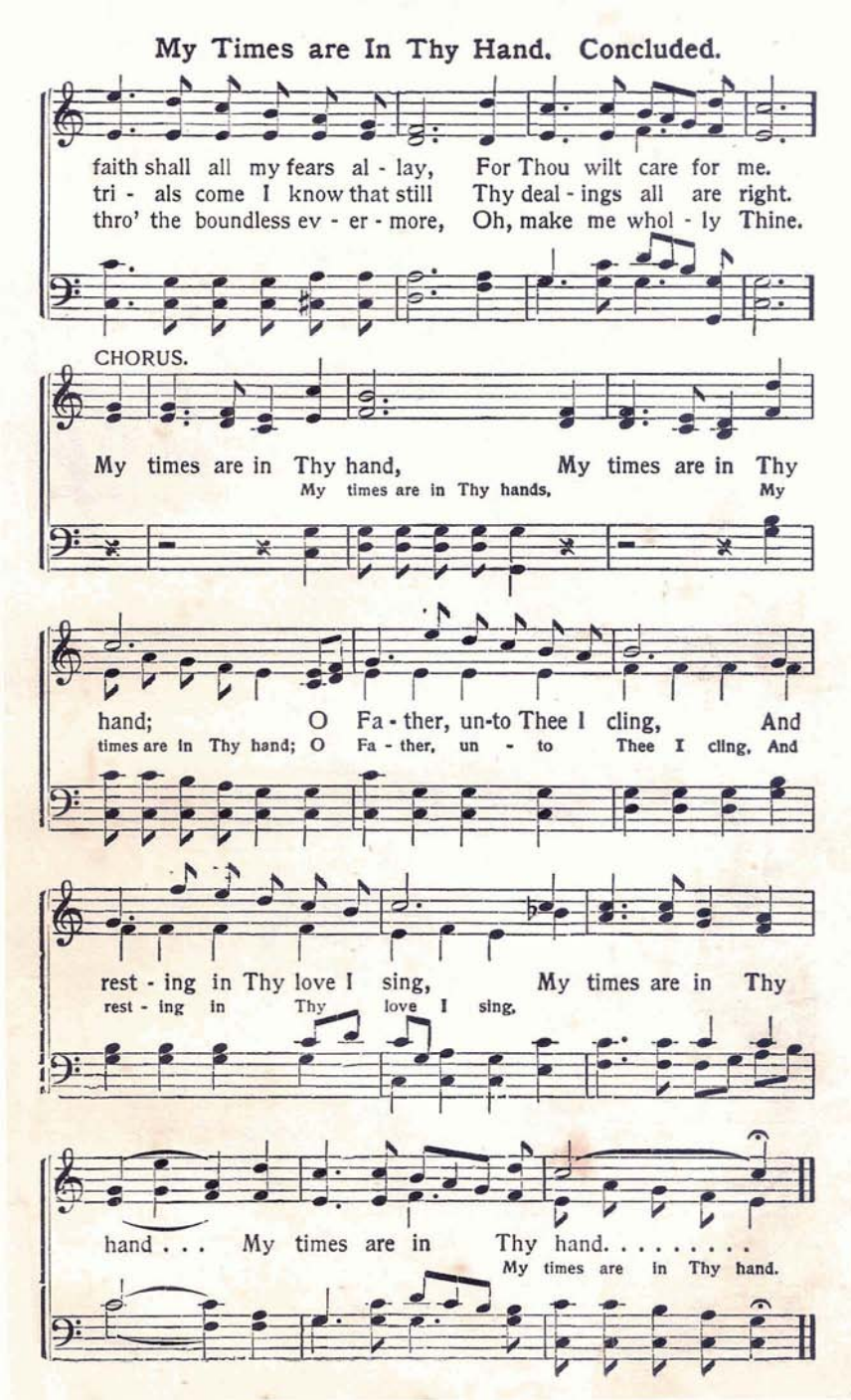
Every Tear. Concluded.



My Times are In Thy Hand. Concluded.



62 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest field so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

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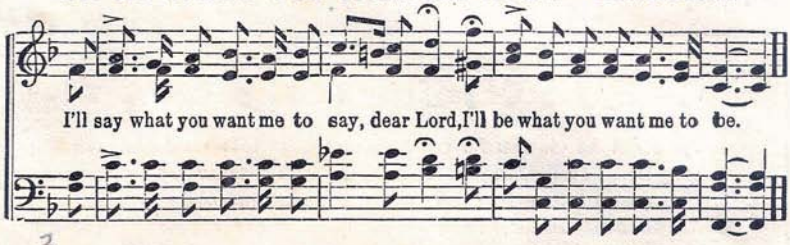
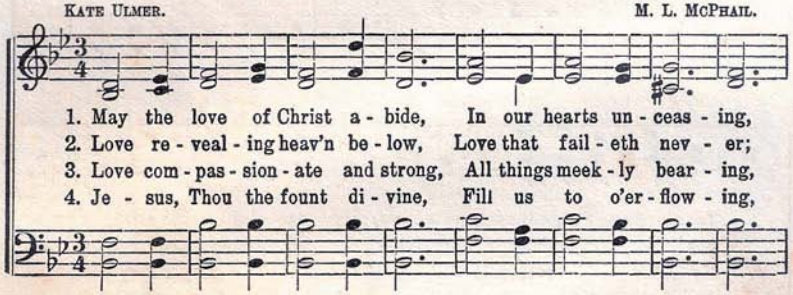
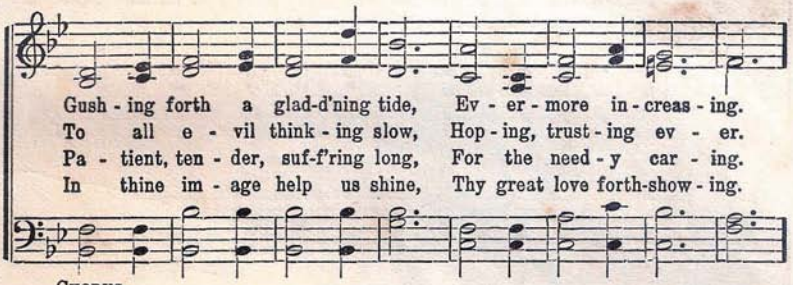


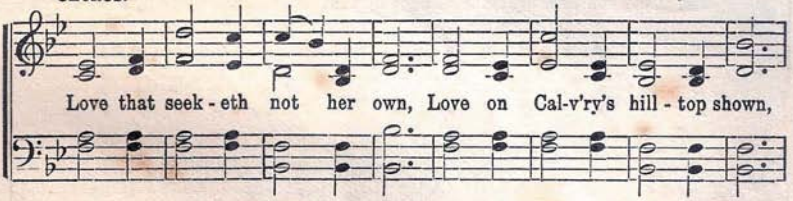
63 Love That Seeketh Not Her Own.

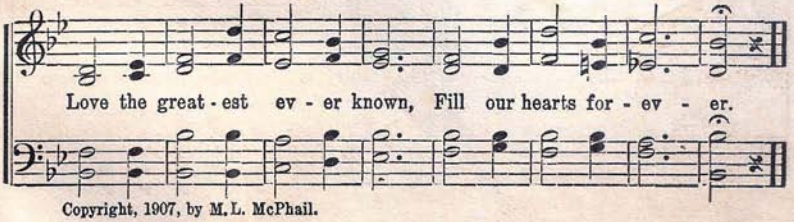
KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.





CHORUS.





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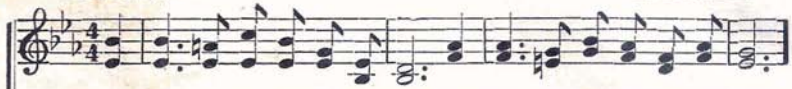
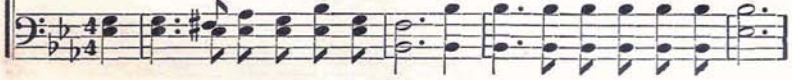
I've Found an Anchor.

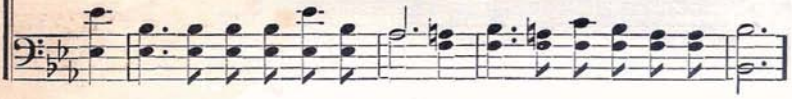
KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.



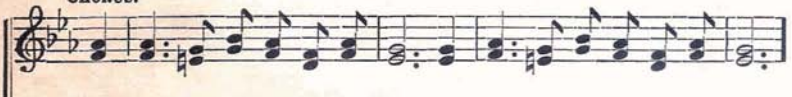
1. I've found an an-chor for my soul, That will not move tho' bil-lows roll;
2. Long time I sailed the o-cean wide, A-drift with ev-'ry wind and tide;
3. The tides oft-times my ca-bles strain, But seek to rend the strands in vain;
4. And should my soul e'er be a-fraid The bless-ed cov'nant He hath made;
5. The har-bor lights are gleaming bright, They beck-on to the port of light;



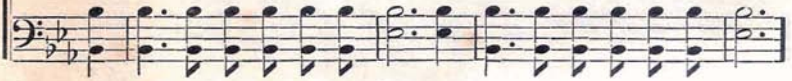
The storms may rage, the tempests blow, My ca-bles but the stronger grow.
But now with an-chor safe-ly cast, I do not fear the strongest blast.
My Sav-ior holds them in His hand, And thus the dan-ger they withstand.
And hath confirmed with oath di-vine Bids ev-'ry fear its hold re-sign.
And soon, ah, soon I'll en-ter there And an-chor in its wa-ters fair.

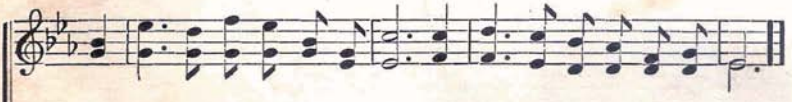


CHORUS.

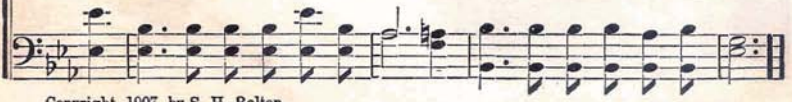


The bless-ed hope my Lord hath giv'n, That I shall see His face in heav'n;





And then like Him shall ev-er be, This is my an-chor on life's sea.



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O Gracious Father.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. ARR. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. O gra-cious Fa-ther, Look with pit - y on Thy child, Grant me Thy
2. Help me, O Fa-ther, To ful - fill Thy ho - ly will, In - to this
3. O bless-ed Fa-ther, When the way grows dark and steep, My hand so

bless-ing, Make me meek and mild. Par - don, heav'n - ly Fa - ther,
cold heart Heav'n-ly warmth in - still. Give me, bless - ed Fa - ther,
trem-bling, Gen - tly take and keep; Through the cloud and shad - ow,

All Thou seest in me a - miss, Let Thy sweet for - give - ness
Strength suf - fi - cient for each day, From Thy way ap - point - ed,
Make Thy gra - cious face to shine, Let Thy bless - ed pres - ence

CHORUS.

Fill my heart with bliss.
Let me nev - er stray. Gra-cious, heav'nly Fa-ther, Hear, O hear my
Bring me peace di - vine.

hum - ble pray'r; Bless me, and keep me In Thy love and care.

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Never Alone.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. The way that leads us heav'n-ward Is oft - en rough and steep;
2. Then, think-ing of the bur - den He bore up Cal - v'ry's hill,
3. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The mes - sage won - drous sweet
4. Take cour-age, way - worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shad - ows hide

We strug - gle in the dark - ness, And some-times pause to weep;
We cease our weak com-plain - ing, Our lips, for shame are still,
Of Him who left be - hind Him The print of bleed - ing feet?
The face of Christ who loves thee, He's ev - er at thy side,

Then comes a thought to com - fort The heart, dis - cour-aged grown,
And hearts that pain has tor - tured For - get to make their moan,
"I nev - er will for - sake thee! Dear child, when wea - ry grown,
Reach out thy hand to find Him, And lo! the mists have flown—

f. FINE.

He who trod Cal - v'ry's path - way Nev - er will leave thee a - lone.
Re - mem-b'ring Him who prom - ised Nev - er to leave us a - lone.
Re - mem - ber I have prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
He smiles, and whis - pers soft - ly, "Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."

D. S.-*He prom - ised nev-er to leave thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.*

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Never Alone. Concluded.

CHORUS. D. S.

No, nev - er a - lone, ... No nev - er a - lone!

67 God's Mighty Army.

H. J. ZELLEY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. The young man's heart was filled with fear When he be-held the foe so near;
2. E - li - sha pray'd, "Lord, I pray Thee, O - pen his eyes that he may see."
3. And thus we find from day to day Our foes sur-round to stop our way,
4. Then quick - ly rise, dis-miss your fear, For need - ed help is al-ways near;

"A - las! what shall we do?" he cried; His Mas - ter, strong in faith, re-plied:
The pray'r was heard, he looked a-round And there the fi - ery char - iots found.
But tho' they're near, we'll ne'er for - get God's might-y host is near - er yet.
The hosts of God a - round us stand, More strong than all the hos - tile band.

CHORUS.

Then fear ye not, fresh cour-age take, The God we serve will ne'er for-sake;

Tho' now un-seen, a - round us lies God's might - y arm - y of the skies.

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Millennial Dawn.

JAMES HAY. E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Bells are ring-ing! trum-pets sound-ing! Tell - ing of the glo-rious morn;
2. Earth's dark night will soon be o - ver, Sa-tan's king-dom soon will cease;
3. Sun - shine from Je - ho - vah's pres-ence, Mer-cies from His gra-cious hand;
4. No more death, and pain, and sor - row, No more tears of grief and woe,
5. Bells are ring-ing! trumpet's sound-ing! Tell - ing of this glo-rious morn;

Chris-tian wel-come Christ's ap - pear-ing, Hail the bright mil - len - nial dawn.
Hail the ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Might - y Sav - ior, Prince of peace!
Will be scat-tered o'er the na - tions, Joy will glad-den ev - 'ry land.
God will come and dwell with mor - tals, Christ will con-quer ev - 'ry foe.
Chris - tian, wel-come Je - sus' pres-ence, Hail, His bright mil - len - nial dawn!

CHORUS. *rit.*

Bless - ed Je - sus! lov - ing Sav - ior! Born to save the world from sin;

Quick - ly come in Thy great king-dom, Bring the age of

glo - ry in, Bring the age of glo - ry in.

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Be Steadfast.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Be stead-fast for Je - sus wher - ev - er you go, And fear not in dan - ger your col - or to show; Tho' Sa - tan is seek - ing to weak - en your faith, Be stead-fast for Je - sus, be-lieve what He saith.
2. Be stead-fast in serv - ice and joy - ful - ly bring, Your dear - est and best to be used by the King; O, nev - er grow wea - ry, nor faint by the way, The glo - ri - ous har - vest all toil will re - pay.
3. Be stead-fast in suf-f'ring, thus hon - or your Lord, The pow'r to endure He will sure - ly af - ford, For He is ac - quaint-ed with sor - row and grief, And know - eth the mo - ment to send you re - lief.
4. Then ev - er be stead-fast for Je - sus your Friend, Be true to your trust, stand-ing firm to the end; In naught that you do bring reproach on His cause, But cheer - ful - ly, stead-fast - ly car - ry your cross.

f. FINE.

D. S.-*glo - ry a - gain, The stead - fast with Him shall e - ter - nal - ly reign.*

CHORUS.

He says He'll be with us what - ev - er be - tide, To com-fort and coun - sel, to strengthen and guide; He says when He com - eth from

D. S.

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The Mighty Shield of Faith.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. We're bat - tling in our Mas-ter's name, A - gainst the foes of right,
2. We wres - tle not with flesh and blood, But with the pow'rs of sin:
3. The vic - tors in this ho - ly war, Who dwell in realms of love;

And if His or - ders we o - bey We'll sure - ly win the fight;
The prince of dark-ness stands ar - rayed, A - gainst our conq'ring King;
De - pend - ed on this match-less shield, And now are crown'd a - bove;

For we've a shield di - vine - ly giv'n, That quench-es ev - 'ry dart,
In gos - pel ar - mor ful - ly clad, The Spir - it's sword we wield,
Then let us lift our ban-ners high And in the Lord be strong,

It is the glo-rious shield of faith, From it we'll nev - er part.
Pro-tect - ed from the foes' as - sault By faith's al - might - y shield.
Un - til we, too, our crowns have won, And join the tri - umph song.

CHORUS.

O might - y shield of faith, O glo - rious shield of faith;

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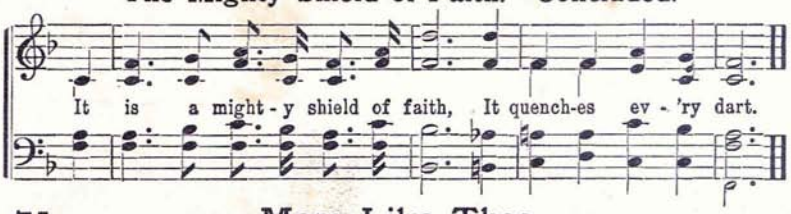


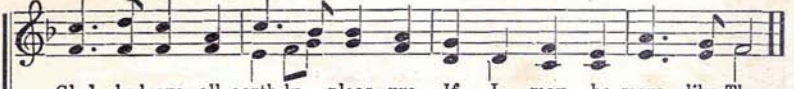
71 More Like Thee.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Je - sus, Thou my per-fect pat - tern I would glad - ly fol - low Thee,
2. Je - sus, Thou my great Re - fin - er—Thou, I know art watch-ing me;
3. Je - sus, Thou my prize and glo - ry Thro' e - ter - ni - ty shalt be;

Glad - ly leave all earth-ly pleas - ure, If I may be more like Thee!
Thou wilt leave me in the fur - nace; On - ly till I'm pure like Thee.
Un - to death, oh, keep me faith - ful, Then I'll ev - er live with Thee.

More like Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, If I may be more like Thee;
Pure like Thee, my dear Re - deem - er, On - ly till I'm pure like Thee;
Live with Thee, ah, yes for - ev - er, Then I'll ev - er live with Thee;



Glad - ly leave all earth-ly pleas - ure, If I may be more like Thee.
Thou wilt leave me in the fur-nace; On - ly till I'm pure like Thee.
Un - to death, oh, keep me faith - ful, Then I'll ev - er live with Thee.

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Stand Firm, Be Not Afraid.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. (4th and 5th verses added.) M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Ye sol - diers of the cross, Why should ye doubt or fear?
2. Lay hold up - on the sword, Turn not to left or right,
3. Be brave, be firm, be strong, Be fear - less in the fight,
4. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease;
5. This hope sup - ports us here; It makes our bur - dens light;

Ye can - not know de - feat or loss, With Christ. our Cap - tain, near.
And stand - ing fast up - on His word, Be vic - tors thro' His might.
The night of bat - tle may seem long, But sweet the morn-ing's light.
When we shall cast our arms a - way, And dwell in end - less peace.
'Twill serve our droop-ing hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight.

CHORUS.

Stand firm, be not a - fraid, Cour - age - ous, not dismayed,
Stand firm, Cour - age - ous,

For one with God must al - ways win A - gainst the hosts of sin.

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Fear Not, Christian.

F. G. Burroughs. M. L. McPhail.

1. Fear not, Chris-tian—God is on thy side, Fear not, faint not, what-so-
2. Fear not, Chris-tian—trust His rod and staff, All God's mer-cies are in
3. Fear not, Chris-tian—all things are for you, Dai-ly mer-cies, rich-es
4. Fear not, Chris-tian—none so blest as thou, God is for thee ev-er-

e'er be-tide, Look a-bove thee at the welk-in blue, His prom-ise
thy be-half; Take no tho't for mor-rows yet to come, For He will
grand and true, Claim thy por-tion with a thank-ful heart, Thy great-est
more as now, Lift thy head up and re-joice al-way, Bright-ly will

Chorus.

bow is all a-glow With hope and cheer for you.
keep His trust-ing sheep And bring them all safe home. Fear not, fear not
needs God's grace exceeds, Which free-ly He'll im-part.
shine the light di-vine Un-to the per-fect day.

'tis the Lord's com-mand, Lo! Je-ho-vah is at thy right hand.

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What a Wonderful Change!

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. What a wonderful change when our Lord shall ap-pear, Oh, how precious the
2. When His bright shining presence shall end the dark night, All our sor-row shall
3. Ev - 'ry long-ing shall meet sat - is - fac-tion at length, All our weakness be
4. What a won - der-ful change when He welcomes His bride, And will grant us a

tho't that the time is so near! When the dead shall a-wake in His
turn to im - mor - tal de-light; Then our cross - es for crowns we'll ex-
chang'd in - to in - fin-ite strength; Then our im - per - fect work, thro' His
place in His throne, by His side; Oh, how bless - ed the goal at the

like-ness sub-lime, And the liv - ing be chang'd in a mo-ment of time!
change at His feet, And our lone - li - ness change for re - un - ion so sweet!
mer - cy and grace, Shall be free from all fault, when we see His dear face!
end of the race, To be-hold thro' the a - ges that beau-ti - ful face!

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful change! what a won - der-ful change! When we shall

look on His glo - ri - ous face! What a won - der - ful change!

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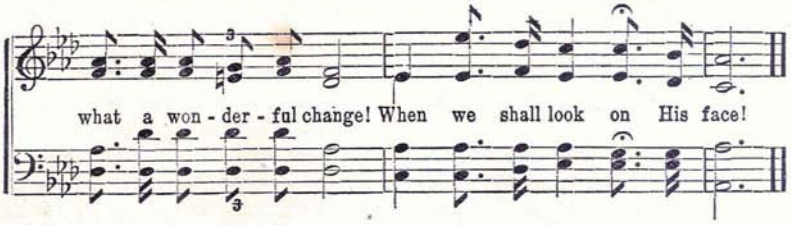
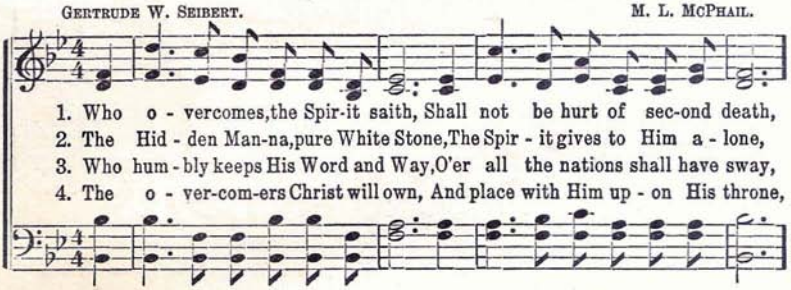
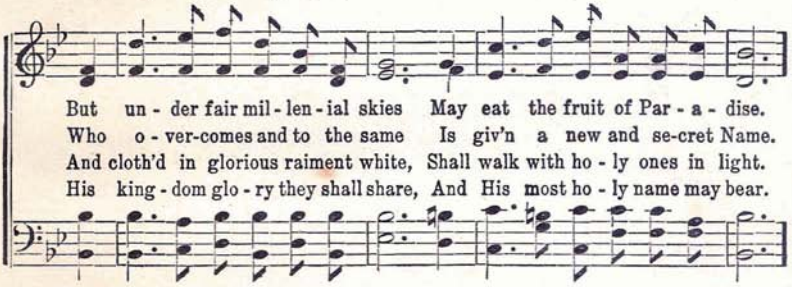
What a Wonderful Change! Concluded.



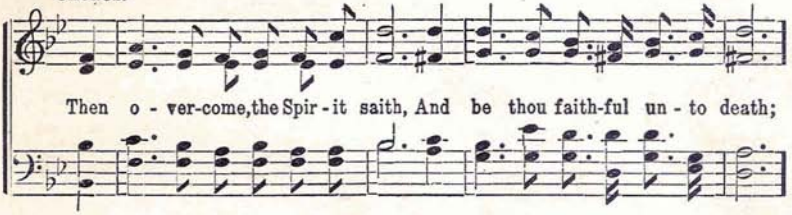
75 To Him That Overcometh. No. 2.

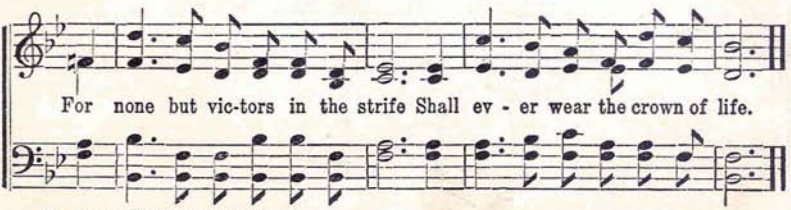
GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.





CHORUS.





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Jehovah is My Salvation.

F. G. Burroughs. M. L. McPhail.

1. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, The light of life to me,
2. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, A Tow - er strong and high,
3. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, He is my strength and song,
4. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, My all in all is He;

Then why should my heart be troub-led Or ev - er fear - ful be.
To which in the hour of con - flict My trust - ing heart may fly!
In Him will I joy for - ev - er, Held by His arm so strong.
And by His sup-port I'm liv - ing A life of vic - to - ry.

Chorus.

Though a host should en-camp a - gainst me, Yet, I will not fear;

For Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, And He is ev - er near.

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77 How Happy Will Be That Glad Day.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges. E. C. Henninges.

1. When that which is per - fect is come, And all that's in part done a - way,
2. When tri - als and troubles are o'er, All sor-rows and tears wiped a-way;
3. When springs in the desert break forth, And li-ons lay down with their prey,
4. When pleasure and peace hasten there, And hap - pi-ness brightens the way,
5. Then let us be glad and re-joice, Christ's glo - ri - ous reign is at hand.

When Je - sus re-ceives us to His bless - ed home, How hap - py will
When noth - ing shall hurt nor de - stroy an - y more, How hap - py will
When Par - a - dise blos-soms and gar-lands the earth, How hap - py will
With all that is per - fect and joy - ous and fair, How hap - py will
O sing in your hearts, O shout with one voice, His king - dom for-

Chorus.

be that glad day!
be that glad day!
be that glad day! How hap - py will be that glad day! How
be that glad day!
ev - er shall stand. How hap - py will be that glad day, hap - py day! How

hap - py will be that glad day! O sing, hal - le - lu - jah! O
hap - py will be that glad day! O

shout, praise the Lord! How hap - py will be that glad day!
hap - py day!

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The Master and His Servants.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges, E. C. Henninges.

1. To the i - dler He says, "Go, work in my field; For the
2. To the toil - er He says, "Come, rest at my feet, There are
3. To the down-cast He says, "Cast thy care up - on me, Nor de-
4. So to each of His serv - ants He comes with a word, To en-

har - vest is great, la-b'rers few; To thy sick - le the fruit
yet ma - ny hours in the day; I have brought to re - fresh
spair that the har - vest be done; For the Lord is the reap-
cour - age, re - fresh or re - prove; Till the har - vest is gath-

of the sea-son shall yield, And the Mas - ter will give thee thy due."
thee thy por-tion of meat, That thy strength be re-newed for the fray."
er, His smile is on thee, See the sheaves that thy brethren have won."
ered, and, praising their Lord, They sit down in His king-dom a - bove.

Refrain.

Go, work . . . . . in His field, ... Go,
Come rest . . . . . at His feet, ... Come,
Cast thy care . . . . . up - on Him, ... Cast thy
Go, work . . . . . in His field, ... Go,
work in His field, Go, work in His field,

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The Master and His Servants. Concluded.

work . . . in His field, . . . Go, work . . . in His
rest . . . at His feet, . . . Come, rest . . . at His
care . . . up - on Him, . . . Cast thy care . . . up - on
work . . . in His field, . . . Go, work . . . in His
work in His field, Go, work in His field. Go, work in His field, Go

field, ... And the Mas - ter will give thee thy due.
feet, ... That thy strength be re-newed for the fray.
Him, ... See the sheaves that thy breth-ren have won.
field, ... And the Mas - ter will give thee thy due.
work in His field,

79 God is Love. No. 2.

1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bu-sy ev - er; Man de - cays and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and com - fort from a-bove;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

My Greatest Desires.

HENRY J. ZELLEY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I want to know Je - sus, my Sav - ior so dear, Far bet - ter than
2. I want to be like Him, my Sav - ior and Lord, So pa-tient and
3. I want to see Je - sus in beau - ty ar-rayed, The glo - ri - fied

loved ones be - low; His heart I would find ver - y gra-cious and kind,
ten - der and true: I'd walk as He walked and I'd talk as He talked,
Sav - ior so fair; In man-sions of light, oh, so beau-teous and bright,

CHORUS.

His full - ness of love I would know.
And glad - ly His will I would do. The great - est de - sires of my
I want in His glo - ry to share.

life are these, That I may know Je - sus di-vine, And like Him to

be, His glo - ry to see, And in that bright im - age to shine.

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81 The Story That Never Grows Old.

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

1. Re - fresh-ing and sweet is the sto - ry sub-lime: The mes-sage of peace and good will; No oth - er is found on the rec-ords of time,
2. The choir of e - ter - ni - ty sang with de - light Good news to the shep-herds of old, Pro-claim-ing a Sav - ior who scat-ters our night,
3. No won - der that an - gels of glo - ry re-joice, O'er sin-ners re- pent - ing and saved; Since Je - sus to Cal - va - ry car-ried from choice,
4. What com-fort un - told for the wea - ry and sad Is found in that glo - ri - ous theme; His bur - den is eas - y, the mourn-er is glad,
5. Glad song that the ran-somed of Je - sus will sing When judgment has sum-moned the dead; When ju - bi - lee bells of cre - a - tion will ring,

Chorus.

That can with such hap - pi - ness thrill.
And o - pens the heav - en - ly fold.
The price of His crea-tures en - slaved. The sto - ry that never grows
For Je - sus is strong to re - deem.
And sor - row and sigh - ing are fled.

old; . . . . Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told; . . . . The
nev - er grows old; 'tis told;

a - ges to come will its full-ness un-fold, Sweet sto - ry that never grows old.

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Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

1. Would you shine for Je - sus? Let His love im - part Ar - dor to your
2. Would you shine for Je - sus 'Mid the care-less throng? Im - i - tate His
3. Would you shine for Je - sus As a mir - ror true? Im - age forth His

ac - tions, Com - fort to your heart; With your soul il - lum - ined
grac - es As you pass a - long; Make no weak sur - ren - der
good - ness As re - vealed in you. If you thus re - flect Him

By the Spir-it's glow, You will be a bea-con In this world of woe.
To the coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from e-vil, And your lips from guile.
Till this life is o'er; You will in His kingdom Shine for-ev - er - more.

Chorus.

Shin - ing for Je - sus, Bringing light di - vine To the sad and
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je - sus.

err - ing, Thus for Je - sus shine; Shin - ing for Je - sus,
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je - sus,

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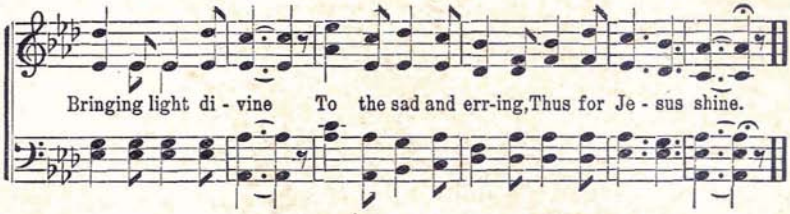
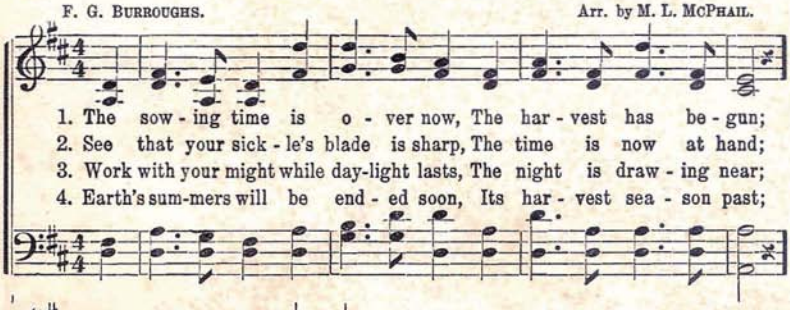
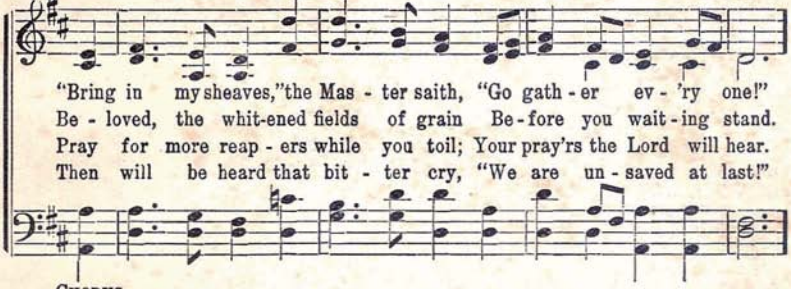
Would You Shine For Jesus? Concluded.



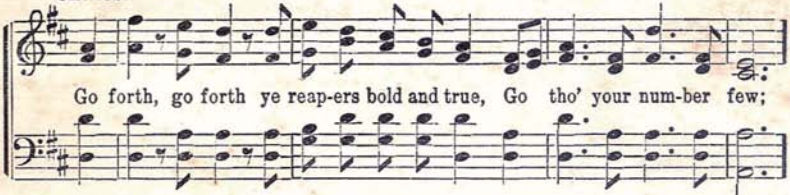
83 Go Forth, Reapers True.

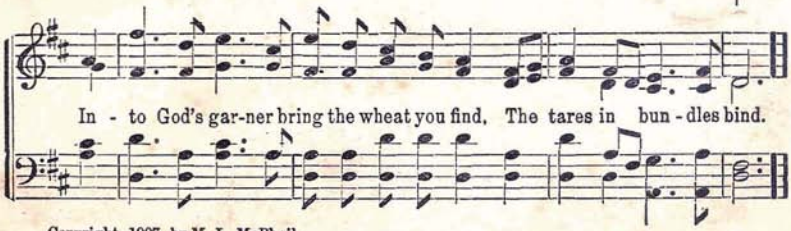
F. G. BURROUGHS. Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.





CHORUS.





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My Lord and I.

L. SHOREY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me, He
2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak, And
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But
4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys, I

loves me with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly; I could not
as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek; He leads me
with what love He lov-eth me My tongue can nev - er tell; It is an
tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an - noys; He tells me

live apart from Him, I love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to - geth-er,
in the paths of light Be-neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to - geth-er,
ev - er - lasting love, In ev - er rich sup - ply, And so we love each oth - er,
what I ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk to - geth-er,

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

my Lord and I. My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And

5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go, and speak
The loving word for Him;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die,
And so we work together, my Lord and I

6 So up into the mountains
Of heaven's cloudless light,
Or away into the valleys
Of darkness or of night;
Though round us tempests gather
And storms are raging high,
We'll travel on together, my Lord and I.

7 And when the journey's ended
In rest and peace at last,
When every thought of danger
And weariness is past;
In the kingdom of the future,
In the glory by and by,
We'll live and reign together, my Lord and I.

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Be Careful For Nothing.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Be care - ful for noth-ing, why fret thou my soul? Thy Fa - ther has
2. Be care - ful for noth-ing, then why will you try To car - ry the
3. Be care - ful for noth-ing, how free we may be With God as our
4. Be care - ful for noth-ing, but be of good cheer, Tho' glo - ry to

ev - 'ry - thing un - der con-trol, The night is the same un - to
bur - den He bids you lay by? Con - fide in God's word which has
store-house and our treas - ur - y; He mak - eth the dark - ness as
fol - low doth not yet ap-pear, For now are we sons of the

Him as the day, Then why need I ques - tion when He leads the way.
nev - er fail'd yet, The Fa - ther not one of His own can for - get.
light to our eyes. And gives us the vis - ion of our glo-rious prize.
Al - might - y King, And prais - es un-ceas - ing His chil-dren may sing.

CHORUS.

Be care - ful for noth - ing, fear not, lit - tle flock;
God is thy sal - va - tion, thy God is a Rock.

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The Desire of All Nations.

JAMES HAY, E. C. HENNINGES.

1. O Je - sus, blest Re - deem - er, Thou Sav - ior of our race, Pour
2. Let val - leys be ex - alt - ed, Mount-ains and hills made low, The
3. "The whole cre - a - tion groan-eth And tra - vail - eth in pain," Lord
4. We thank Thee for the to - kens Of Is - rael's hap - py morn, This

out up - on the na - tions, The spir - it of Thy grace; Re-
veil take off the na - tions, Thy great sal - va - tion show; Man-
Je - sus, take the king - dom In pow'r and glo - ry reign! Cast
sure - ly is the earn - est Of earth's mil - len - ial dawn; When

move from them the blind-ness, Of sin's long dis - mal night, Lord,
kind is long - ing for Thee, O Christ, the King of men! Thou
out the prince of dark - ness, Bring in the light of day; Shed
ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion Shall learn Mes - si - ah's ways, And

bring the day of glad - ness And u - ni - ver - sal light.
art the on - ly Sav - ior, Lord Je - sus, come a - gain!
forth up - on the na - tions Thy wis - dom's lov - ing ray.
when the new cre - a - tion Shall sing one song of praise.

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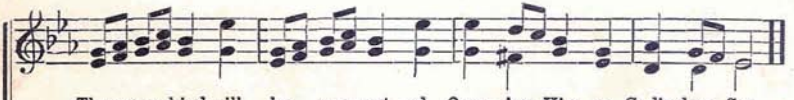
The Hope of the World.

JAMES HAY. E. C. HENNINGES.

1. Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Let us tell the glo-rious word,
2. Christ will conquer! Christ will conquer! In the time that's nigh at hand,
3. Christ the Sav-ior! Christ the Sav-ior! He, by whom we come to God,
4. Chris-tian welcome! Chris-tian welcome! This glad day so long fore-told;

How He comes to bless the na-tions, Bring them to the light of God;
God is love! the joy - ful mes-sage Will be known in ev - 'ry land,
Giv - eth grace to ev - 'ry sin - ner, Who will walk up - on life's road.
Spok-en of by ho - ly proph-ets In the Jew-ish age of old;

When His king - dom is es - tab-lished And His truth to men made known,
When the church with Je - sus reign-ing, Will dis - pel the long dark night;
When His res - ur - rec - tion glo - ry Rais-eth man to last - ing life;
When the times of res - ti - tu - tion And the reign of Christ shall be,



Then man-kind will be con-vert - ed, Own - ing Him as God's dear Son.
Grace and truth will be a - bound-ing, Fill - ing all the world with light.
Sin and death will be a - bolished, Earth will know no long - er strife.
God will bless the whole cre - a - tion With His per - fect lib - er - ty.

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Reaper, Gather a Sheaf!

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. "Reap-er lift up your eyes and be-hold the fields!" Lo! the word of the
2. Gen-tly gath-er the grain that is hidd'n a-way By the shad-ows of
3. In the gar-dens of beau-ty, where ros-es bloom; In the des-o-late
4. O de-lay not to glean of the har-vest white, Lest your work be de-

Mas-ter is not re-pealed; Are you seek-ing a sheaf for His
life, from a hope-ful ray; Fal-ter not, tho' the hedg-es the
shades of the frown-ing tomb; On the boun-ti-ful soil, or the
layed by the shades of night; And you wail as you stand with an

gar-ner fair? You will find God's neg-lect-ed ones ev-'ry-where.
wheat con-ceal, God will am-ply re-ward your un-flinch-ing zeal.
rock-strewn waste There are grains for the gar-ner, so reap-er, haste!
emp-ty hand, By your judge turned a-way from the glo-ry land.

CHORUS.

Reap-er, gath-er a sheaf of the rip'n-ing grain, That is

wait-ing on ev-'ry hill and plain; And the Lord of the har-vest will

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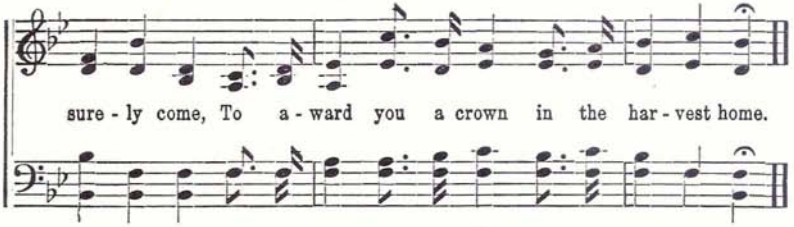
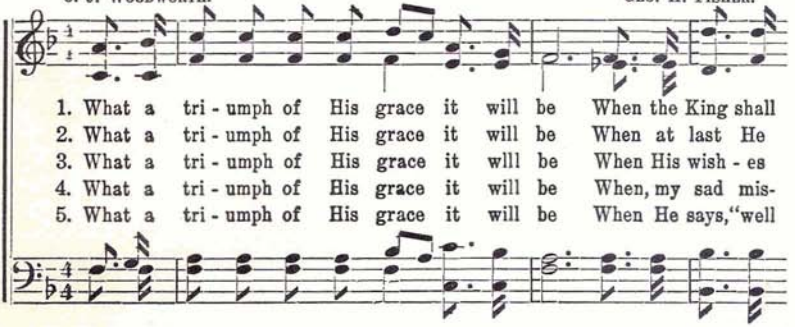
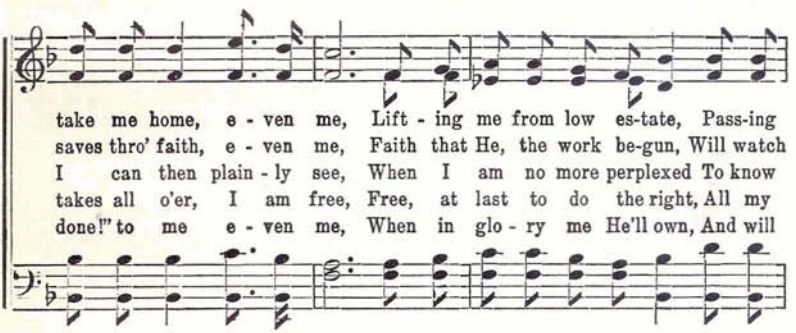
Reaper, Gather a Sheaf! Concluded.

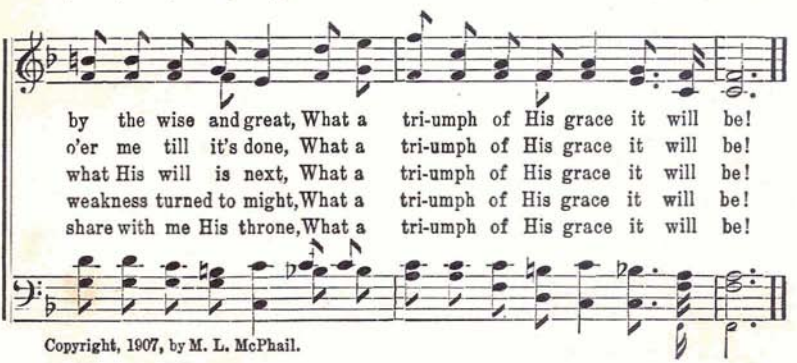


89 What a Triumph of His Grace.

C. J. WOODWORTH. GEO. H. FISHER.







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G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

1. Lis - ten to the voice ce - les - tial, Ye whose eyes with weep-ing fail,
2. Ev - 'ry tomb shall be de - sert - ed, Harps of ju - bi - lee shall ring;
3. No more wid-owed hearts re - pin-ing, No more hun-gry, home-less souls,
4. With the liv - ing wa - ters flow-ing, And His sav-ing health made known,

God re - veals His gra-cious pur-pose, To the soul in sor-row's vale;
"Ruthless grave, where is thy tri-umph? Cru - el death where is thy sting?"
When the earth shall bloom as E - den And the "Prince of Peace" con-trols;
Ev - 'ry cheek with beau-ty glow-ing; Ev - 'ry friend of e - vil flown.

There will be no hope - less sad-ness, In the new earth's gold - en years,
Sing the blest e - man - ci - pa - tion, Ev - 'ry creat - ure that hath breath,
When the ransomed hosts are sing-ing, Not an ech - o of de - spair
God will scat-ter leaves of heal-ing, For each loy - al heart and brain,

Bliss - ful years re-plete with glad-ness, "God shall wipe a - way all tears,"
Life shall quick-en all cre - a - tion, There shall thence-forth be no death,
In His vast do - min-ion ring-ing, "There shall be no sor - row there,"
All His matchless love re - veal-ing, "There shall henceforth be no pain,"

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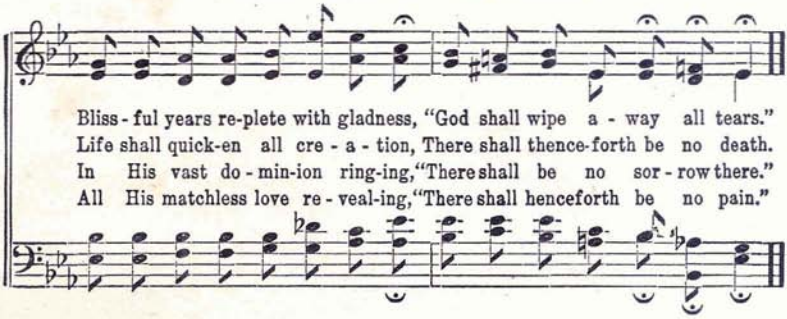
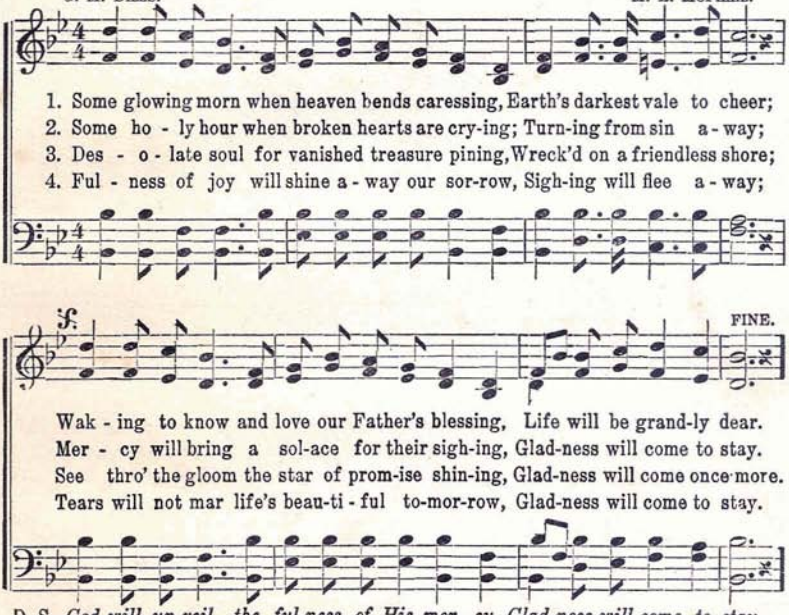
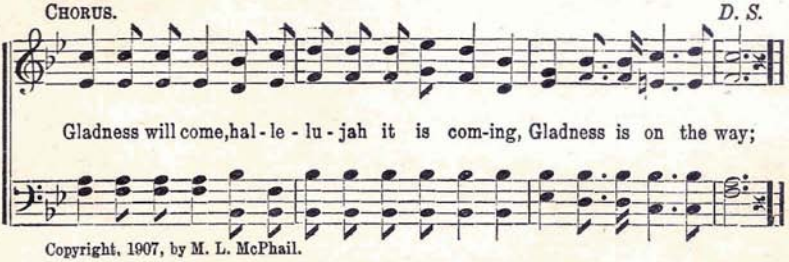


91 Gladness Will Come to Stay.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.



CHORUS. *D. S.*



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In Love He Planned It All.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Tho' dark the way and lone-ly, I know what-e'er be-fall,
2. To-day the storm clouds low-er, I can-not see His face,
3. Tho' deep and dark the val-ley, No ter-rors can ap-pall,
4. Some-times my feet are wea-ry, I fain would stop and rest,
5. And when I reach that coun-try, Where shad-ows nev-er fall,

My Fa-ther's hand is lead-ing, In love He plans it all.
But still in faith I fol-low, Al-though I can-not trace.
I know He chose this path-way,—In love He planned it all.
Yet, on-ward I am press-ing, I know His way is best.
I'll sing thro' end-less a-ges, "In love He planned it all!"

CHORUS.

Then where-so-e'er He lead-eth, What-ev-er may be-fall,

My heart will still be sing-ing: "In love He planned it all!"

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Be Slow to Speak.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Oh, what pain and sor - row, bit - ter-ness and woe, E - vil speaking causeth
2. Oh, re - mem-ber, Je - sus ev - 'ry word doth hear, By His Ho - ly Spir - it
3. Love that thinks no e - vil, dwell-ing in the heart, Will its blessed sweetness
4. Make your life a bless-ing, fol - low aft - er peace, Pa - tient-ly pur-sue it

in this world be - low; Loving hearts are bro - ken, dearest hopes destroyed,
He is ev - er near; Think how much He suf-fered ere you wound Him more,
to the life im - part; Then each tho't and ac - tion by its pow'r controlled,
from all e - vil cease; Scatt'ring deeds of kind-ness, speaking words of love,

D. S.—*He will ev - er help you, if His aid you seek,*

FINE. CHORUS.

In their beau-ty blight-ed by the thoughtless word.
When the world's re-vil - ing for your sake He bore. Ye, who love the Sav - ior
Word un-kind, 'twill prompt us care-ful - ly with-hold.
Thus the path-way brighten to your home a - bove.

What-so - e'er be - tid - eth, lov - ing - ly to speak.

D. S.

and would win His smile, Keep your tongue from e - vil and your lips from guile;

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He Will Keep the Soul.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Would you know the gift the Fa-ther doth be - stow On the soul who
2. Think not of the mor-row, trust it to His care, What - so - e'er it
3. When the an - gry bil - lows all a - round you roll, Threat'ning ev - 'ry
4. Trust Him, ful - ly trust Him, tho' you can - not see, Doubt-ing not His

ful - ly trusts Him here be - low! Yield your all to Him, His
bring-eth you will find Him there; Wait - ing all your bur - dens
mo - ment to sub - merge the soul; Clos - er cling to Him, the
mer - cy nor His love so free; Then in joy or sor - row

pow'r He then will show, Keep - ing you in per - fect peace.
and your griefs to bear, Keep - ing you in per - fect peace.
storm He will con - trol, Keep - ing you in per - fect peace.
He your stay will be, Keep - ing you in per - fect peace.

CHORUS.

He will keep the soul in per - fect peace, ... When we
per - fect peace,

from our wea-ry struggling cease, ... Naught can ev - er make the heart a-
struggling cease,

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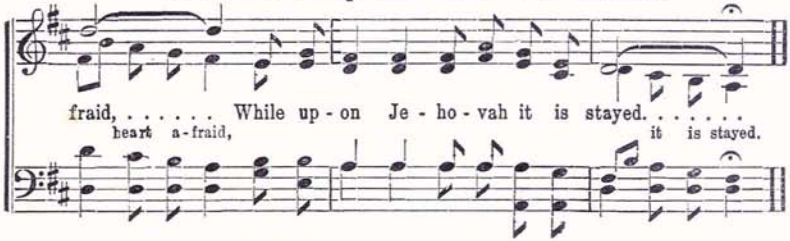
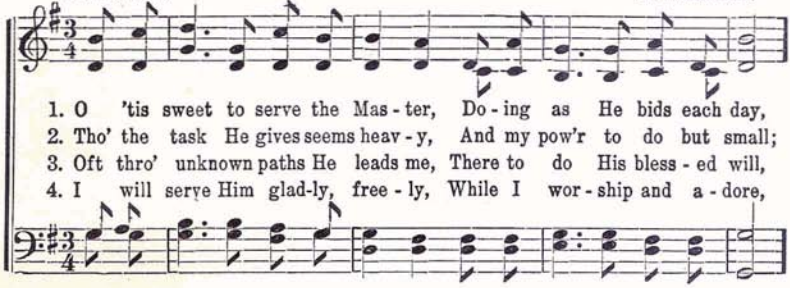
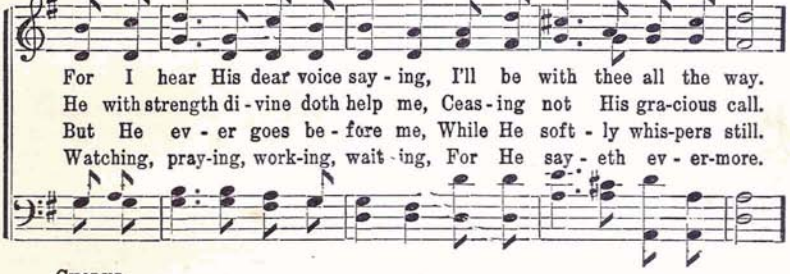


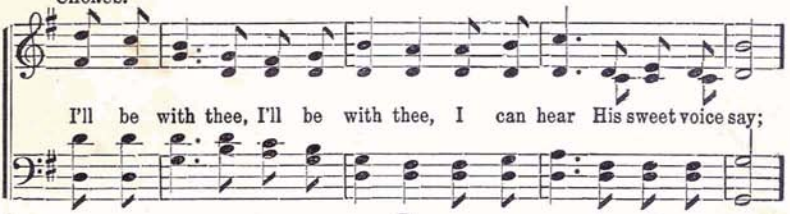
95 I'll Be With Thee.

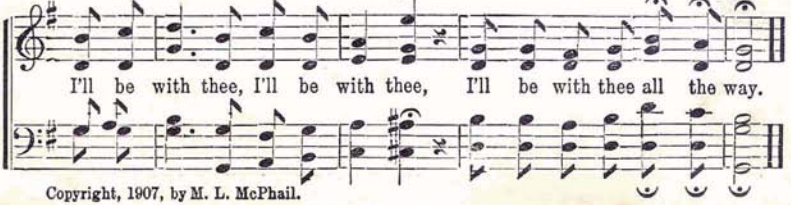
KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.





CHORUS.





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96 "Are You Improving Your Talents?"

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Are you im - prov - ing your tal - ents for Je - sus, The Mas - ter, who gave them to you? Are you en - deavoring to doub-le them dai - ly? 'Tis
2. Are you im - prov - ng them ev - er and on - ly, His glo - ry a- lone to in - crease? If aught be - sides be your mo-tive, my brother, His
3. If on - ly one He to you has com - mit - ted, De - spise not, nor hide it a - way; He will re - turn here a - gain to re - ceive it, Ac-
4. Whether the ma - ny or few He be - stow - eth, He giv - eth in wis - dom di - vine; And He has said, if we faith-ful-ly use them, With
5. Oh, what a joy when at last He re - turn - eth, Be - fore Him to stand one by one; If we have gained the re - ward He has promised To

CHORUS.

this He would have you to do.
joy in your serv-ice will cease.
count you must give in that day. To Him that hath shall more be
Him we shall ev - er - more shine.
those, who should hear His "Well done".

giv'n, This is the bless - ed rule of heav'n; It is our

lov - ing Fa - ther's way, With those, who trust Him and o - bey.

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The Best Friend of All.

G. M. B. G. M. BILLS.

1. Do you seek for a friend who is al - ways the same, Who will
2. Would you lean on an arm that is a - ble to quell All the
3. Would you walk day by day in a ha - lo of light, In the
4. Would you dwell ev - er - more in the man - sions a - bove, 'Mid the

an - swer your sigh and your call? There is just such a Friend, I will
forc - es of ill that a - bound? Grasp the hand that was pierc'd to re-
smile of the an - gels of God? Would you know the re - pose that no
glo - ries that fade not a - way? Would you drink end - less bliss from the

f. FINE.

tell you His name—It is Je - sus, the best Friend of all.
move Sa - tan's spell, And thy soul's dear - est ref - uge is found.
sor - row can blight? Choose the path your Re - deem - er has trod.
fount of His love? Give your heart to the Sav - ior to - day.

D. S.—*grave, Pre - cious Je - sus, the best Friend of all.*

CHORUS.

Oh, the best Friend of all is the "Mighty to save", He tast - ed the

D. S.

wormwood and gall, He poured out His soul to re - deem from the

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Longing for Home.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

Slow.

1. As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So pants my soul for Thee,
2. And yet I know that on - ly those Thy bless - ed face shall see,
3. I know, that those who share Thy throne Must in Thy like - ness be,

CHO.–*As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So pants my soul for Thee,*

FINE.

Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, When wilt Thou call for me?
Whose hearts from ev - 'ry stain of sin Are pur - i - fied and free.
And all the Spir - it's pre-cious fruits In them the Fa - ther see.

Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, When wilt Thou call for me?

How oft at night I turn my eyes To-wards my heav'n-ly home,
And oh, my Mas - ter and my Lord, I know I'm far from meet
Lord, grant me grace, more pa - tient - ly To strive with my poor heart,

Chorus D. C.

And long for that blest time, when Thou, My Lord, shalt bid me "Come!"
With all Thy bless - ed saints in light To hold com-mun - ion sweet.
And bide Thy time to be with Thee And see Thee as Thou art!

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Heavenly Love.

Composed and arr. by
GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Mes - sen-ger from God a - bove;
2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing nev - er, Tho' deceived, be - liev - ing still;
3. Mak - ing clear-er, bring-ing near - er, Day by day the per - fect goal;

Turn - ing sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Bless - ed art Thou, Heav'nly Love!
Long a - bid - ing, all con - fid - ing, To thy heav'n-ly Fa - ther's will;
Doubt-ing nev - er, trust-ing ev - er, In Thy pow'r to make us whole;

Pit - y dwell - eth in Thy bo - som, Kind-ness reign-eth o'er Thy heart;
Nev - er wea - ry of well do - ing, Nev - er fear - ful of the end;
Hast - en Thou the blest fru - i - tion, When at last in realms a - bove,

CHO.—*Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Mes - sen - ger from God a - bove;*

Chorus D. S.

Gen - tle tho'ts a - lone can sway Thee, Judgment hath in Thee no part!
Claim - ing all man - kind as broth - ers, Thou dost all a - like be - friend.
Thou shalt see in us Thy like - ness, Bless-ed, ho - ly, heav'n-born Love!

Turn - ing sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Wondrous art Thou, Heavnly Love!

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100 O My Soul, Trust in the Lord.

JAMES HAY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. O my soul! seek thou the Lord, Seek His grace to keep His word;
2. O my soul! trust in the Lord, He ne'er fails to keep His word;
3. O my soul! praise thou the Lord, For the glo-ries in His word;

'Tis by faith a-lone we stand, God sup-ports thee with His hand.
All who in the Lord con-fide, Find in Him a Friend and Guide.
God is wor-thy of thy praise, All the mo-ments of the day.

O my soul! wait thou on God, He will lead thee in His word,
O my soul! serve thou the Lord, Faith-ful-ly re-vere His word;
O my soul! rest in the Lord, List-en for His lov-ing word;

O-pen to thy spir-it's eye, Glo-ry, im-mor-tal-i-ty.
Hide His word with-in thy heart, Nev-er from thy Lord de-part.
Call-ing thee to man-sions bright, With the saints who dwell in light.

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101 Refrain Thy Tongue From Evil.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. What saith the bless - ed Word of God To him that hath an ear?
2. What saith the Word of God a - gain? "No e - vil shalt thou speak
3. Then, hast - en, Lord, that bliss - ful day When joy and peace shall hold

"Be slow to speak, be slow to wrath, And be thou swift to hear;
Of a - ny man, nor shalt thou judge Thy broth - er who is weak;
E - ter - nal sway, and ev - 'ry tongue By love shall be con - trolled;

DUET. FINE.

Re - frain thy tongue from e - vil, keep Thy lips from speak-ing guile,
For there is One who judg - eth him, To whom all stand or fall,
When ev - 'ry hu - man heart shall dwell On no - ble tho'ts and true,

CHO.—*Oh, let us then re - frain our lips From guile, and watch and pray,*

Chorus D. S.

If thou wouldst lead a God - ly life, And win thy Mas-ter's smile."
Our Lord and Mas - ter, Je - sus Christ, Who loves and pit - ies all."
And o'er an - oth - er's weak-ness throw Com - pas-sion's love - ly hue!

That we may pur - i - fy our hearts And keep the nar - row way.

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102 When I Get to the End of the Way.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The sands have been wash'd in the foot-prints Of the stran-ger on
2. There are so ma-ny hills to climb up-ward, I oft-en am
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that

D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the
Last verse.-Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the

Gal-i-lee's shore—And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil-lows
long-ing for rest;—But He who ap-points me my path-way,
tri-al too much; All His peo-ple have been dear-ly pur-chased,
cit-y ap-pear, And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an-gels

end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,
end of the way; Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,

FINE.

Will be heard in Ju-de-a no more. But the path of that
Knows, just what is need-ful and best. I know, in His
And Sa-tan can nev-er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my list-en-ing ear. When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.

lone Gal-i-lee-an With joy I will fol-low to-day;
word He hath prom-ised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit-y of un-end-ing day;
seems so mys-ter-ious Will be bright and as clear as the day;

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Pilgrims of the Morning.

(Dedicated to the Colporteurs.)

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Pil-grims of the Morn-ing, bless-ed pil-grims of the Light, Go ye
2. Blow "the sil-ver trum-pets" o-ver land and o'er the sea, Pub-lish
3. An-gel hosts sur-round you, strength is prom-ised from on high, Lift your

forth to ban-ish the "gross dark-ness" of the night; Ev-'ry heart en-
on the mount-ains the great "Year of Ju-bi-lee," Sing it thro' the
heads re-joic-ing, "your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh," Cour-age yet a

kin-dled with "a flame of sa-cred love," Ev-'ry face il-lum-ined
val-leys, shout a-loud up-on the plains, Tell the whole cre-a-tion
lit-tle while, and then the bat-tle won, Sweet will be your sure re-

CHORUS.

with "a ra-diance from a-bove."
that the Lord Je-ho-vah reigns! Pilgrims of the Morning, yes, we're pil-grims
ward in your dear Lord's "Well done."

of the Light, Go-ing forth to ban-ish the "gross darkness" of the night!

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Repeat the Sweet Story.

G. M. B. G. M. BILLS.

1. Re - peat the sweet sto - ry, the sto - ry of old, That ech - oed with
2. In love with-out meas-ure, our Fa-ther di - vine Un - folds to all
3. Oh, sing of the ran-som that reach-es to all The vic - tims of
4. Re - joice, O ye watch-ers who pa - tient - ly bide The Bridegroom's re-

glad - ness o'er Beth - le - hem's fold; The mes - sage that an - gels de-
peo - ple His gra-cious de-signs, To fill the whole world with His
sor - row, of sin, and the fall; The blood of a - tone-ment ne'er
turn - ing to hon - or His bride; Re - joice till the morn - ing shall

light - ed to bring, Glad ti-dings of Je - sus, earth's Sav - ior and King.
glo - ry and peace, And bring to sin's cap-tives a joy - ful re-lease.
trick - led in vain, For Je - sus has pur-chas'd the dy - ing, the slain.
ju - bi - lee bring, And na-tions shall hon - or earth's con-quer - ing King.

CHORUS.

O tell it a - gain, yes, tell it a - gain, That won - der - ful

sto - ry of good will to men; It will strengthen my faith if you

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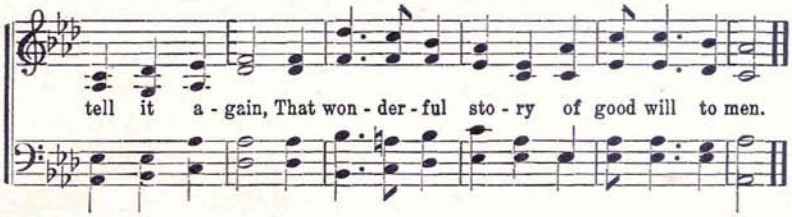
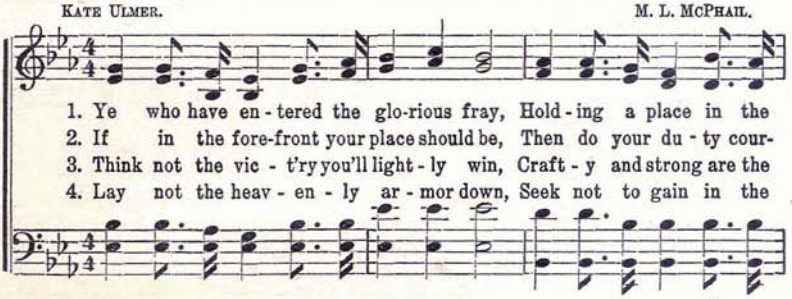
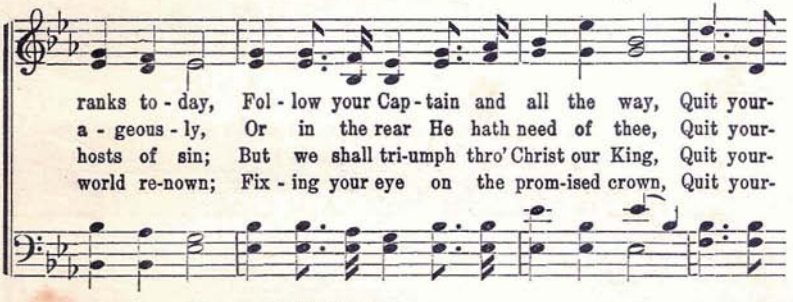
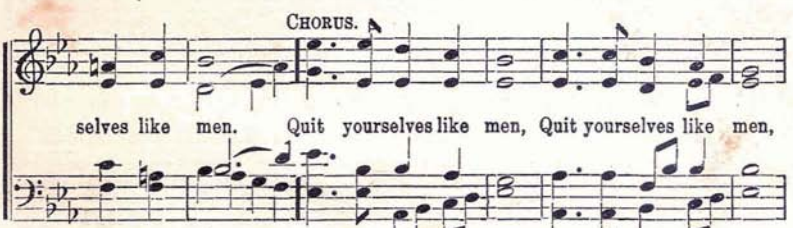


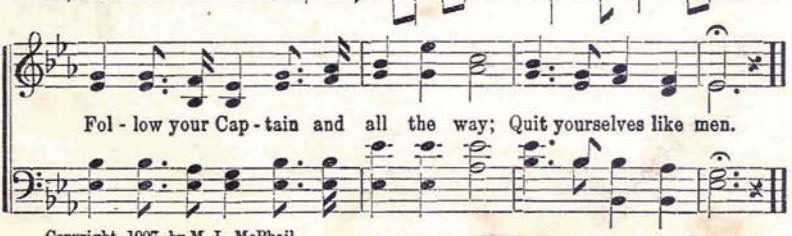
105 Quit Yourselves Like Men.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.









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My Beloved.

H. O. H. Duet. (Solomon's Song.) HATTIE O. HENDERSON.

1. At the side of my Be - lov - ed, Lean - ing on His arm,
2. Je - sus, Sav-ior, I a - dore Thee, I am whol - ly Thine;
3. Chief-est one a-mong ten thou - sand, Al - to - geth - er fair,

Walk I safe thro' darksome shad - ows With - out fear of harm.
Think I on - ly of Thy fa - vor, Pre-cious Sav - ior mine;
Walk - est Thou a - mong the lil - ies, With their fragrance rare;

When I'm weak His strength supports me, As He whispers words of cheer;
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Let me lean up - on Thy breast.
Let me ev - er walk be - side Thee, Send, O send me not a - way;

And my hand He clasps so close - ly, Scat - ters ev - 'ry shad-ow drear.
Hold me lov - ing-ly, se - cure - ly, Let me find sweet peace and rest.
For I long to have Thee draw me Clos - er, clos-er ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, my Be - lov - ed, send me not a - way; At Thy

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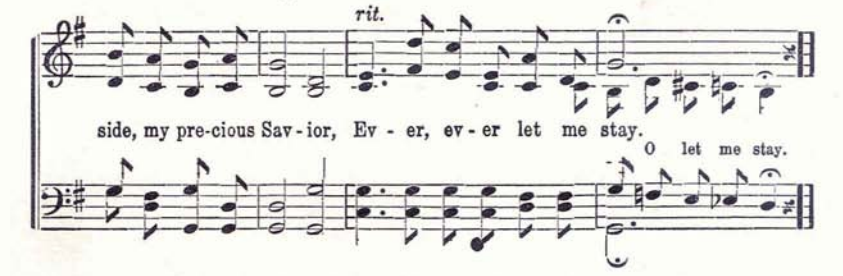
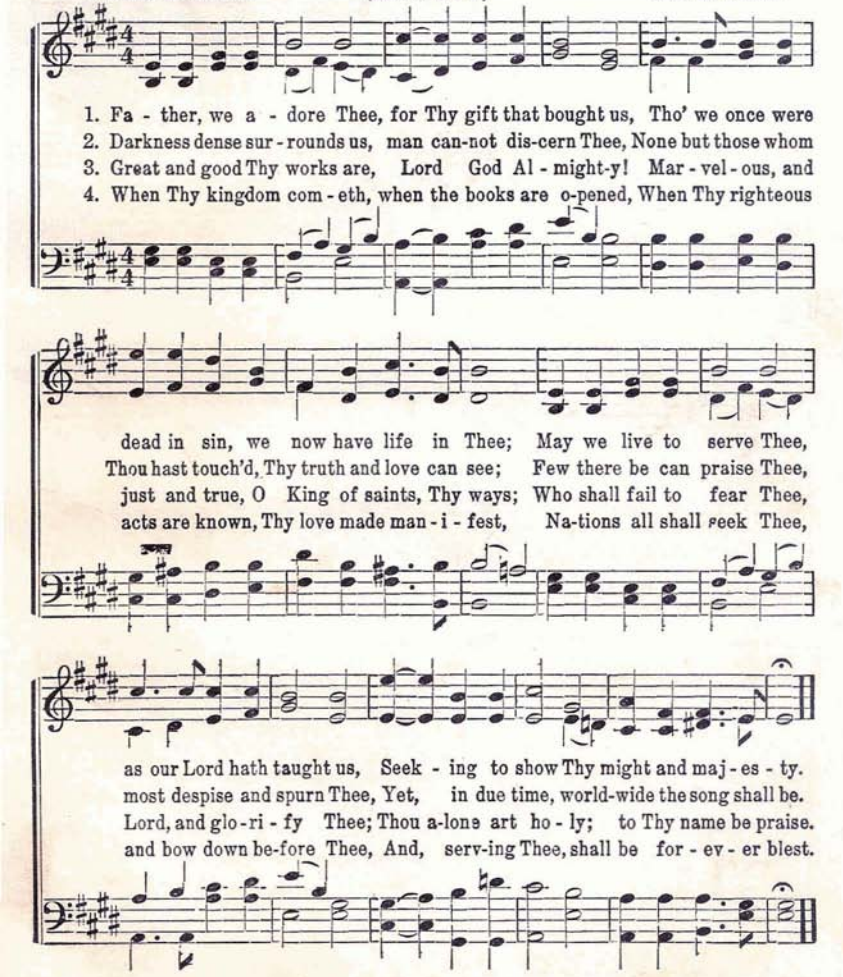
My Beloved. Concluded.



107 Holy, Holy, Holy!

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN. (Rev. 15: 3 & 4.) JOHN B. DYKES.



108 Gather My Saints Together Unto Me.

Mrs. C. A. O. Mrs. C. A. Owen.

1. Gath - er my saints to-geth - er un - to Me, Those who have made a
2. Gath - er my saints to-geth - er un - to Me, Who hope to rise in
3. Gath - er my saints to-geth - er un - to Me, Those who have made a

cov - e - nant with Me, Who now by faith lay down their ran-somed lives,
im - mor - tal - i - ty, Those in the fight to gain the heav'n-ly prize,
cov - e - nant with Me, In suff'ring now, in tri-umph then to rise,

In cov - e-nant with me by sac - ri - fice; Help us dear Lord, ev - er-
In cov - e-nant with me by sac - ri - fice; Je - sus, our Sav - ior, the
A cov - e-nant with me by sac - ri - fice; Keep us, dear Lord, in the

more to keep Our of - fer - ing laid with our head complete; Poor tho' it
prize to gain, Suf - fer'd the cross, de - spis - ing the shame We now re-
nar - row way, Lead - ing us on to the grand, glorious day, Ev - er re-

be, to Thee as incense sweet, Our cov - e-nant with Thee by sac - ri - fice.
joice in suff'rings that re-main, In cov - e-nant with Thee by sac - ri - fice.
mem-b'ring as we watch and pray, Our cov - e-nant with Thee by sac - ri - fice.

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Gather My Saints Together Unto Me. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lord, we come to - geth - er un - to Thee, Help us keep our

cov' - nant faith - ful - ly, That we in Christ may rise, To

reign in Par - a - dise, Gath - er'd to - geth - er un - to Thee.

109 Thine Forever.

MARY F. MAUDE. WALTER O. WILKINSON.

Slowly.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth - ly strife,
3. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
4. Thine for - ev - er! Sav - ior, keep These Thy weak and trembling sheep;
5. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup-plied,

Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Sav - ior, Guard-ian, heav'n - ly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
Safe a - lone be-neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good-ness share.
All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

The Perfect Day.

F. A. H. FRANK A. HALL.

Not too fast.

1. The ho - ly cit - y is bend - ing to earth, With bless-ings like show - ers of rain, And sor - row, and cry - ing shall all pass a - way, There shall be no more pain; Oh, bind up the bro - ken, ach-ing hearts, Wipe all the tears a - way; For Zi - on shall now in her splen-dor shine forth, Light-ing the per - fect day.
2. A - wake! a - wake! a - wake! put on thy strength, Thy beau - ti - ful gar - ments of light, O shake thy - self now from the dust of the earth, Zi - on a - rise in might; Thy glo - ry is come, a - rise and shine, Loos-en thy bands, be free; Break forth in - to joy, for thy war - fare is o'er, Glo - ry a - wait - eth thee.
3. Henceforth there nev - er shall come in - to thee The un - cir - cum- cised and un - clean, There's no spot or wrin - kle in Zi - on's glad throng, Noth-ing of earth is seen; Her light like the jas - per stone is rare, Ban-ished the night of old; The beams of the morn-ing with heal - ing is here, Gild - ing her streets of gold.

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

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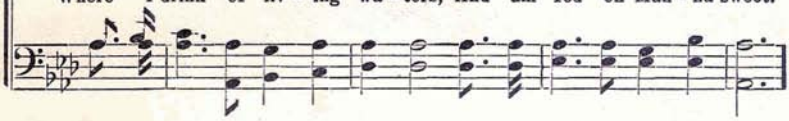
Our Hiding Place.

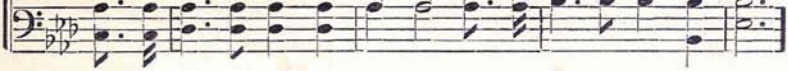
A. G. J. ALICE G. JAMES.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence, Oh, how pre-cious there to hide,
2. Day by day He draws me clos - er, Hour by hour He teach-es me,
3. Er - ror's darts can nev - er smite me While my soul is stayed on Him,
4. Fa - ther, may I nev - er wan - der From this safe and blest re-treat,

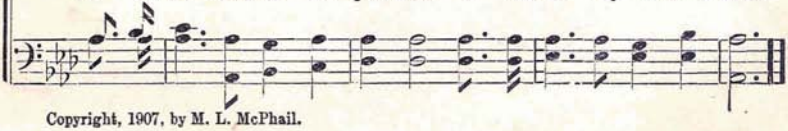
Scourge of tongue, nor shaft of mal - ice, Touch my soul while at His side.
Strength He gives for ev - 'ry tri - al, Grace to do and pow'r to be.
Hid - den in the Rock of A - ges, Nev - er can my faith grow dim.
Where I drink of liv - ing wa - ters, And am fed on Man - na sweet.



Let the light'nings flash a - bout me, Let the peal-ing thun-ders roll,
And when shadows close a - round me, And I can - not see His face,
Bright-ly o'er me shines the sun-light Beam-ing from my Fa-ther's face,
Pre - cious ha-ven—sweet-est shel - ter—Here my soul will e'er a - bide,



I can smile, thus safe - ly hid - den In this ref - uge of the soul.
Know I still His love en - folds me, Shel-tered in this se - cret place.
In its ra - di - ant ef - ful-gence I can now His pur-pose trace.
In the se - cret of His pres-ence I will ev - 'ry mo-ment hide.



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Long Night of Weeping.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Pilgrims with sad spir-its droop - ing Thro' the long night-watch for-lorn,
2. Sor-row and death have long triumphed, Sa - tan the prince seemed to be;
3. Weeping may last thro' the night-watch, But joy will come in the morn,

D. C. *Watch for the rise of the Day Star, Watch for the morning's bright dawn;*

FINE.

Sigh-ing and trembling and weep - ing, Wea - ry with wait-ing for morn;
Peo - ple in pain long have tra-vailed, Pray-ing sal - va-tion to see;
When in the first res - ur - rec - tion All the first-fruits shall be born.

Soon earth's long night will be o - ver, Soon all the darkness be gone.

Lift up your head, fainting pil - grims, Light the hor - i - zon dim tints,
Waiting for man - i - fes - ta - tion Of the great God's promised sons,
Then there shall be res - ti - tu - tion For all the chil-dren of men,

rall. Cho. D.C.

Watch till the ros - y rays deep - en, See thro' gray dawn glo-ry glints!
Hope of the groaning cre - a - tion Thro' His be-lov'd chos-en ones.
Then in the grand con-sum-ma - tion, E - den shall blossom a - gain.

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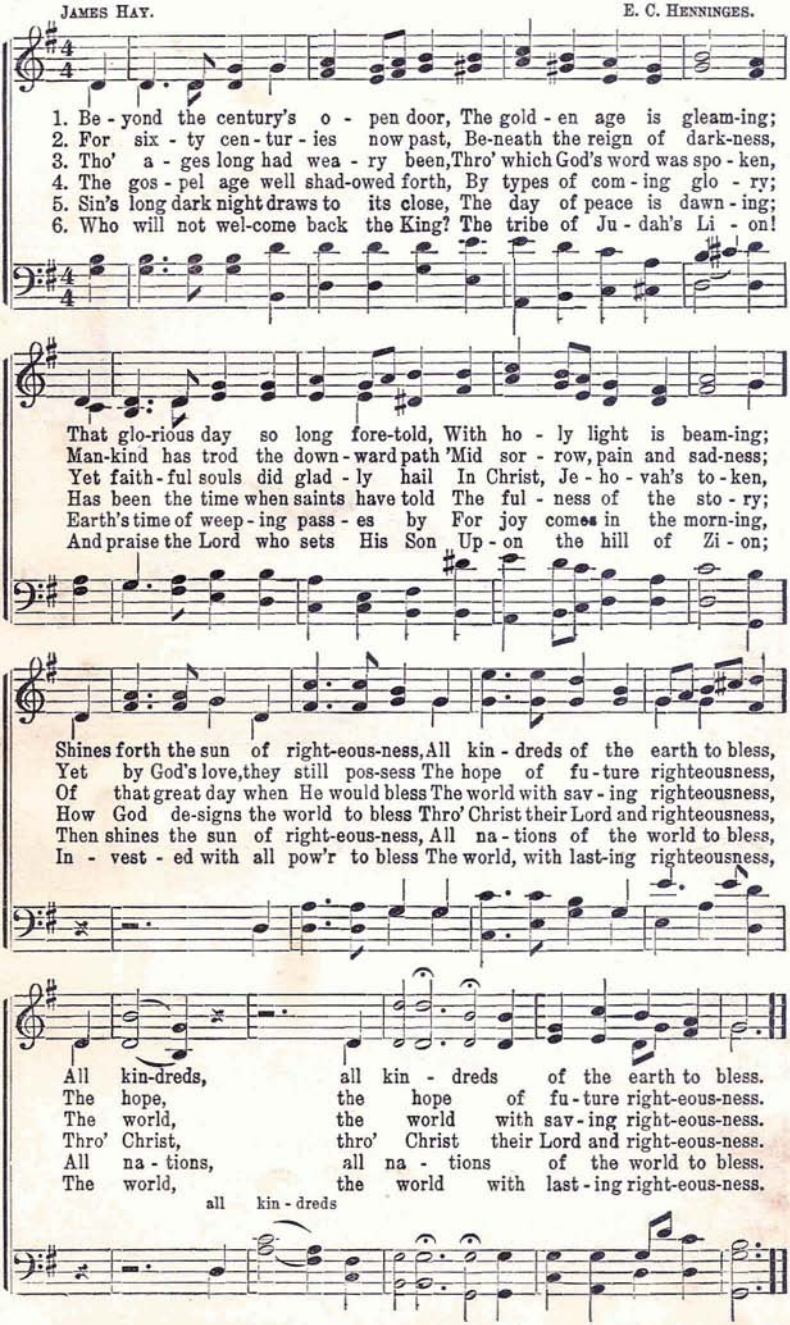
The Century's Hymn.

JAMES HAY. E. C. HENNINGES.



Somewhere.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Somewhere the light is shin - ing, Somewhere 'tis al - ways day;
2. Somewhere the cool - ing zeph - yrs Fan fe-vered, care-worn brow,
3. Somewhere the Light we long for Conquers the cloud and gloom,

Cease then thy soul's re - pin - ing, From dark-ness turn a - way.
Somewhere de - li - cious fra-grance Floats from the bloom-ing bough.
Un - til the Life we pray for Pen - e - trates e'en the tomb.

Lift up thy face to heav - en Where gleams of glo - ry bright
Somewhere no storms are rag - ing, Somewhere there's rest, re - lief,
Faint not be - cause the dark - ness Now set - tles dense and drear;

Pierce thro' the night-clouds riv - en Flood-ing thine eyes with light.
Some-where no tears are fall - ing, Somewhere there is no grief.
Be - yond the clouds is sun - shine, Scale them and do not fear.

CHORUS.

Somewhere there are no shad-ows, Somewhere there is no night; Somewhere there
Aft-er life's span of sor - row, Aft - er the darksome way— There'll be a

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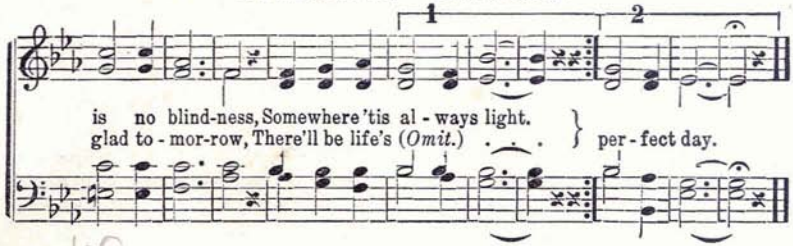
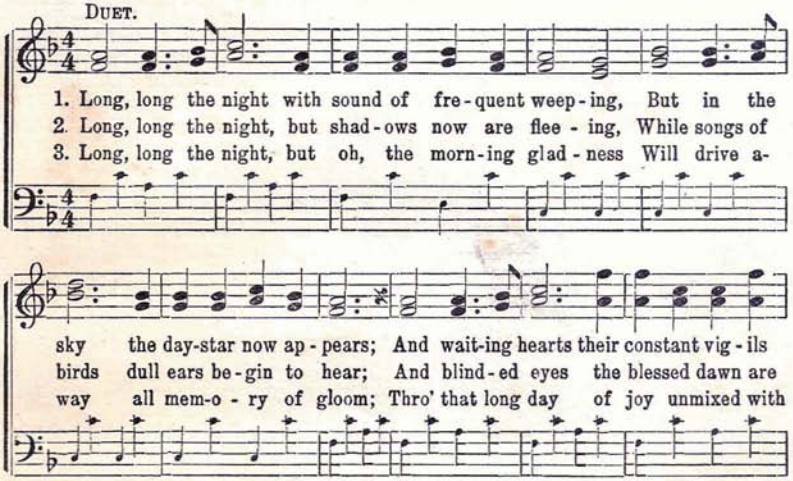


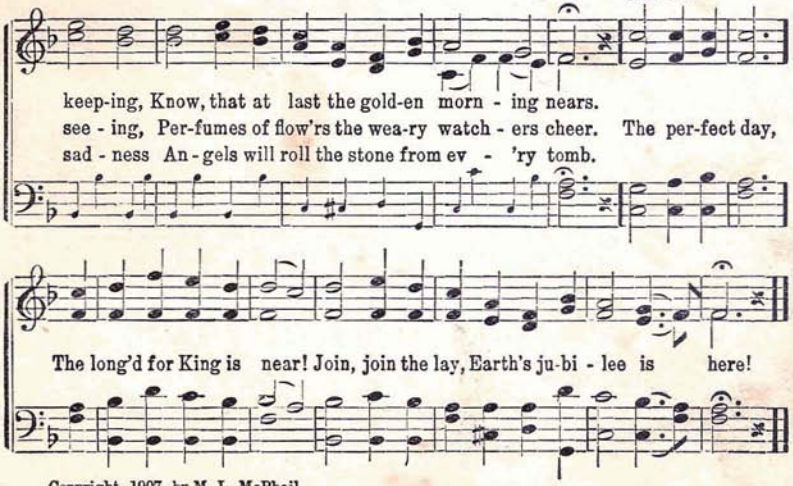
115 Long, Long the Night.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

DUET.



CHORUS.



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116 Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Like travelers toward a dis-tant land, We each some heav - y bur - den bear,
2. Nor think an - oth - er's hath no weight, Be - cause to you it seem-eth light,
3. And won - der - ful tho' it may seem, Each time you help a broth-er bear
4. "And so ful - fill the law of Christ." The law of Christ, the law of love,

And ev - 'ry heart doth feel its weight, E'en tho' the face a smile may wear.
The cross of gold is heav-ier made By gleam-ing mass of jew-els bright.
His bur - den, you will sure - ly find Your own has lost its weight of care.
Ah, yes, we must this law ful - fil, If we would reign with Him a-bove.

CHORUS.

Then, let us speak the kind - ly word, That makes the bur - den light,

And helps the wea - ry, faint - ing heart To fight the good - ly fight.

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A Little While.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. A lit - tle while with wea - ry feet To tread the nar - row way,
2. A lit - tle while with fal-t'ring tongue To tes - ti - fy for God,
3. A lit - tle while with hum - ble faith To wage the good - ly fight,
4. A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, Oh, let this be our song,

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, The time will not be long;
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, To suf - fer scorn and shame;
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, Grasp firm the two-edged sword;
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, Lay not the ar - mor down;

A lit - tle while the sin - less One To fol - low day by day,
A lit - tle while with voice and pen To spread the Truth a - broad,
A lit - tle while, Sa - tan - ic hosts Shall all be put to flight,
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, The strife will not be long,

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, To suf - fer and be strong.
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, To glo - ri - fy His name.
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, Then trust thou in the Lord.
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall wear the crown!

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I'm Nearing the Goal.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. While on the broad road to de-struc-tion I stray'd, The spir-it my
2. When Je-sus an-noint-ed my eyes to be-hold The prize that the
3. Let lov-ers of pleas-ure in-tent-ly pur-sue The phan-toms of
4. The serv-ants of mam-mon may gath-er in mirth To jeer at my
5. The yoke of my Mas-ter is ea-sy to wear; The cross that I'm

vile-ness re-vealed: I saw all my woes on Im-man-u-el laid,
faith-ful may win: I en-ter'd the race for a cit-y of gold,
fol-ly and pride; E-ter-ni-ty's joys I am keep-ing in view,
sta-tion un-known; My lot may be cast with the hum-ble of earth,
bear-ing is light; His love ev-er-last-ing is sooth-ing my care,

CHORUS.

And knew by His stripes I was healed.
And fled from the pleasures of sin. I'm nearing the goal, yes,
As on-ward to glo-ry I glide.
Yet I am an heir to a throne.
And giv-ing me songs in the night.

near-ing the goal—The goal of e-ter-nal re-ward; I soon will be

there,—for-ev-er to share, The glo-ry of Je-sus, my Lord.

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Coming By and By.

A.

Arr. M. L. McPhail.

1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, a morn-ing prom-ised long, When truth and
2. The boast of haught-y ty - rants no more shall fill the air, But aged and
3. The ti - dal wave is com - ing, the year of ju - bi - lee; With shout and
4. O! for that glo-rious dawn-ing we watch and wait and pray, Till o'er the

right, with ho-ly might, shall o-ver-throw the wrong; When Christ the Lord will list-
youth shall love the truth and speed it ev'ry-where; No more from want and sor-
song it sweeps a-long, like bil-lows of the sea; The ju - bi - lee of na-
height the morning light shall drive the gloom away; And when the heav'nly glo-

en to ev - 'ry plain-tive sigh, And stretch His hand o'er sea and land, with
row shall come the hope-less cry, But war shall cease, and per - fect peace will
tions shall ring thro' earth and sky, The dawn of grace draws on a-pace—'tis
ry shall flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all His works and

Chorus.

jus - tice by and by.
flour - ish by and by. { Com - ing by and by, com - ing by and by; We
com - ing by and by. { Com - ing by and by, com - ing by and by; We
praise Him by and by.

1 2

see the glo - ry break - ing thro'-out the Eastern sky; }
hail the day of glad-ness for its (omit)..... } coming by and by.

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On The Resurrection Morn.

H. O. H.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDT.

1. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn, When from death all souls are born,
2. To Thy peo - ple Thou hast vowed That Thou wilt re - sist the proud;
3. There shall be no sigh - ing there, Neith - er cry - ing an - y - where,

When all hear the trum-pet's peal, Ev - 'ry sick-ness Thou shalt heal.
Thou wilt give the hum - ble grace, Thou wilt meet them face to face.
Ev - 'ry trust shall then be true, In the earth and heav - ens new,

Thou shalt o - pen blind-ed eyes, List - en to each voice that cries;
Thou shalt guide them with Thy Word, By Thy counsel right - ly heard,
Thro' the end - less a - ges blest, Nev - er - more by doubt op-pressed,

Thou shalt o - pen all deaf ears, Till each soul the gos - pel hears;
And pro - vide a hap - py home, Refuge from whence none shall roam;
All shall sing with one ac - cord Prais - es to their gracious Lord;

Thou shalt o - pen all deaf ears, Till each soul the gos - pel hears.
And pro - vide a hap - py home, Ref-uge from whence none shall roam.
All shall sing with one ac - cord Prais - es to their gracious Lord.

121 The Eternal God is Thy Refuge.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. When the flood - tides of sor - row sur-round you, The e-
2. Un - der - neath are the arms ev - er - last - ing, The e-
3. When life's tem - pests and ty - phoons are blow - ing, The e-
4. When ex - alt - ed with Christ in His glo - ry, The e-

ter - nal God is your ref - uge; When deep dark - ness and doubt-
ter - nal God is your ref - uge; Long - ing eyes to this rest
ter - nal God is your ref - uge; When in death all your pul-
ter - nal God is your ref - uge; We'll be sing - ing the won-

ings con-found you, The e - ter - nal God is your ref - uge.
you are cast - ing, The e - ter - nal God is your ref - uge.
ses are slow - ing, The e - ter - nal God is your ref - uge.
der - ful sto - ry, The e - ter - nal God is your ref - uge.

CHORUS.

O rest, sweet peace-ful rest, Sweet rest, tran - quil and
sweet, peaceful rest,

blest, No fright, no dread a-larms, Just rest, rest in His arms.
tran-quil and blest,

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Our King Has Come.

A. J. MORRIS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. The saints are march-ing for-ward now to meet their glo-rious King,
2. Be - yond the vail are seen the saints with crown up - on each brow;
3, From that bright shin-ing pres-ence how earth's clouds are giv - ing way;
4. We'll haste and tell the sto - ry, now so sweet to you and me,
5. Our jour - ney soon shall ter - mi - nate, and we shall all be there.

They're shout-ing glad ho - san - nas, while their songs of glad - ness ring;
Who trod the path of sor - row, they're re-joic - ing with Him now.
This night of sin and sor - row shall give place to end - less day.
Till all the world re - joic - es in the bless - ed Jub - i - lee;
Our bless - ed Lord has called us, we shall meet Him "in the air,"

Their hearts are filled with rap - ture, as so joy - ful - ly they sing,
With smiles they beck-on on - ward those who lin - ger here be - low,
Break forth in jub - i - la - tion, for Im - man - uel's come to stay.
His pres - ence now be - tok - ens soon His glo-rious face we'll see.
While time re-mains, we'll faith - ful be and wear our robes so fair,

CHORUS.

Our King at last has come. Sing, O sing,..... ye saints in
Sing, O sing,

heav-en, Earth shall have.... her fet-ters riv - en; God His
ye saints of heaven, Earth shall have her fet-ters riv - en,

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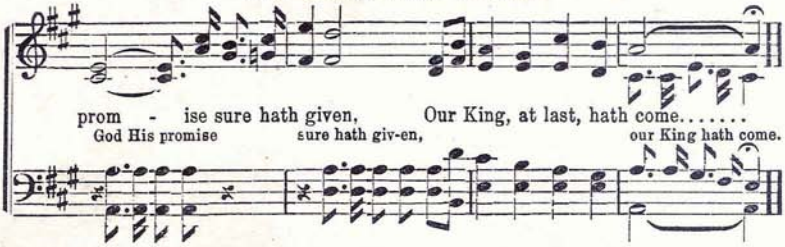
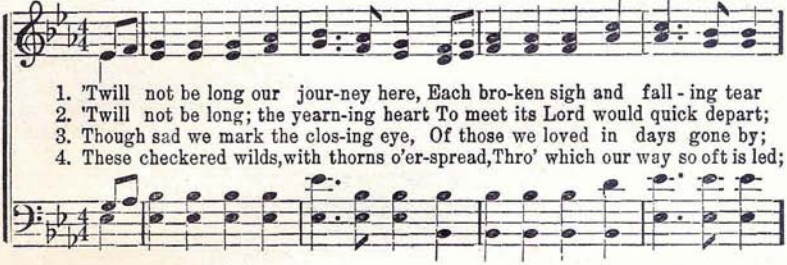
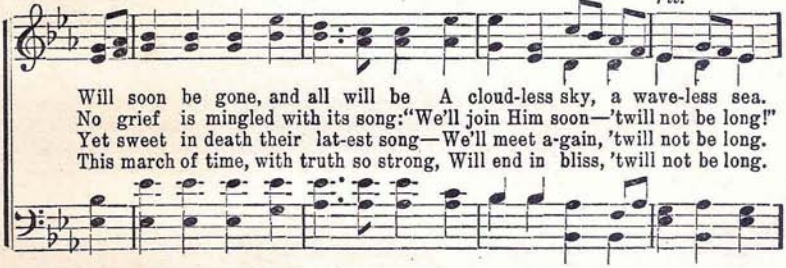
Our King Has Come.

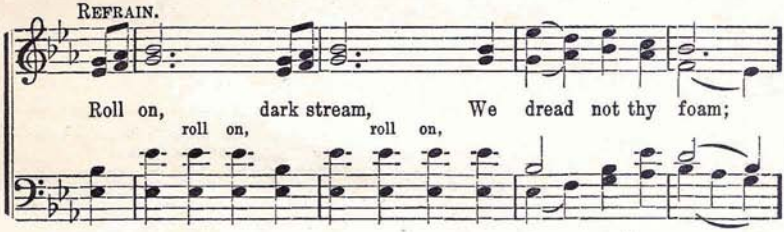


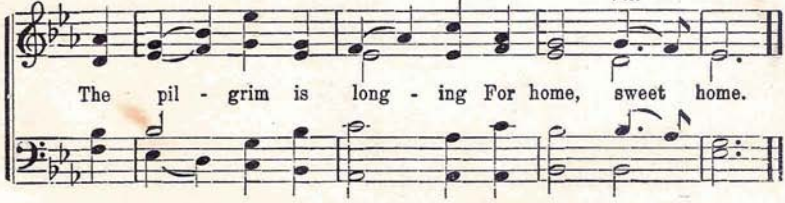
123 'Twill Not be Long.

F. J. C. W. H. D.



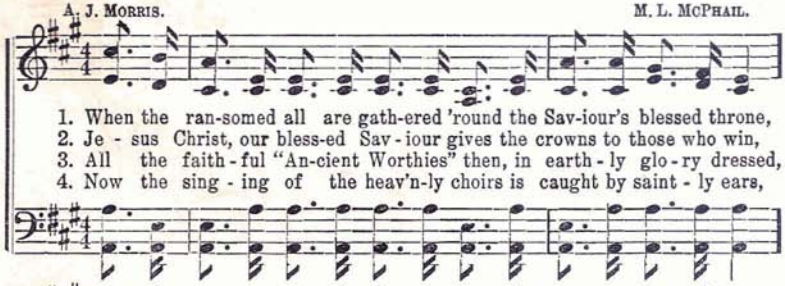




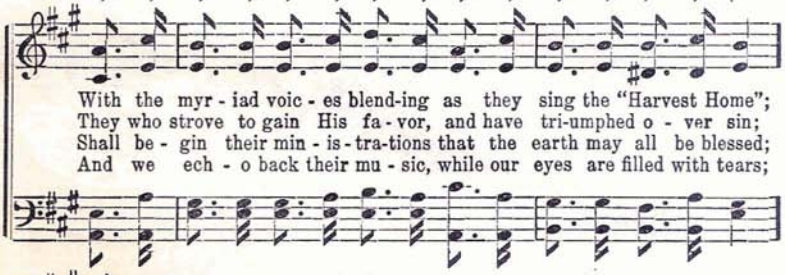


Strike Your Harps.

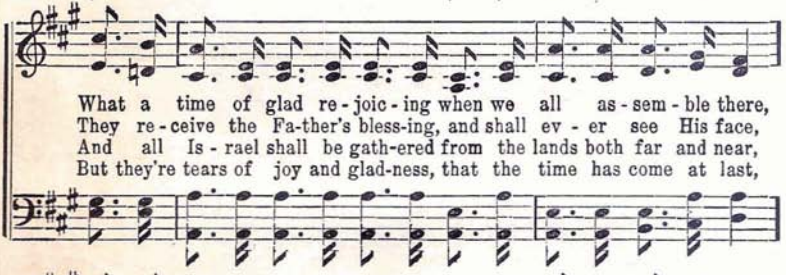
A. J. Morris. M. L. McPhail.



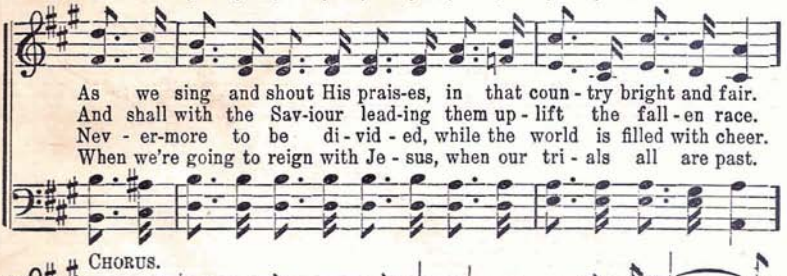
1. When the ran-somed all are gath-ered 'round the Sav-iour's blessed throne,
2. Je - sus Christ, our bless-ed Sav - iour gives the crowns to those who win,
3. All the faith - ful "An-cient Worthies" then, in earth - ly glo - ry dressed,
4. Now the sing - ing of the heav'n-ly choirs is caught by saint - ly ears,



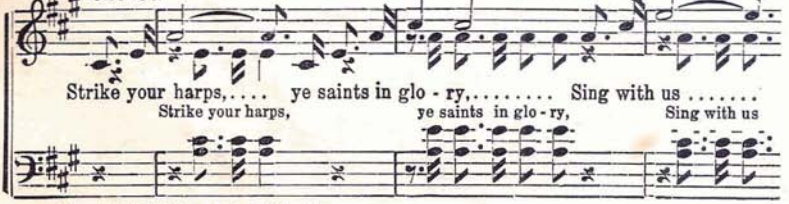
With the myr - iad voic - es blend-ing as they sing the "Harvest Home";
They who strove to gain His fa - vor, and have tri-umphed o - ver sin;
Shall be - gin their min - is - tra-tions that the earth may all be blessed;
And we ech - o back their mu - sic, while our eyes are filled with tears;



What a time of glad re - joic - ing when we all as - sem - ble there,
They re - ceive the Fa-ther's bless-ing, and shall ev - er see His face,
And all Is - rael shall be gath-ered from the lands both far and near,
But they're tears of joy and glad-ness, that the time has come at last,



As we sing and shout His prais-es, in that coun - try bright and fair.
And shall with the Sav-iour lead-ing them up - lift the fall - en race.
Nev - er-more to be di - vid - ed, while the world is filled with cheer.
When we're going to reign with Je - sus, when our tri - als all are past.



Chorus.

Strike your harps,.... ye saints in glo - ry,..... Sing with us .....
Strike your harps, ye saints in glo - ry, Sing with us

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Strike Your Harps.

the glad new song;..... Ech - oes of..... the "old, old

the glad new song; Ech - oes of

sto - ry,".....Thro' the a - - ges we'll pro - long.....

the "old, old sto - ry," Thro' the a - ges we'll pro - long.

125 Behold the Christian Warrior Stand.

H, M. H. C. Z.

1. Be-hold the Chris-tian war-rior stand In all the ar - mor of His God;
2. In pan - o - ply of truth com-plete, Sal - va-tion's hel-met on his head;
3. Un-daunt-ed to the field he goes; Yet vain were skill and val-or there,
4. Thus, strong in his Re-deem-er's strength, His en-e-mies he tramples down,

The Spir-it's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gos-pel shod;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet, And faith's broad shield before Him spread.
Un - less, to foil his leg-ion foes, He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
Fights the good fight, and wins at length, Thro' mercy, an im-mor-tal crown.

He Careth for You.

A. J. Morris. M. L. McPhail.

1. How blest is the mes-sage of heav-en-ly love, When sor-rows our
2. When clouds cast their shadows, ob-scur-ing the light, And faith fails to
3. Then why should I lin-ger in doubt or in fear, With this pre-cious
4. Such bless-ed as-sur-ance shall not be in vain, I'll trust Him what-

path-way pur-sue; Like an-gel-ic mu-sic it breathes from above,
pierce the mists thro'; Like sweet chiming ech-oes this prom-ise so bright,
mes-sage in view? For noth-ing can harm me when Je-sus is near,
ev-er I do; And deep in my heart this glad mes-sage re-tain,

Chorus.

And whis-pers, "He car-eth for you."
As-sur-eth, "He car-eth for you." He car-eth for you, yes, car-eth for
Be-liev-ing "He car-eth for you."
Pro-claim-ing, "He car-eth for you."

you, Look up fainting pilgrim, He car-eth for you; Thy tri-als He knoweth,

His word keep in view, And list to the mes-sage, "He car-eth for you."

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127 Lord Let Me Come to Thee.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Out of my dark-ness in - to Thy light, Out of my weakness in - to Thy
2. Out of my hun - ger, out of my thirst, Out of my faults that weaken and
3. Out of my long-ings in - to thy peace, Out of my bond-age in - to re-

might, Lord let me come to Thee; Out of my pov - er - ty in - to Thy wealth,
worst, Lord let me come to Thee; Out of my fol - ly and out of my pride,
lease, Lord let me come to Thee; Out of my way-ward-ness in - to Thy love,

Out of my sin-sick-ness in - to Thy health, Lord let me come to Thee.
Out of my sins that be - set and be - tide, Lord let me come to Thee.
Out of my wea - ri - ness to rest a - bove, Lord let me come to Thee.

CHORUS.

O let the light, marvelous light, Scatter the shadows and banish the night;

Let the light come and let the light stay, Un - til there dawneth e-ter-nal day.

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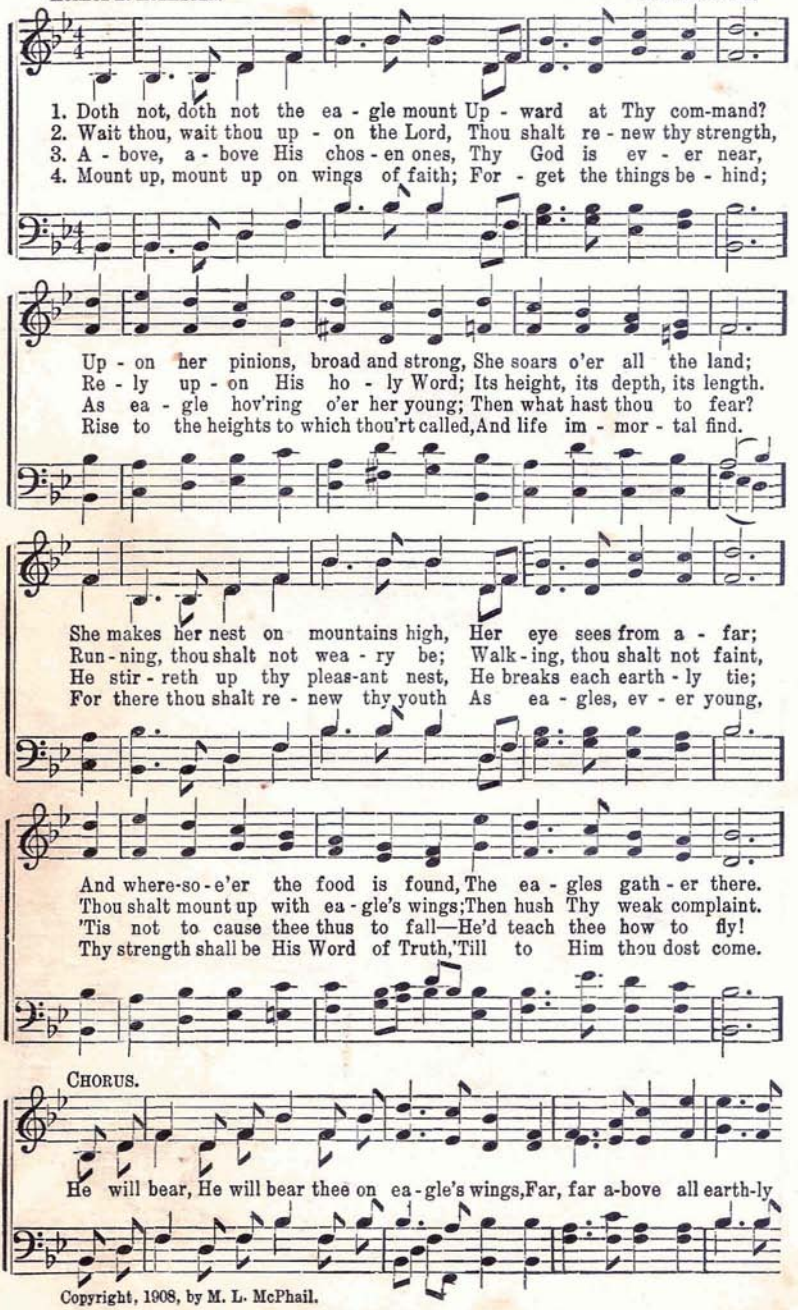
The Eagles.

(Job. 39: 27-29; Luke 17, 37; Ex. 19: 4; Isa. 40: 27-31; Deut. 32: 11, 12; Psa. 103: 3, 5.)

HORACE E. HOLLISTER. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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The Eagles.

things, Shake off the dust, mount to the sky, Un - to thy place on high.

129 Our Present Lord.

A. J. M. LEWIS EDSON.

1. Be - hold the time is here, Thro' a - ges promised long; The light soon
2. A - dore your pres-ent Lord, And shout a - loud His name, All ye who
3. Ye who with wea - ry feet Still tread the nar - row way, Re-joice your
4. Our Lord will seek His own, His jew - els bright and fair; Be - fore His
5. Sor - row and mourn-ing flee, Yes, our re-ward is near, Soon,soon His

shining clear, Shall quick dispel the wrong. Then sing with joy, Our King has come
love His word, His presence loud proclaim. Then sing with joy, Our King has come
Lord to greet, 'Twill soon be endless day. Then sing with joy, Our King has come
Father's throne, He'll soon present them there. Then sing with joy, Our King has come
face we'll see, And, "like Him" we'll appear. Then sing with joy, Our King has come

And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon His voice shall call us home, And soon His voice shall call us home.
And soon with Him we'll be at home, And soon with Him we'll be at home.

130 The Mighty God of Daniel.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. Have you heard the thrill-ing cho - rus ring-ing o'er the fur-nace tower,
2. Paul and Si - las caught the ech - o, and with - in the frowning jail
3. Ma - ny of the mar - tyr he - roes trod a lone and thorn - y way,
4. Faith - ful sol - diers of Je - ho - vah, gird - ed for the ho - ly strife,

Where the He - brew chil-dren tread the fier - y floor? By the arm of
We can hear their joy - ful prais - es in the night; While the pris - on
Hon - ored on - ly by their Sav - iour in the sky; Yet the an - gel
Where the foes of good-ness gath - er for the fray; Tho' you wea - ry

God de - liv - ered, they are sing - ing of His pow'r, And their song is
doors are swing-ing and the fright-ened keep-ers wail, Rings the same ex-
of His pres-ence bid their sad - ness flee a - way As they sang of
of their scorn-ing, tho' they clam - or for your life, You can sing this

CHORUS.

ring - ing on - ward ev - er - more.
ult - ant an - them of de - light. On the God that shield-ed Dan-iel
cer - tain vic - t'ry by and by.
joy - ous cho - rus all the way.

I am lean - ing for re - pose, He is a - ble to de-

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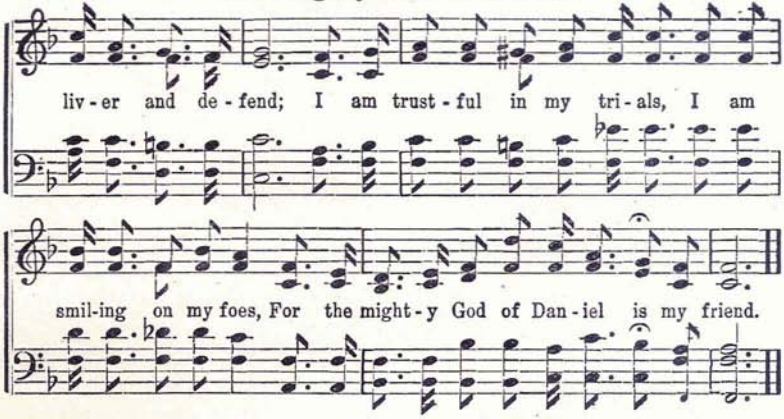
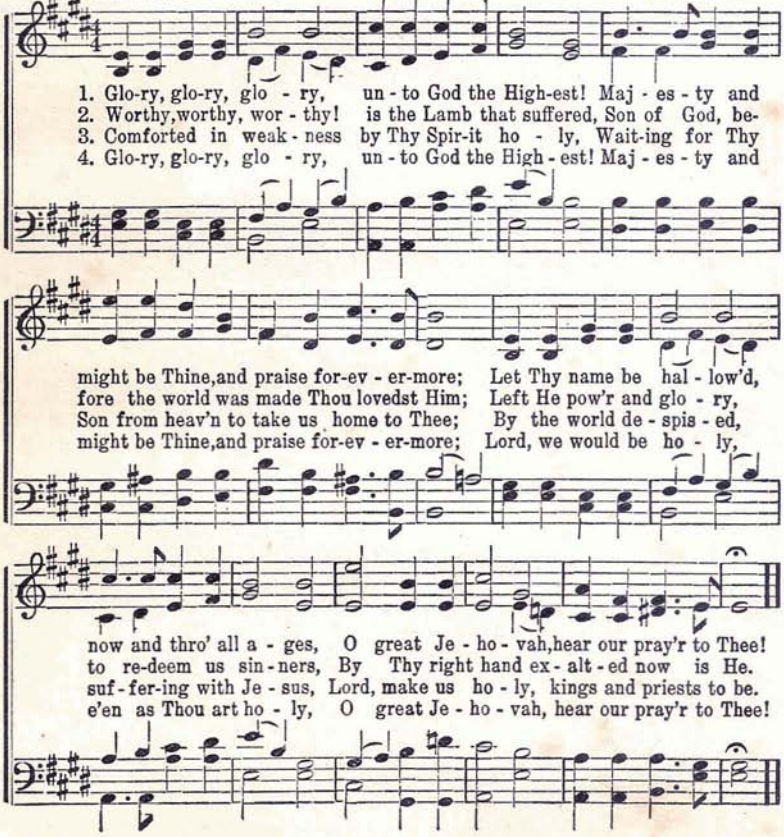
The Mighty God of Daniel.



131 Glory, Glory, Glory!

E. C. Henninges. J. B. Dykes.



Joy Unspeakable.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. 1 Peter 1:8. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Our Sav-iour, tho' now un - seen, We love and our hearts re - joice;
2. His fa - vor's like some sweet dream, From which we shall soon a - wake;
3. With nev - er a shade of care, With nev - er a doubt or fear,

Con - tent, on His love we lean, And praise Him with heart and voice.
Where all its real glo - ries gleam, And on our sight bright-ly break.
We'll dwell with our Mas - ter where His voice we shall al - ways hear;

We know that our Lord is near—We know He shall soon ap - pear—
O rap - tur - ous love di - vine, Out - reach-ing to love of Thine!
Where we shall look in His face, Where we shall see all His grace;

Be - tween us is on - ly a vail And nought can our joy as - sail.
We joy - ful - ly look to Thee And pledge our fi - del - i - ty.
When that which is per - fect will come With Him in our heav'n - ly home.

CHORUS.

Joy! un - speak - a - ble joy! How we a - dore our King!

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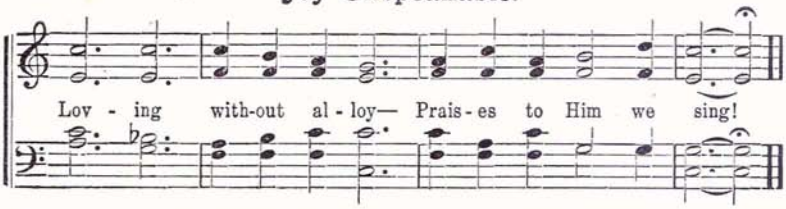
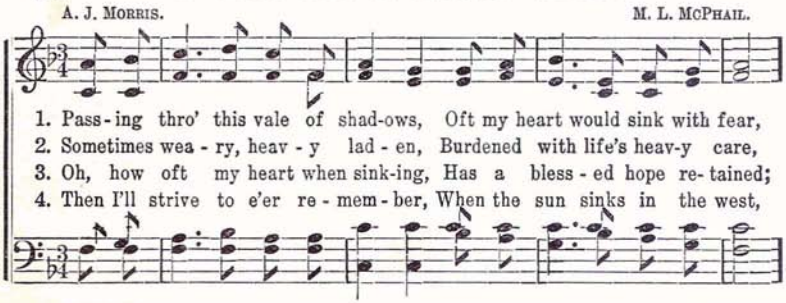
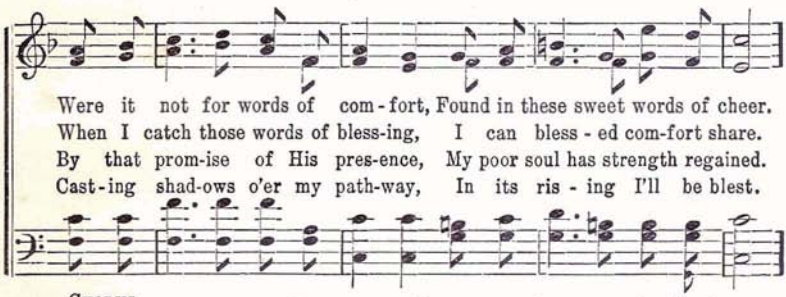
Joy Unspeakable.

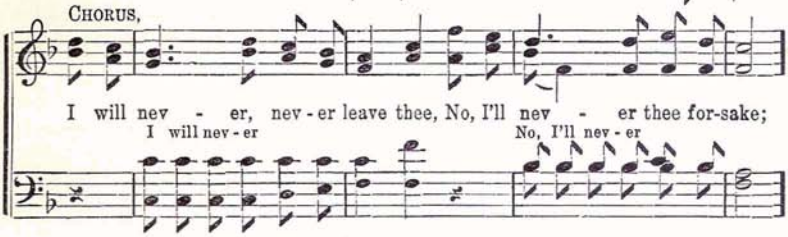


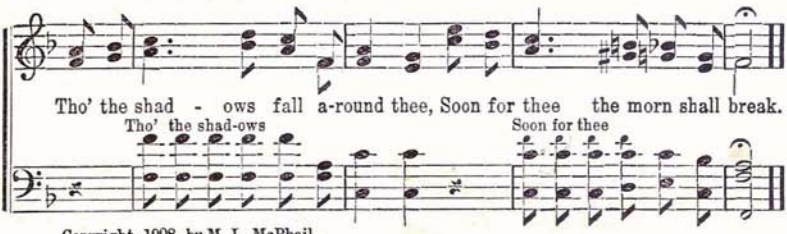
133 I Will Never Leave Thee.

A. J. MORRIS. M. L. MCPHAIL.









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134 Beloved, Sons of God Are We.

HORACE E. HOLLISTER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Be - lov - ed, sons of God are we; In this our ob - li - ga - tion see
2. What tho' our way thro' dan - ger lies—He'll give us wis-dom from the skies
3. His love to us He now commends, Greater than a - ny earth-ly friend's,
4. It is, thro' love we now per-ceive, More blest to give than to re-ceive.
5. Be - lov - ed, sons of God are we; Then like our Fa - ther should we be,

Our Father's char - ac - ter to show, In all our dealings here be - low.
Our thoughts and words and acts to guide, If we but in His love a - bide.
In that, while sin - ners yet were we, Christ died, from death to set us free.
As sons our du - ty then we know: *That* love in all our lives to show.
In god - ly liv - ing, ho - ly, pure; Thus, pa - tient to the end en - dure.

CHORUS.

Be - lov - ed, sons of God are we; Members of Heav - en's Roy - al - ty;

Am-bass - a - dors of Christ our Lord; This is our Fa - ther's gracious word.

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135 "Quit You Like Men."

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Break - eth up - on us the e - vil day, Thou-sands are
2. Teach - ings of in - fi - dels, doubt, dis - may, Doc - trines of
3. Death and dis - tress - es, with fier - y darts, Wound - ing and
4. Tem - pest and tor - ment may test and try, Fires may be

fall - ing on ev - 'ry hand, God and His word are a-
Sa - tan, now fill the air; Short is their sea - son, the
har - ass - ing wea - ry feet; Clad in His strength shield-ing
fanned to re - fine the gold; Face them tri - umph - ant, your

lone our stay, Trust - ing His strength, we may safe - ly stand.
bright'ning day, Plun - ges the de - mons in dark de - spair.
ev - 'ry heart, Stand we un - fear - ing, in Christ com - plete.
Lord is nigh, Blest with His truth, we are strong and bold.

CHORUS.

Quit you like men, Be strong, Fac-ing the foe and the fray;
Be strong, and the fray;

Knowing your Lord ere long, Bringeth the bless-ing - day.
ere long,

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The Good Shepherd.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges. E. C. Henninges.

1. Good Shepherd, lead me in the way Thou know-est best, For Thou hast
2. Kind Steward, feed me on the bread thou know-est well, For Thou hast
3. Dear Mas-ter, call me by the name Thou gav - est me, For dai - ly

borne the bur - den of the day; Thou know-est where the ten - der
hun-gered, and been sat - is - fied; Thou know-est when strong meat mine
is Thy son - ship Thy de - light; Thou know'st the love the voice of

grass is sweet, Thou know-est where in shade the tree-tops meet,
arm should nerve, Thou know-est when af - flic - tions I de - serve,
love in-spires, Thou know'st its pow'r to kin - dle ho - ly fires,

rit. *tempo.*

And ev - 'ry se - cret, cool and safe re - treat; O lead me where un-
And all my needs a - bun - dant - ly to serve. O tempt me with the
And draw the soul till it to Thine as - pires. O teach me how to

rit.

fail - ing wa - ters play, And at Thy feet con - tent-ed let me rest.
fruits in Ca - naan spied, And near Thy store-house ev - er let me dwell.
read Thy will a-right, And in Thy love a- bide e - ter - nal - ly.

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The Good Shepherd.

CHORUS.

Good Shepherd, lead me! Kind Shepherd, feed me! O, call me by the name thou lov - est best! Nor let a stran - ger lure me to dan - ger, But at Thy feet in safe - ty let me rest.

137 Precious Saviour, Heavenly King.

H. O. H. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Pre - cious Sav - iour, Heavenly King, We Thy prais - es glad - ly sing!
2. Thou didst leave Thy heavenly home, As a serv - ant Thou didst come,
3. Thou has bought us with Thy blood, Rec - on - ciled the world to God;
4. Thou hast been ex - alt - ed now, At Thy name all knees shall bow;

Laud Thy name with heart and voice— In Thy greatness we re - joice!
Came a lost race to re - deem, E'en Thy life didst not es - teem.
We are Thine—Do Thou us keep In Thy love so wide and deep.
End - less life Thy bless - ing brings, Lord of lords and King of kings!

138 I Will Never Leave Thee, No. 2,

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I will nev - er leave you, I will not for - sake; When your tri - als
2. Is your faint heart fear-ful For what men may do? Are your sad eyes
3. Child, you have my prom-ise—Will you not trust me? Will you still, like
4. Know you not I love you Ev-er-last - ing - ly, And I want to

grieve you I your grief par - take. Do not rich - es cov - et, Always
tear - ful When they scoff at you? Do you mourn and languish As your
Thom-as, Al-ways doubt-ing be? I am Je - sus Christ, now, Same as
prove you Faith-ful un - to me? No! I'll nev - er leave you, No! I'll

be con - tent, Seek not gain nor love it— With Thy heart's con-sent.
foes op-press, Heed-less of your an-guish, Hold-ing back re-dress?
yes-ter - day, Faith - ful to my love vow, You are mine for aye.
not for - sake, When your tri - als grieve you I'll your bur-dens take.

CHORUS.

I will nev - er leave you, I will not for - sake;

Let not tri - als grieve you, I'll your bur - den take.

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139 A Shelter in the Time of Storm!

V. J. C. M. L. McPhail.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide; A shel-ter in the time of storm!
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
3. The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
4. O Rock di - vine, O ref - uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm!

Se-cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
No fears a - larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm!
Be Thou our Help - er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm!

Chorus.

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land! A wea - ry land! a wea - ry land! Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land! A shel - ter in the time of storm!

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140 Peace, Light and Love.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges. E. C. Henninges.

1. There's a peace, sur-pass-ing sweet, To the troub-led soul made meet, As the
2. There's a light whose ra-diant beams Dull the splendor of our dreams, As the
3. There's a love whose might-y pow'r Keeps the soul in per-il's hour, As a

dew of ev'ning to the parch-ed fields, So when day has tried us sore,
ris-ing sun the glow-ing stars o'er-shades; So, with rush or can-dle dim,
moth-er's arms se-cure her tim-id child; So when we, in time of need,

And the night dims all be-fore, Gracious peace the balm of heal-ing yields.
When we seek to fol-low Him, Dawns the light of life that nev-er fades.
Help and strength and succor plead, Love enfolds and keeps us un-de-filed.

healing yields.

Chorus.

Would you have..... this { peace / light / love } for-ev-er? .....Rest in
Would you have yes, for-ev-er,

Je - sus Christ, the Giv-er, ...He will bless you, ...
Rest in Je-sus Christ, the Giv-er, Christ the Giv-er, He will bless you

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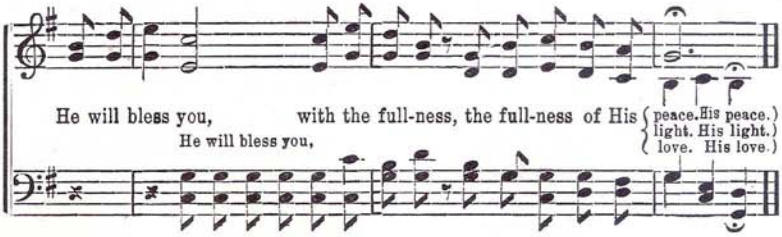
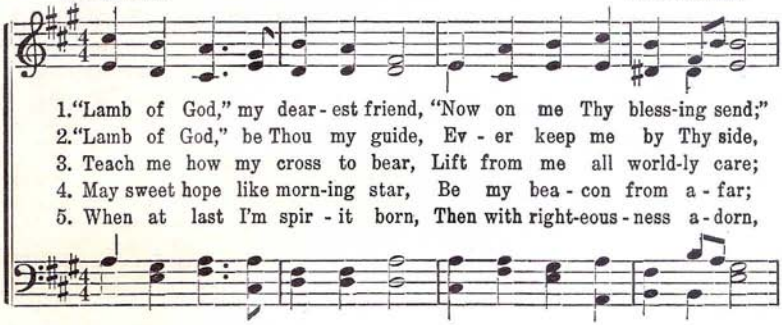
Peace, Light and Love.

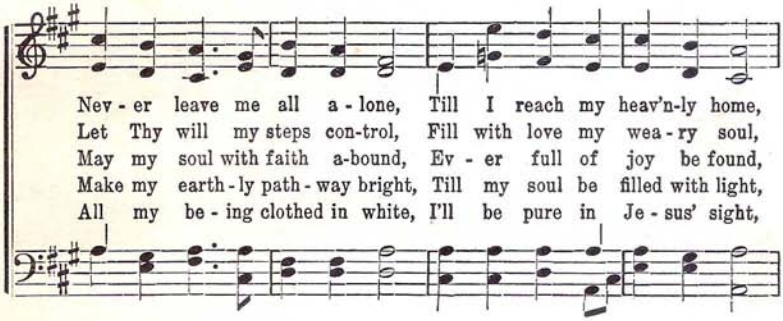


141 Lamb of God, My Savior Dear.

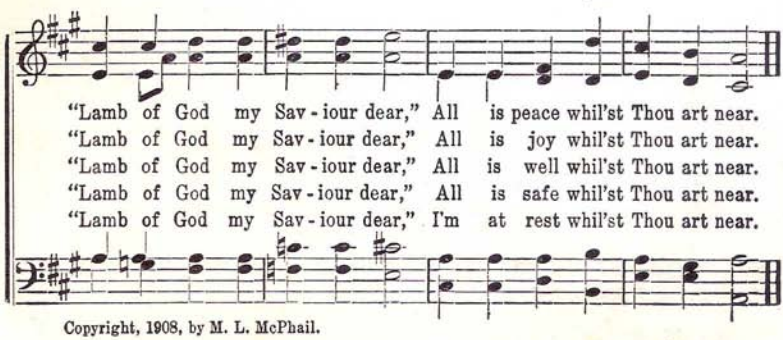
C. P. Powley. M. L. McPhail.



1. "Lamb of God," my dear - est friend, "Now on me Thy bless-ing send;"
2. "Lamb of God," be Thou my guide, Ev - er keep me by Thy side,
3. Teach me how my cross to bear, Lift from me all world-ly care;
4. May sweet hope like morn-ing star, Be my bea - con from a - far;
5. When at last I'm spir - it born, Then with right-eous - ness a - dorn,



Nev - er leave me all a - lone, Till I reach my heav'n-ly home,
Let Thy will my steps con-trol, Fill with love my wea - ry soul,
May my soul with faith a-bound, Ev - er full of joy be found,
Make my earth - ly path - way bright, Till my soul be filled with light,
All my be - ing clothed in white, I'll be pure in Je - sus' sight,



"Lamb of God my Sav - iour dear," All is peace whil'st Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Sav - iour dear," All is joy whil'st Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Sav - iour dear," All is well whil'st Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Sav - iour dear," All is safe whil'st Thou art near.
"Lamb of God my Sav - iour dear," I'm at rest whil'st Thou art near.

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The Shade of the Cross.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. My heart in youth and joy was glad - ly sing - ing, My life from
2. The world I've left and all of its il - lu - sions, To fol - low
3. And when life's shad-ows, tears and toils are end - ed And I have

pain and toil and care was free; My voice at - tuned to sweet-est
Je - sus in this nar - row way, My heart no long - er lists to
fought the glo - rious fight of faith, And all the cords of earth and

chimebells ring-ing, When the shad - ow of the cross passed o - ver me;
its con - fu - sions, But hearkens to the Mas - ter day by day;
sin are rend - ed, I'll rise a hap - py vic - tor o - ver death;

Fair flow - ers flung to me their rar - est fra-grance, The birds joined
My skies are oft - en o - ver - cast and low'r - ing, My path is
Up - on the throne I'll see my Sav - ior sit - ting, And if He

in the soft - est ser - e - nade; Dear eyes of love looked in - to
strewn with thorns instead of flow'rs, But o - ver ob - sta-cles my
knows I've suffered with Him here, He'll give to me a robe and

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The Shade of the Cross.

mine with fond glance, When the cross upon my pathway cast a shade,
cast a shade.
faith stands tow'ring, My Lord has promised strength for darkest hours.
darkest hour.
crown be - fit-ting The saints who in the throne then shall ap-pear.
shall ap-pear.

CHORUS.

In the shade of the cross, Lord, with Thee..... To the
I have pledged my al - le-giance to Thee,..... Ev - er
dear Lord, with Thee,
dear Lord, to Thee.

end of my jour - ney I'll be, ... For Thy
loy - al and lov - ing I'll be;..... Pre-cious
dear Lord, with Thee.
lov - ing I'll be;

1

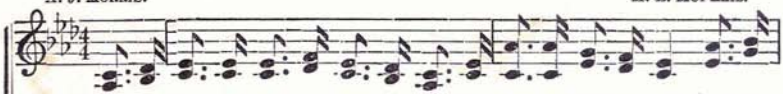
voice I have heard And thy coun-sel - ling word Saying "Come my child come
Sav - iour and Guide, keep me close by Thy side, In the

2

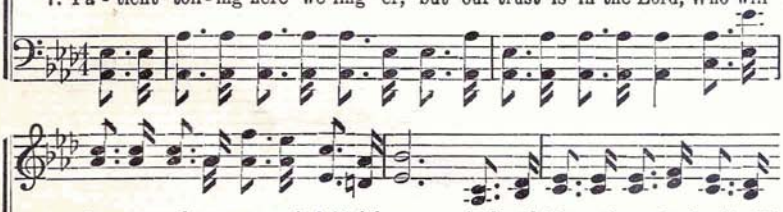
un - to me;" shade of the cross, Lord, with Thee. .....
dear Lord, with Thee.

What A Saviour!

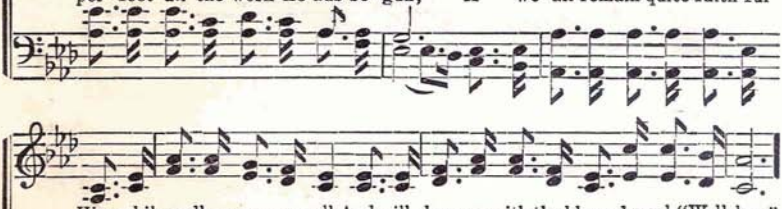
A. J. Morris. M. L. McPhail.



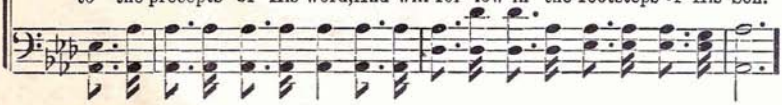
1. When our days of toil are o - ver, and our Lord takes full control, He'll be-
2. Such re - joic-ing of the na-tions as was nev - er seen be-fore, When the
3. When the "ear-ly and the lat-ter rain" shall cheer Ju - de - a's hills, And in
4. When the mountains shall be leveled, and the val - leys fill'd shall be, And the
5. Then the li - on and the lamb shall play, led by a lit - tle child, In God's
6. When from out the throne of God on high, a riv - er crys-tal pure Shall pro-
7. Pa - tient toil - ing here we ling - er, but our trust is in the Lord, Who will



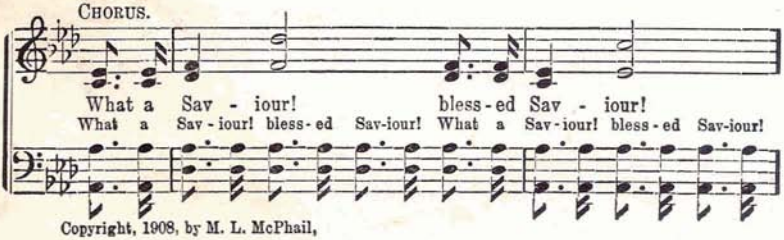
stow reward up - on each faithful one; And will take us home to dwell with
fet - ters of op-pres-sion shattered lie; And with Sa-tan bound se-cure - ly,
E - den beauty all shall bloom once more; As we view the glorious prospect
stones shall all be gathered from the way; Then the "ransomed of the Lord" His
Ho - ly Mountain none shall ev-er harm; When all strong and fierce and cruel
ceed to bless the nations with its flow; And the "trees of life" shall yield their
per - fect all the work He has be - gun; If we all remain quite faith-ful



Him while endless a - ges roll, And will cheer us with the blessed words "Well done."
that he may deceive no more, What hosannas from the earth will rend the sky!
how our soul with rapture fills, While we sing Je-hov-ah's praises o'er and o'er.
lov - ing kindness all shall see, Walking ev - er in the light of end-less day.
things becometh meek and mild, There is nothing then God's children can a-larm.
fruits, the ills of earth to cure, And the love of the Re-deem-er all shall know.
to the precepts of His word, And will fol - low in the footsteps of His Son.



Chorus.



What a Sav - iour! bless - ed Sav - iour!
What a Sav - iour! bless - ed Sav-iour! What a Sav - iour! bless - ed Sav-iour!

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What A Saviour.

What a glo - rious Sav-iour we shall know! What a
we shall know!

Sav - iour! glo - rious Sav - iour! When He
Sav - iour, glo - rious Sav-iour! What a Sav - iour, glo - rious Sav-iour!

com - eth with the crown up - on His brow.
up - on His brow,

144 Are You Burdened and Distressed?

H. O. H. PLEYEL.

1. Are you burdened and distressed? Are you sad - ly seek-ing rest?
2. Have your fond-est hopes all failed? In af - fright your spir - it quailed?
3. Are you buf - fet - ed, be-trayed? Does the world ac - cuse, up - braid—
4. One who knew this bit - ter - ness, Read - y is to soothe and bless;

Are you struggling on a - lone? Is your cour - age al - most gone?
In de - spair your heart cried out, All your faith be-dimmed by doubt?
While the keen - est sor - row rends—Wounds re-ceived in home of friends?
All your sor - rows Je - sus knows, He will lead you to re - pose.

145 When Our Lord With His Saints.

A. J. MORRIS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Thro' the a - ges past the shad-ows have ob-scured the com - ing light,
2. Long with pa-tience has He wait - ed, long in - sult - ed has He been,
3. Na - tions ruled with rod of i - ron, stones shall all be gath-ered out;
4. Thus the light shall keep in-creas-ing, till the sun shall shine in might;

And the works of darkness prospered, backed by Sa-tan's cunn-ing might;
By the war - ring pow'rs of dark-ness, by such long con - tin - ued sin;
From the high-way that the Lord prepares, all foes be put to rout,
For we have the word of prom - ise' "In the ev-'ning shall be light;"

But the time is swift ap-proach-ing when the Lord ascends His throne,
But our Lord shall take His pow - er soon with heav-en's loud ac-claim,
No de-stroy - ing harm shall en - ter, naught of sin there shall be-tide,
All the wrongs of earth then right-ed, and all tears be wiped a - way;

He but waits the lit - tle sea - son till His saints are gathered home.
And up - on the throne of glo - ry, we'll be - hold the Lamb once slain.
And thro'-out the "a - ges rich with grace" the ransomed ones a - bide.
Oh, then praise the Lord for - ev - er, for this glo-rious, hap - py day.

CHORUS.

Soon the shad - ows of the night shall clear a - way,.....
shall clear a - way,

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When Our Lord With His Saints.

Then the sun shall shine with bright and cheer-ing ray,.....
bright and cheer-ing ray,

And the ran-somed shall re-joice in end - less day,
in end - less day,

When the saints in glo - ry with their Lord ap - pear.....
when they ap-pear.

146 After All That I Have Done.

W. WEBER.

1. Af - ter all that I have done, Sav - ior, art Thou pac - i - fied?
2. Let me sit low at Thy feet, Full of deep hu - mil - i - ty;
3. Gra-cious - ly con - firm Thy word, Let me trust Thee more and more;
4. Keep the fee - ble, trem-bling heart Till Thy Spir - it rules with - in,

Hast Thou my sal - va - tion won That I may with Thee a - bide?
Thou art ho - ly— I not meet In Thy love to dwell with Thee.
Nev - er grieve Thee, pre - cious Lord—Al - ways wor - ship and a - dore.
Till my all in all Thou art, Till I'm cleansed from ev - 'ry sin.

147 Joy Cometh in the Morning!

Mrs. E. C. Henninges. E. C. Henninges.

1. Joy com - eth in the morn-ing! When the night is past, And the
2. Joy com - eth in the morn-ing! Hail the ris - ing Son! Glo - rious
3. Joy com - eth in the mron-ing! When the mountains ring With the

watchers on the hill - tops Hail the dawn at last. Earth's wea - ry night is
in His youth and beau - ty, Strong His race to run— All mists and shades dis-
ech - o of His foot-steps, Who is Lord and King. Rise, Zi - on, from thy

pass-ing, And the day draws near, When the bless - ed King of Glo - ry
pers - ing, Ev - 'ry soul to bless, With the rich - es of His mer - cy,
weep-ing, Haste thee to His side. Joy com - eth! for the bride-groom

Chorus.

Shall with grace ap-pear.
Truth and right-ous-ness. Joy! Joy cometh in the morning! Zi - on shout and
Shall with thee a - bide.

sing, Hail! hail the bless-ed King of Glo - ry! Hail thy Bridegroom King!

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Faith, Hope and Love.

H. O. Henderson. M. L. McPhail.

1. Faith will drive the doubtings out of mor - tal mind, Till de - spair shall nev - er wor - ry, crush nor blind, Suf - fer - ing and griev-ing it will soon sup-plant, It will make you sweet and true and ra - di - ant.

2. Hope will bring the brightness back to tear-dimm'd eyes, Dis - si - pate all sor - row, ban - ish ev - 'ry sigh; It will bring you gladness, make your strength complete, Keep you smil - ing, cheer-ful, kind to all you meet.

3. Love will bring the sun-shine in - to ev - 'ry heart, Bid all grief and bit - ter - ness and gloom de - part; It will chase the shadows and the clouds a - way; Naught but light can lin - ger where love's pow'r holds sway.

Chorus.

O heart of mine..... Let faith di - vine..... Flow in till floods of light thy love and hope in-crease! .. Bring endless joy and per - fect peace!

O heart of mine Let faith di - vine vine

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149 Although the Fig Tree Shall not Bloom.

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Al-though the fig - tree shall not bloom, Nor fruit be in the vine,
2. And tho' the flock all be cut off No herd be in the stall,
3. Tho' stars shall fall, and sun be dim; Tho' moon be turned to blood,
4. Tho' fam - ine, earth-quake, pest-i-lence, In di - vers plac - es roam,
5. Yea, Lord, we know that Thou dost care Tho' all be - low for - sake,

And all life's joys be lost in gloom Yet, Lord, we still are Thine!
Tho' world, or e - ven church all scoff Thou, Lord, art all in all!
We know we are the care of Him In whom all saints have stood.
Tho' friends that should af - ford de-fence Be - tray us in their home;
Thou wilt not let us lose a hair Or bear, un-known, an ache.

And tho' the ol - ive yield shall fail, The fields re - fuse their meat,
In Thee, our Rock, we will re-joice Thou mak - est sure our feet,
Tho' roar the sea,—tho' bil - lows rage, And men's hearts fail for fear,
Tho' par - ents, kins-folk, all should hate Be - cause we love Thy name,
So tho' Thou shouldst see fit to slay Still we will trust in Thee;

Our an - chor holds with - in the vail Hard by the mer - cy - seat.
In bro - ken paths we'll hear Thy voice Giv - ing us coun - sel meet.
He who once bade the storm as-suage On Gal - i - lee, is near!
We know, if pa - tient - ly we wait Joy com - eth af - ter shame.
For Thou wilt bring us all the way To im - mor - tal - i - ty.

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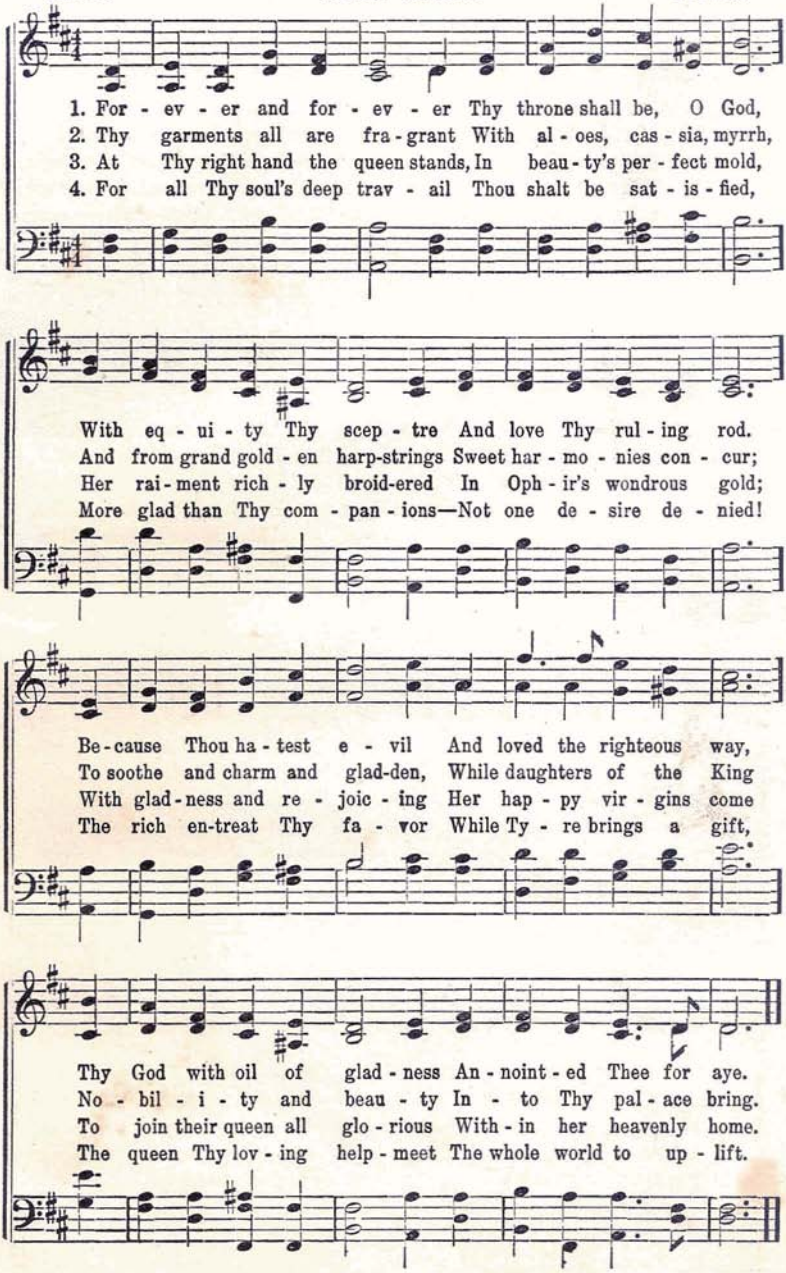
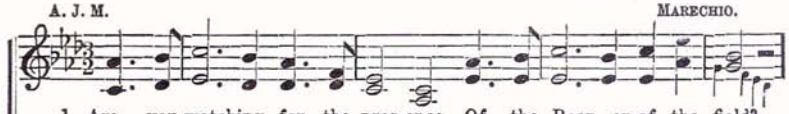
150 Forever and Forever.

H. O. H. (Psa. 45. Isa. 53: 11. A. EWING.

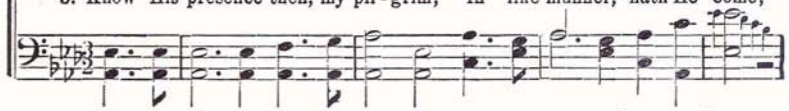


151 Are You Watching?

A. J. M. MARECHIO.

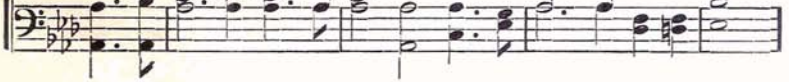


1. Are you watching for the pres-ence Of the Reap-er of the field?
2. Art thou faint with wea-ry vig-ils, Look-ing for your coming Lord?
3. Sad, in-deed, it seems, my brother, Viewed a-lone from earth-ly height;
4. Think thou not God's arm is shortened, When up-on that heighth you stand;
5. Know His presence then, my pil-grim; "In like manner," hath He come;

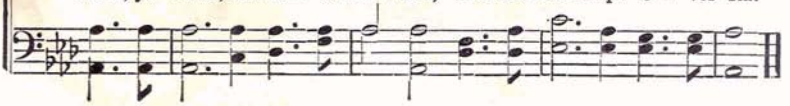


Know-est thou what signs proclaim Him, To the world yet un-re-vealed?
Hast thine eyes grown dim with weep-ing, Sick at heart with hope deferred?
For we fail to see the sun-shine, That dis-pers-es pres-ent night.
For His pur-pos-es are rip'n-ing, And His own shall rule the land.
Reap-ers now the sick-le wield-ing, Soon shall sing the "Harvest Home."

Do you gaze with strain-ing vis-ion For the dawn-ing of the day?
Sore dis-cour-aged at the prospect Of the field so full of tares;
Climb the peak, thou wea-ry pil-grim, Of our God's e-ter-nal truth,
Tho' the night precedes the morn-ing, Yet at last shall rise the Sun;
Tares are burning, wheat is garn'ring, Soon shall all be gathered in;



Can'st thou hear the le-gions tramp-ing On E-man-u-al's highway?
While the Prince of E-vil worketh, To surround the church with snares?
And from thence sur-vey the landscape; Then shalt thou re-new thy youth.
And the shad-ows quick-ly vanished, Shall pro-claim the morn-ing come.
Greet, ye saints, the Lord of har-vest, Who shall tri-umph o-ver sin.



152 O, Set Thy Love on Things Above.

H. O. Henderson. Col. 3: 2. M. L. McPhail.

1. O, set thy love on things a-bove, And fix firm thine af - fec - tion!
2. O, set thy love on things a-bove! Do not re-pine or sor - row;
3. O, set thy love on things a-bove, Nor fret for earth - ly pleasures,
4. O, set thy love on things a-bove!—They'll sat - is - fy com - plete - ly;

Do not es - tray or turn a - way From God's love and pro - tec - tion;
On faithful friend do not de-pend, And do not troub - le bor-row,
They but de - ceive and deep - ly grieve, So cov - et heavenly treasures.
From flat - ter - y and van - i - ty Turn thou a - way dis - creet - ly.

What - e'er be-tide, O, still a - bide With - in His Tab - er - nac - le,—
Trust in the Lord and in His word, And Thou shalt find con-tent - ment,
The wealth and worth of this old earth But for a day can please us,
The Heavenly Spouse will safe - ly house Thy soul from ev - 'ry sor - row,

The ho - ly place, where with His grace, Sin's chains can nev - er shack - le.
For - give thy foe nor wish him woe, No room have for re - sent - ment.
'Tis on - ly loss, 'tis on - ly dross; O, give thy heart to Je - sus!
And as to - day and yes - ter - day, He'll faith - ful be to - mor - row.

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153 The Trumpet Call is Sounding.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. The trum - pet call is sound-ing, O, hast - en to the fray, A-
2. Though Sa - tan's hosts seek ref-uge, Be - hind sin's might-y wall, The
3. Then when our Cap - tain bids us, Lay sword and ar - mor down; Each

gainst the pow'rs of e - vil, Gird on your sword to - day. Lift
shout of faith re - sound - ing Shall cause it low to fall. It
true and faith - ful sol - dier Shall wear the heav'n-ly crown. For

high your songs of tri-umph, And count the bat - tle won, For faith may claim the
is Je - ho - vah's promise, That prom-ise we may claim; And all the way prove
if with Him we suf - fer, En-dur - ing toil and pain, He al - so will ex-

CHORUS.

con - quest, Ere yet the fight's be-gun.
vic - tors Thro' our Re-deem-er's name, Fear not the host of e - vil, The
alt us, With Him in pow'r to reign.

bat - tle is the Lord's, He ev - er goes be - fore us, And vic-to - ry ac-cords.

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Be a Joyful Witness.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Pass a-long with a song, If you to the Lord be-long, Have no fear,
2. All the way, night and day, He will be your strength and stay, Do His will,
3. On-ward go, fear no foe, He the way will ev-er show, Ev-'ry-where

He is near, Tho' the path looks drear; Sad or down-cast nev-er be,
trust Him still, Seem it good or ill, Be the pathway bright or dim,
wit-ness bear, To His ten-der care; Then when you be-hold His face,

Let your brow from care be free, Keep your light clear and bright,
Nev-er lose your faith in Him, Look a-bove till His love
Saved and glo-ri-fied by grace, End-less praise you shall raise

CHORUS.

Shine that all may see.
Brightens shad-ows grim. Be a joy-ful wit-ness true, Show-ing
In yon bless-ed place.

what His grace can do, Live and sing for your King, Till His face you view.

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155 Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Psalm 9: 10.

1. Oh, for a thou - - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-ers's
2. Je - sus! the name that soothes our fears, That bids our sor - rows
3. He breaks the power of reign - ing sin, And sets the pris - 'ner

praise, My great ..... Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
cease, That bids ..... our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the
free, And sets ..... the pris - 'ner free; His blood can make the

God and King. The tri-umphs of His grace, The
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis
foul - est clean, His blood a-vail'd for me, His

The tri-umphs of His grace, The tri-umphs of His
'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis life and health, and
His blood a - vail'd for me, His blood a - vail'd for

tri-umphs of His grace ..... The tri - - umphs of His grace!
life, and health, and peace; ..... 'Tis life, ... and health, and peace.
blood a - vail'd for me, ... His blood ..... a - vail'd for me.

grace, The tri-umphs of His grace, The tri-umphs of His grace!
peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
me, His blood a - vail'd for me, His Blood a - vail'd for me.

156 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. Welsh Tune "DIADEM."

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Ye saints whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,

Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your tro - phies at His feet,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,

And crown ..... Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him
And crown ..... Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown .....

crown Him, crown Him,

Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown ..... Him,

..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

157 It Gives Me Such Rejoicing in My Soul.

A. J. Morris. M. L. McPhail.

1. The trum - pet of the jub - i - lee is sound-ing far and near,
2. I see the com - ing glo - ry as it lights the east - ern arch,
3. Dark shad - ows now are creep-ing from the pres - ence of the light,
4. I'll ban - ish fear and sor - row, and my faith shall stand se - cure,

My ears can catch the ech - oes as they roll; With rapt - ure do I
Heav'n's mu-sic in my ears doth sweet-ly ring; The hosts of King Im-
No more to cast their gloom up - on the earth; My soul in praise up-
I'm liv - ing now in pres-ence of the King; I know there's none can

list - en to its ti - dings sweet and clear: For it gives me such re-
man - u - el are now up - on the march, And I know it means the
lift - eth, as it views the glo - rious sight, For I know the king-dom
harm me when de - fend - ed by such pow'r, While the trump-et of the

Chorus.

joic - ing in my soul.
pres-ence of the King. Shout a - loud in songs of glad-ness, Shout a-
soon shall have its birth.
jub - i - lee doth ring.

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It Gives Me Such Rejoicing in My Soul.

loud in songs of glad - ness, Clear a - way ye clouds of sad - ness;

For it gives me such re - joic - ing in my soul. in my soul.

158 My Father, as Thou Wilt.

CARL M. VON WEBER, arr. H.

1. My Fa-ther, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Fa-ther, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear,Let not my star of hope
3. My Fa-ther, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Je - sus on earth didst weep, And sor-row
I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a-lone; Since I would fol - low Him, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

159 Grace Sufficient.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges. E. C. Henninges.

1. Grace suf-fi-cient is the prom-ise, Much or lit - tle, as Thy need;
2. Grace suf-fi-cient! Can we doubt Him, Must we still His good-ness prove?
3. Grace suf-fi-cient in the store-house, And the Mas-ter holds the key!

Draw there-from thy dai-ly por-tion, On the heav'n-ly man-na feed—
Give thy tithes in-to His keep-ing, He will win thee with His love.
Come, with pray'r of faith be-liev-ing, He will o-pen wide to thee.

Joy to fill each pass-ing mo-ment, Peace to glad-den ev-'ry hour,
Ev - er shall His pres-ence cheer thee, Light and truth thy path-way sow;
None can ask be-yond His giv-ing, All His mer-cy may com-mand;

Strength to bear the pressing bur-den, Rest-ing in God's might-y pow'r.
Hope shall quick-en ev-'ry foot-step, Thou art known: so shalt thou know.
"Heaped, pressed down, and running o-ver," Is the meas-ure of His hand.

Chorus.

Grace suf-fi-cient! grace suf-fi-cient! Nev-er can His prom-ise fail;

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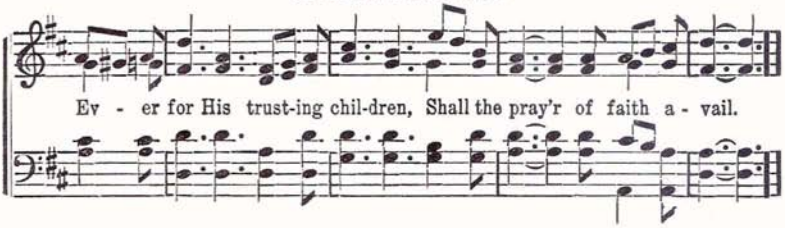
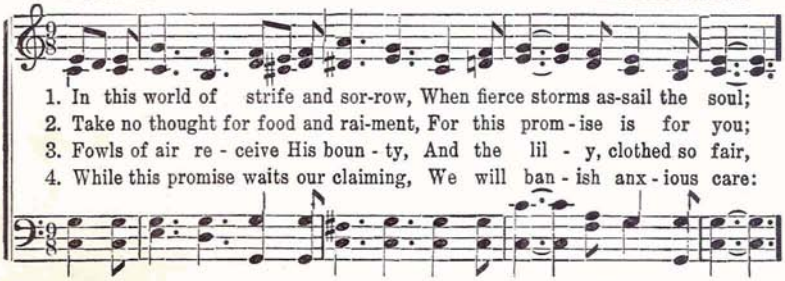
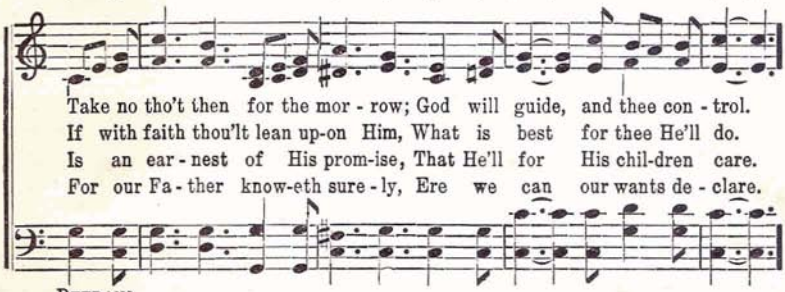
Grace Sufficient.



160 Let No Anxious Care Disturb Thee.

A. J. MORRIS. Arr. M. L. MCPHAIL.





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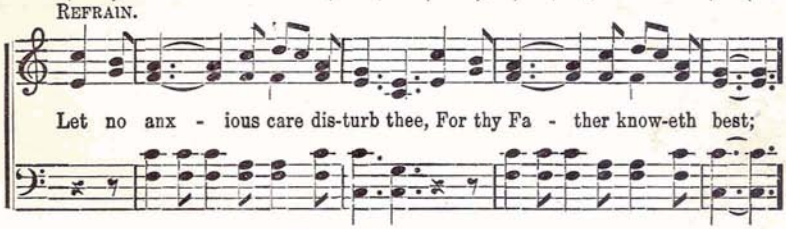

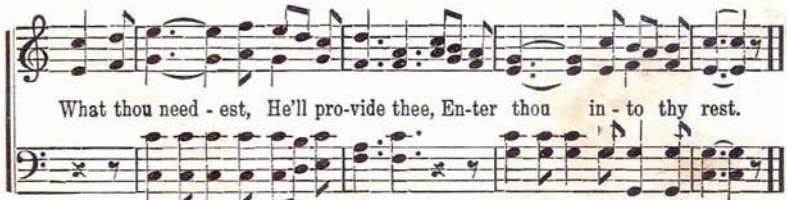

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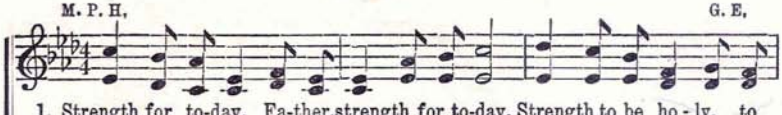
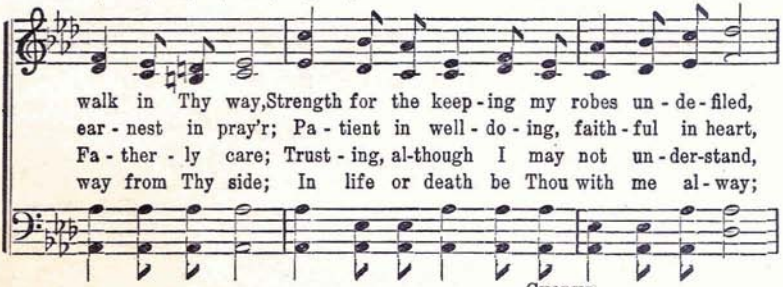
161 Strength for Today.

M. P. H. G. E.

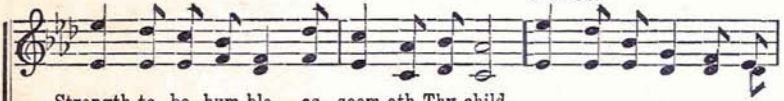


1. Strength for to-day, Fa-ther, strength for to-day, Strength to be ho-ly, to
2. Strength in temp-ta-tion to turn from the snare, Strength to be constant and
3. Strength for the cross-es Thou giv'st me to bear, Rest-ing my heart on Thy
4. Still be Thou near me, what-ev-er be-tide, Let me not wan-der a-

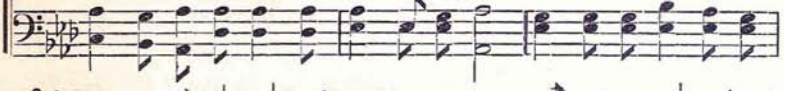
walk in Thy way, Strength for the keep-ing my robes un-de-filed,
ear-nest in pray'r; Pa-tient in well-do-ing, faith-ful in heart,
Fa-ther-ly care; Trust-ing, al-though I may not un-der-stand,
way from Thy side; In life or death be Thou with me al-way;

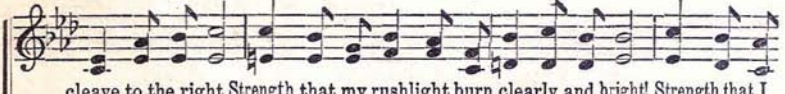


CHORUS.

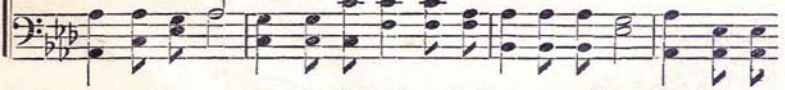


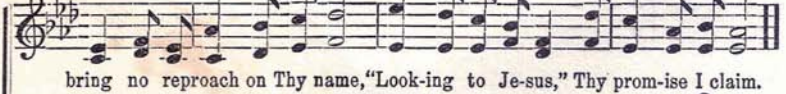
Strength to be hum-ble, as seem-eth Thy child.
Nev-er, O Lord, from Thy truth to de-part. Strength to shun e-vil, to
Know-ing that Thou all my go-ings hast plann'd.
Strength for to-day, Fa-ther, strength for to-day.





cleave to the right, Strength that my rushlight burn clearly and bright! Strength that I





bring no reproach on Thy name, "Look-ing to Je-sus," Thy prom-ise I claim.

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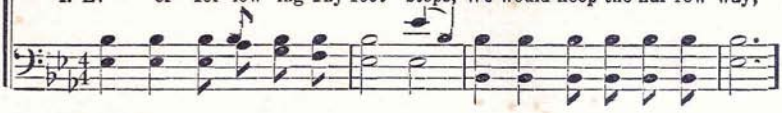
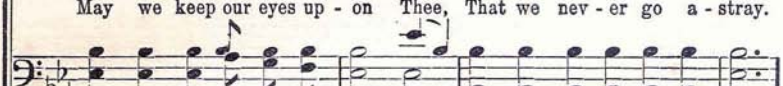
Blessed Saviour.

A. J. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

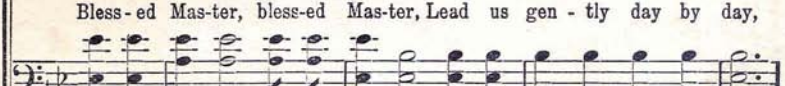
1. Bless - ed Saviour, we a - dore Thee, For the love so free-ly given.
2. Pre - cious or - na - ment of glo - ry, Thou didst leave Thy home a-bove,
3. Thou hast promised that Thine hon - ors Thou wilt with Thy brethren share,
4. Ev - er fol - low - ing Thy foot - steps, We would keep the nar-row way;



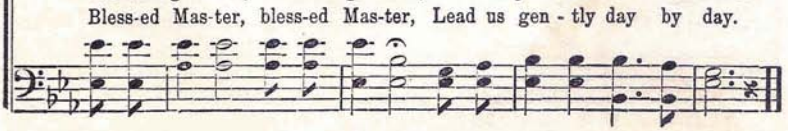
Day and night our hearts would praise Thee, For such blessed boon from heav'n.
That we all might know the sto - ry Of Je - hov - ah's quenchless love.
Keep us faithful, dear Re - deem - er, That we may meet with Thee there.
May we keep our eyes up - on Thee, That we nev - er go a - stray.



We a - dore Thee, we a - dore Thee, That Thou hast our ran - som given,
Oh, we praise Thee, oh, we praise Thee, That Thou didst His love thus prove,
We with glad-ness, we with glad-ness, Would Thy love to men de - clare,
Bless - ed Mas-ter, bless-ed Mas-ter, Lead us gen - tly day by day,



We a - dore Thee, We a - dore Thee, That Thou hast our ran-som given.
Oh, we praise Thee, oh, we praise Thee, That Thou didst His love thus prove.
We with gladness, we with gladness, Would Thy love to men de - clare.
Bless-ed Mas-ter, bless-ed Mas-ter, Lead us gen - tly day by day.



163 The Crowning Day.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready."—Rev. 19: 6-9.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. When the crown-ing day shall come, "Hal-le - lu - jah!" And the an - gel
2. When the crown-ing day shall come, "Hal-le - lu - jah!" And His lov - ing
3. When the crown-ing day shall come, "Hal-le - lu - jah!" And the saints the
4. Oh, the crown-ing day shall come, "Hal-le - lu - jah!" 'Tis this bless-ed

of the harvest shall bring All "His jew-els" that are sealed in their foreheads,
smile with rapture shall thrill All the ho - ly ones who stand with the Bridegroom
judgment scepter shall take, All earth's tyrants and their schemes of oppression,
hope that fill - eth my soul; It is now my dai - ly aim and am - bi - tion

To the grand e - ter - nal home of the King; Oh, what ra - di - ance will
On the heights of Zi - on's glo - ri - ous hill; Then the eyes that see the
As a curs - ed pot-ter's ves - sel to break; Then the slaves of er - ror,
To be pure and free from world - ly con-trol: Well as-sured of an e-

light ev - 'ry feat - ure, That was once with thorns of suf - fer - ing scarred;
King in His beau - ty, Nev - er - more a tear of sor - row shall shed;
freed from their blindness, Shall with gladness leave their bondage and strife,
ter - nal sal - va - tion, If the path of con - se - cra - tion I tread,

And what maj - es - ty shall crown the "New Creat-ure," When the ev - er-last - ing
While the feet that trod the thorn-path of du - ty, Shall the heights of im-mor-
And be welcom'd by the Spir - it of Kindness, To the ev - er - flow-ing
I am look-ing for my blest re - cre - a - tion, In the like-ness of my

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The Crowning Day.

CHORUS.

gates are un-barred.
tal - i - ty tread. When the crowning day shall come, "Hal-le-lu - jah!"
wa - ters of life.
heav - en - ly head.

"Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!"

And the saints of God are gathered a-bove, Will we join the shining ranks
Last Cho.—We shall join the shining ranks

above, gathered above,

of the faith - ful Shall we wear the blessed seal of His love?
of the faith - ful, We shall wear the blessed seal of His love.

faithful, of the faithful, love, of His love.

164 Evening Prayer.

G. W. SIEBERT. BEETHOVEN.

1. Fa - ther, now the day is o - ver,—Wea - ry, worn, my - self I bring;
2. Par - don all the day's transgressing, Cleanse from ev - 'ry stain of sin;
3. Wipe a - way my tears of sor - row, Take me to Thy lov - ing breast,

My de - fense - less head, oh, cov - er "With the sha - dow of Thy wing."
Lord, I come, my need con-fess-ing, "Make and keep me pure with - in."
Make me strong-er for the mor-row, Give me peace and ho - ly rest.

165 I'm Running for the Prize Divine.

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

1. I once re-clined in Sa - tan's coils, Quite will-ing to re - main;
2. God called me while I wan-dered still, His voice my spir-it charmed;
3. My blest e - lec - tion to re - tain, My call - ing to make sure,
4. Earth's roy-al pal - a - ces may fall, Her mar - ble turn to dust;

I cov - et - ed earth's sin - ful spoils, I sought its gold - en gains:
The trag - ic scenes on Cal-v'ry's hill My reb - el will dis-armed:
I still must run thro' toil and pain, And to the end en - dure;
Her sweet-est pleas - ure change to gall, Her gold and sil - ver rust;

But now its charms have passed a-way, Its treas-ures are but dross,
The Sav - ior whis-pered to my soul—"Be - lieve and fol - low me;"
An earth - ly home may not be mine, Yet in exchange there stands
But for a cit - y I am bound Whose walls e - ter - nal shine;

I'm in the Chris - tian race to - day, I start - ed at the cross.
Im - mor - tal heir - ship is thy goal, Since "I have chos-en Thee."
For me a build - ing all di - vine— "A home not made with hands."
Where with my dear Re - deem - er crowned, The king - dom shall be mine.

Chorus.

I'm run-ning for the prize di - vine, Joint heir - ship with my Lord;

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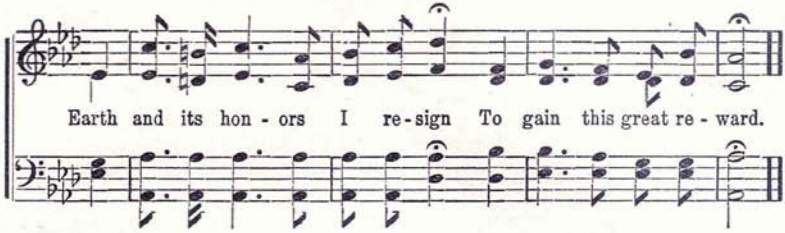
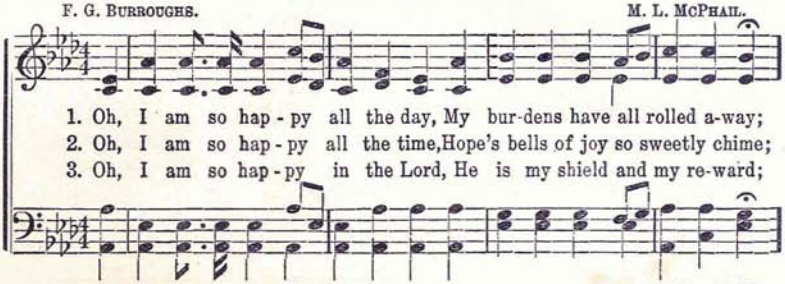
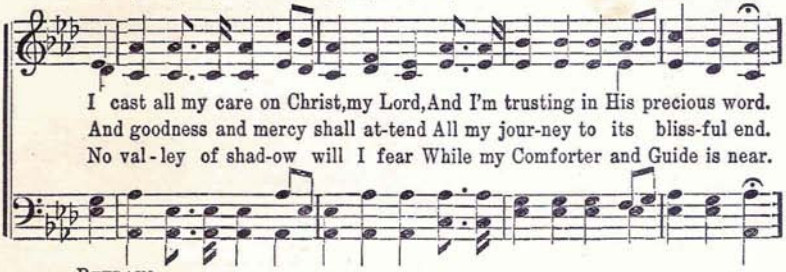
I'm Running for the Prize Divine.



166 Oh, I Am So Happy.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.





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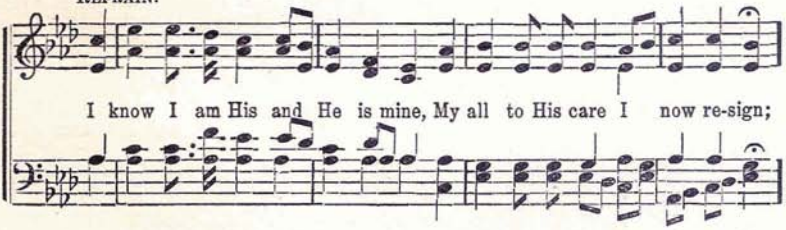

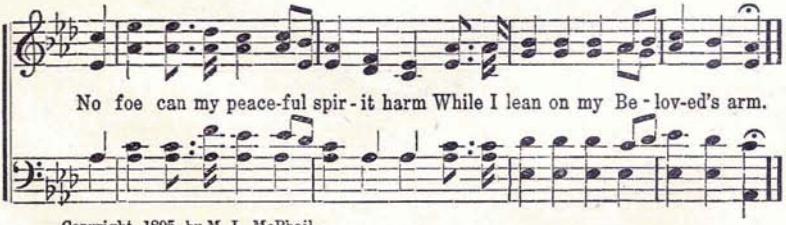

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167 Fullness of Joy.

Mrs. M. L. Herr. Ps. 16: 11. M. L. McPhail.

1. 'Tis sweet in the pres-ence of Je - sus to dwell, Tho' troub-les and tri - als an - noy, To con - stant - ly feel His ap - prov - al and smile:
2. A - bun-dant - ly furnished with grace for our needs, When Sa - tan at- tempts to de - coy, Christ flies to our res - cue—to vic - to - ry leads:
3. To work for our Lord is a priv - i - lege rare, Each mo-ment of time to em - ploy; Co - reap - ers with Him in the har-vest to share:
4. O glo - ri - ous pros-pect—if faith - ful till death—Of bliss that no foe can de - stroy! Made one with the Bridegroom, all na-tions to bless:

Chorus.

In this there is full-ness of joy! Fullness of joy! yes, fullness of joy!

Serv-ing our Mas-ter with hearts full of joy! Soon we will fin - ish our work here be - low, With full-ness of joy un - to Him we shall go!

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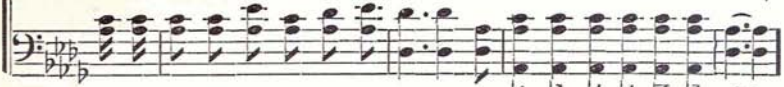
168 In the Winepress Alone.

A. HATTIE O. HENDERSON.

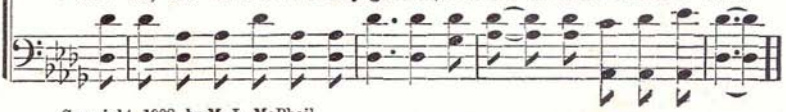
1. In the dusk of the sor-row-ful hours, The time of our trouble and tears,
2. And therefore He knows to the utmost, The pangs that a mortal can bear;
3. How sud-den so e'er the dis - as - ter, Or heav-y the hand that may smite;
4. From Him, in the night of His tri - al, Both heaven and earth fled a - way;

With frost at the heart of the flow-ers, And blight on the bloom of the years.
No mor - tal has pain that the Mas-ter Re - fus - es to heal or to share.
We're yet in the grace of the Mas-ter, We nev - er are out of His sight.
His bold - est had on - ly de - ni - al, His dear-est had on - ly dis - may.

Like the moth-er voice ten-der-ly hushing, The sound of the sob and the moan;
And the cries that ascend to the Loving, Who bruised Him for us to a - tone;
Tho' the winnowing winds of temptation, May forth from all quarters be blown;
With a cloud o'er the face of the Father, He entered the anguish unknown;



We hear, when the anguish is crushing, "He trod the winepress a - lone."
Are hushed at the gen-tle re-prov-ing, "He trod the winepress a - lone."
We're sure of the com-ing sal-va-tion, The Lord will remember His own.
But we, tho' our sor-rows may gath-er, Shall nev-er en-dure them a - lone.



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169 Teach Us Submission, Lord.

A. J. M. STANLEY.

1. Teach us sub - mis - sion, Lord, That we Thy will may do;
2. So guide each fal - t'ring step, A - long the nar - row way;
3. Teach us the pow'r of pray'r, May it an in - cense rise;
4. Our wills we now sub - mit, En - tire - ly, Lord, to Thee.

Up - hold, sus - tain and com - fort Thou, And bring us safe - ly thro'.
And keep our minds on Thee in - tent, That we may nev - er stray.
And may it a sweet sav - or be, As - cend - ing to the skies.
Thy chil - dren keep from Sa - tan's wiles, Thy glo - ry soon to see.

170 Well Done.

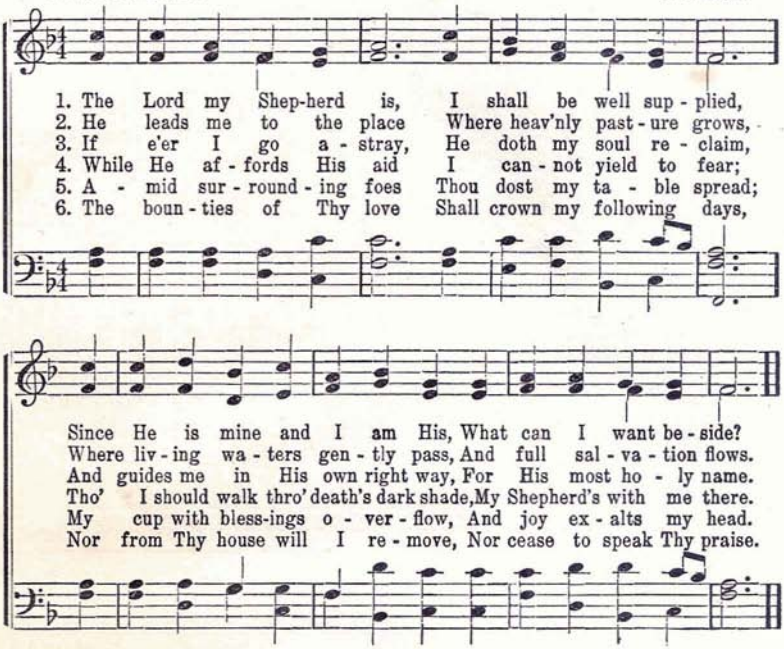
K. U. JOHN HATTON.

1. When work on earth for me shall cease, And I am called to realms of peace,
2. O, may the joy su-preme be mine, When I be - hold His face di - vine;
3. His ho - ly will I fain would do, In faithful serv - ice glad and true;
4. E'en as He did His Fa - ther's will, His plan for me would I ful - fill;
5. Then when I view life's lat - est sun, When earth is past, and heav'n is won;

O, may I hear my Sav - iour say, "Well done," to me in that blest day.
To hear my Saviour's sweet voice say, "Well done," to me in that blest day.
His name a - lone would glo - ri - fy Thus ev - er feel His presence nigh.
Would go wher-e'er He send - eth me, And on - ly what He chooseth be.
Thro' years e - ter - nal o - ver there, I in my Sav - iour's joy shall share.

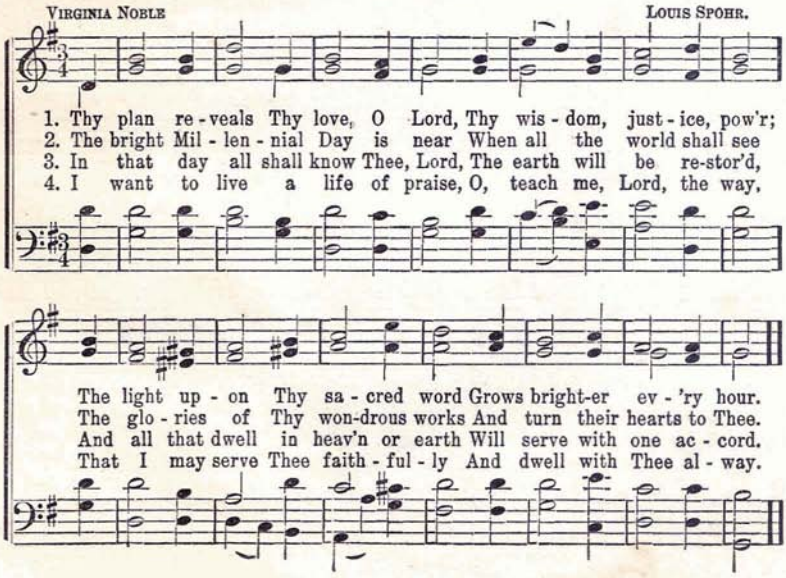
171 The Lord My Shepherd Is.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. J. S. BACH.



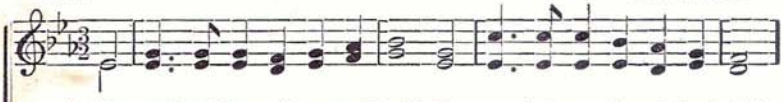
172 Thy Plan Reveals Thy Love, O Lord.

VIRGINIA NOBLE LOUIS SPOHR.

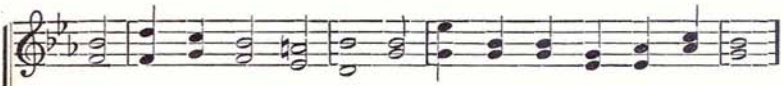


173 The Radiant Dawn.

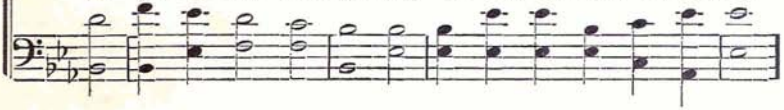
M. B. LOWELL MASON.



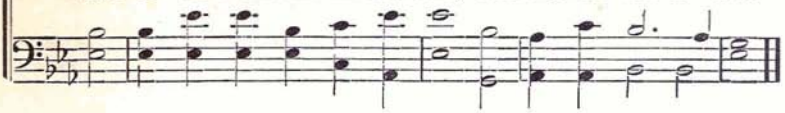
1. The ra-diant dawn of gos-pel light, The prophet saw in vis-ion bright,
2. The blind their eyes shall o-pen wide; To drink the light's e'er-flow-ing tide,
3. And there shall be a ho - ly way, In which the simple shall not stray,—



And hailed th' au-spi-cious day, When Christ would all His grace dis-close
The deaf sweet mu - sic hear; The lame like bounding hart shall leap;
The path so plain and bright; Way - far - ing men there - in shall walk,

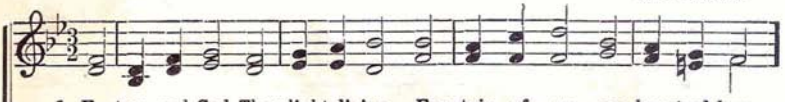


And cure the world of all its woes, By truth's tri-umph-ant sway.
The dumb no long - er si - lence keep, But shout Re-demp-tion near.
And of their home and kin-dred talk, With rapt - ure and de - light.

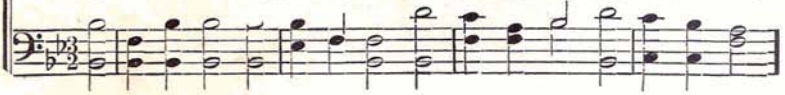


174 Eternal God.

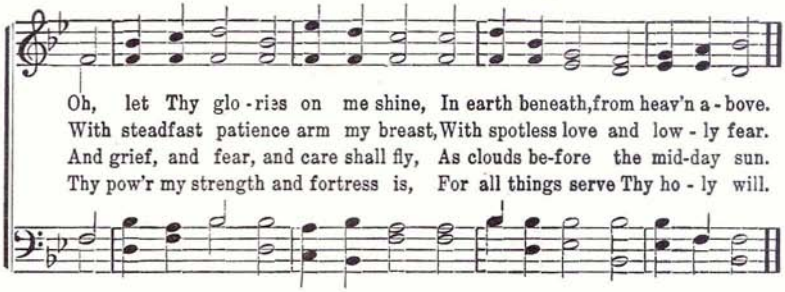
DR. L. MASON.



1. E - ter - nal God, Thou light divine, Fountain of un - ex - haust-ed love,
2. Thou art the wea - ry wand'rer's rest, Give me the ea - sy yoke to bear;
3. Be Thou, O Rock of A - ges, nigh! So shall each murm'ring thought be gone,
4. Speak to my war-ring passions, "Peace:" Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"

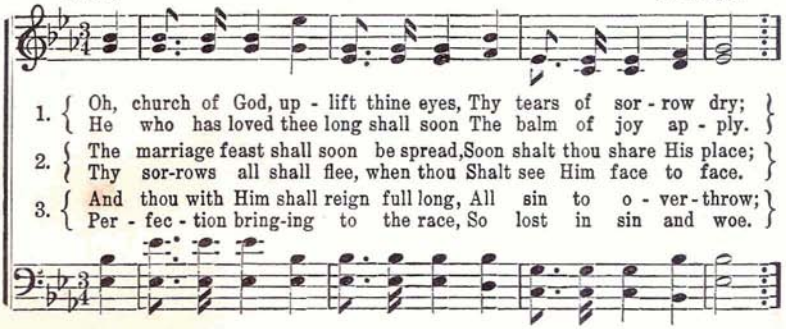


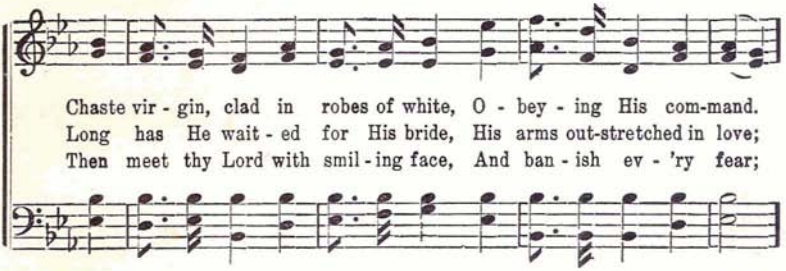
Eternal God.

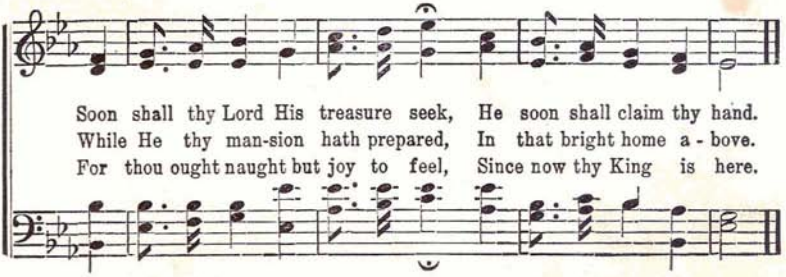


175 Uplift Thine Eyes.

A. J. M. G. F. Root.

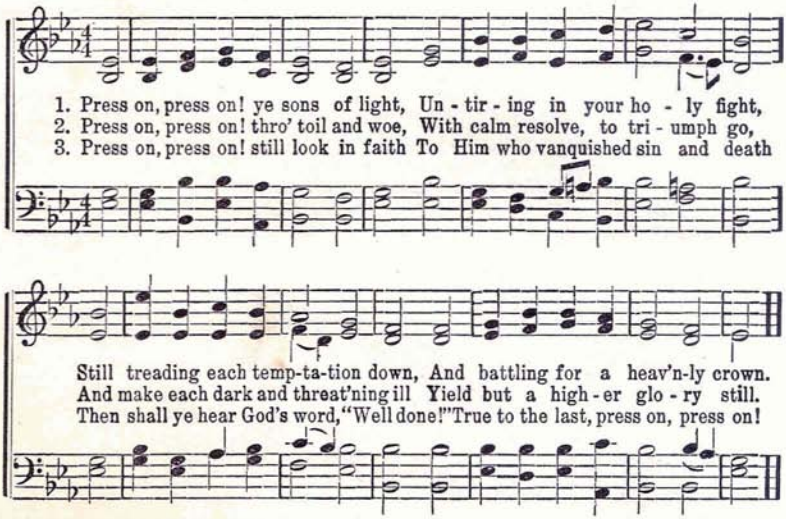






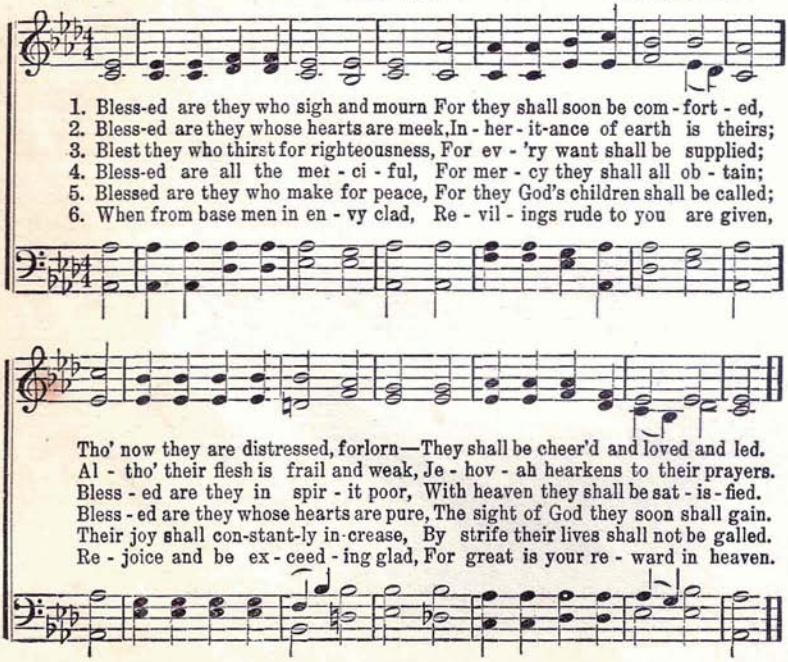
176 Press On!

GASKELL. L. MASON.



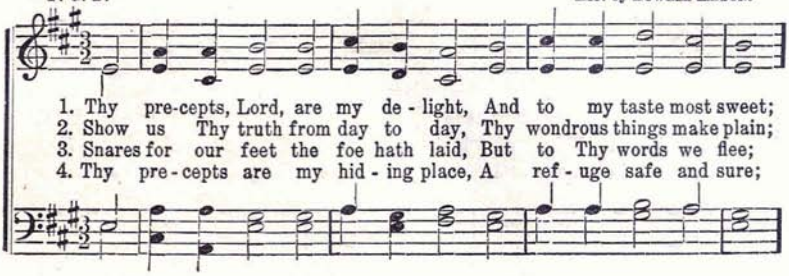
177 Blessed are They Who Sigh and Mourn.

H. O. H. Matt. 5: 3-12. W. B. BRADBURY.

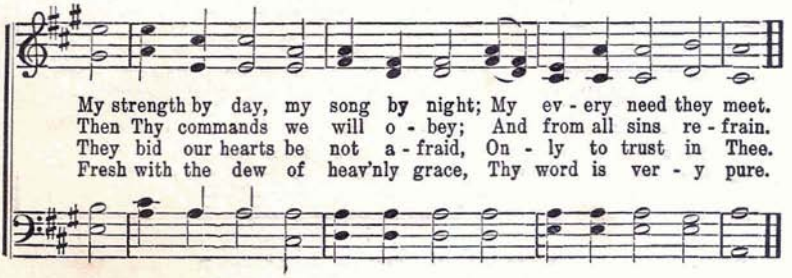


178 Thy Precepts, Lord, Are My Delight.

F. G. B. — Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



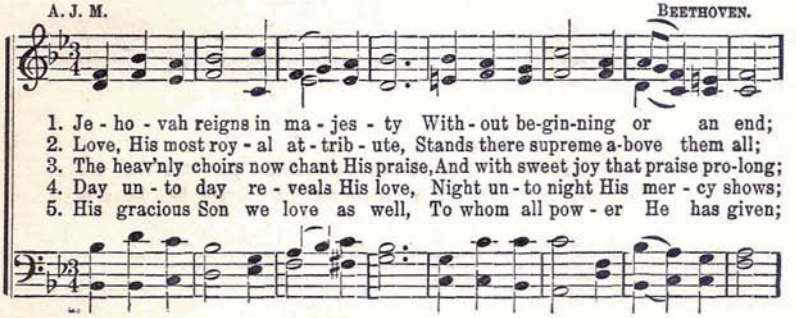
1. Thy pre-cepts, Lord, are my de - light, And to my taste most sweet;
2. Show us Thy truth from day to day, Thy wondrous things make plain;
3. Snares for our feet the foe hath laid, But to Thy words we flee;
4. Thy pre - cepts are my hid - ing place, A ref - uge safe and sure;



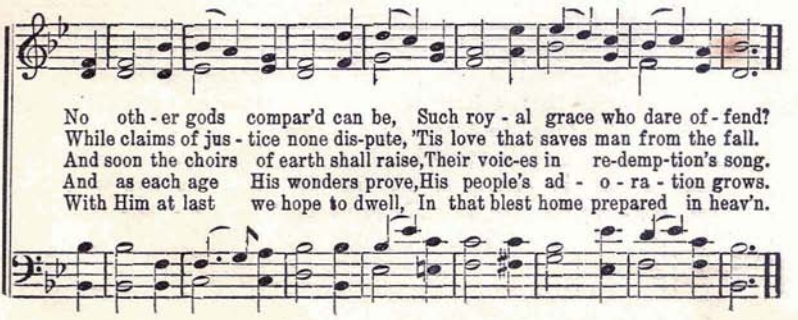
My strength by day, my song by night; My ev - ery need they meet.
Then Thy commands we will o - bey; And from all sins re - frain.
They bid our hearts be not a - fraid, On - ly to trust in Thee.
Fresh with the dew of heav'nly grace, Thy word is ver - y pure.

179 Jehovah Reigns.

A. J. M. — BEETHOVEN.



1. Je - ho - vah reigns in ma - jes - ty With - out be-gin-ning or an end;
2. Love, His most roy - al at - trib - ute, Stands there supreme a-bove them all;
3. The heav'nly choirs now chant His praise, And with sweet joy that praise pro-long;
4. Day un - to day re - veals His love, Night un - to night His mer - cy shows;
5. His gracious Son we love as well, To whom all pow - er He has given;



No oth - er gods compar'd can be, Such roy - al grace who dare of - fend?
While claims of jus - tice none dis-pute, 'Tis love that saves man from the fall.
And soon the choirs of earth shall raise, Their voic-es in re-demp-tion's song.
And as each age His wonders prove, His people's ad - o - ra - tion grows.
With Him at last we hope to dwell, In that blest home prepared in heav'n.

180 Jesus Our All.

A. J. M. M. L. M.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pre - cious name, To Thy saints so dear;
2. Earth's sur - round - ings can not please, Those whose love is Thine;
3. Clothed in Thine own right - eous - ness, Seek we Thy dear face;
4. As the age draws to its close, Bright Thy glo - ries shine;

Grant us each a per - fect heart, While we lin - ger here.
Nanght but heav'n such hearts can cheer, Filled with things di - vine.
Watch and guard our ev - 'ry step, As we run the race.
Keep us safe from all our foes, Make us tru - ly Thine.

181 What is There Here?

W. WOODBURY.

1. What is there here? Why should we stay While pin - ing for our home?
2. We will all hu - man rights re - sign And His pro - tec - tion claim,
3. O What a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
4. We feel the re - sur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ concealed,
5. O would He more of heav'n be - stow, And let the ves - sel break,
6. In rapturous awe on Him to gaze, His bride be - loved to be,

When our Be - lov - ed calls a - way—Our Bridegroom bids us come?
And sol - emn - ize in love di - vine Our marriage with the Lamb.
We more than taste the heav-'nly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day.
And with His glo - rious pres-ence here, Our earth - en ves - sels filled.
Aud let our ran - som'd spir - its go To find the love we seek!
And wor - ship Him and sing His praise Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

182 Have Courage.

A. J. M. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

1. Shall I re-deemed by Je - sus' blood, Re - fuse His cross to share;
2. Clothed in the ar - mor He pro-vides, And trust - ing in my Lord;
3. En - tan - gled not in things of earth, I'll fight the fight of faith;
4. I'll fol - low Him who went be - fore, Who bore the cross for me;
5. With Him at last to dwell in peace, His good - ness to a - dore;

Or shrink to cross the swell - ing flood, That I may meet Him there?
I'll meet all foes, what - e'er be - tide, En - cour-aged by His word.
Tho' of earth's joys there be a dearth, I'll faith - ful be till death.
E'er bat - tling in this glo - rious war, Till death shall set me free.
From all earth's tri - als sweet re-lease, Safe on that fur - ther shore.

183 The Christian's Strength.

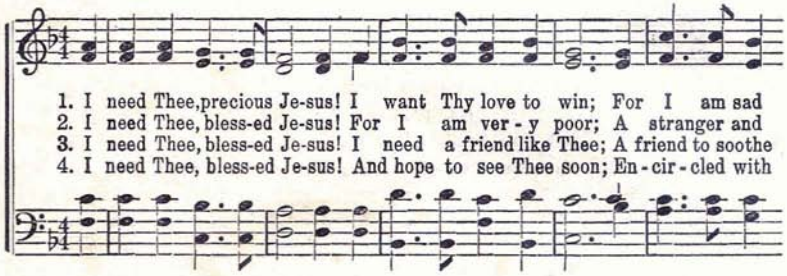
JAMES HAY. CHARLES BURNEY.

1. The Chris-tian's strength is in His Lord, His in - spi - ra - tion in the word;
2. A - part from Christ, the Son of God, A - part from cleans-ing in His blood,
3. But Christ has died! and shall sin live? Can-not He keep all who be-lieve?
4. The Christ, who died on Cal-v'ry's tree, Now in-ter - cedes in heav'n for me!

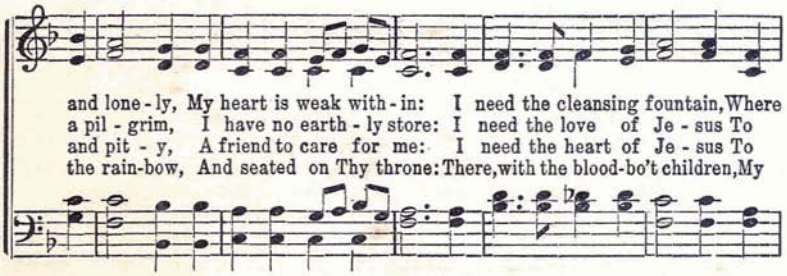
His pow'r to tri-umph o - ver sin, When Christ, his Sav-iour reigns with-in.
Our hearts are sin-ful, prone to stray From the ap - point - ed nar-row way.
His pow'r suf-fi-cient is, to save, For He han ris - en from the grave.
On Him a-bove, I will de - pend, To keep me till my jour-ney's end.

184 I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

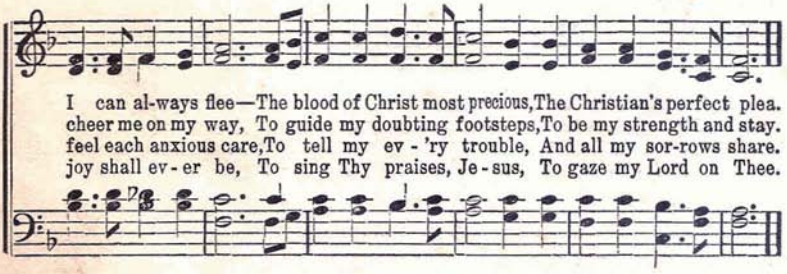
H. Bonar. D'Urhan.



1. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! I want Thy love to win; For I am sad
2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus! For I am ver - y poor; A stranger and
3. I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus! I need a friend like Thee; A friend to soothe
4. I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus! And hope to see Thee soon; En - cir - cled with



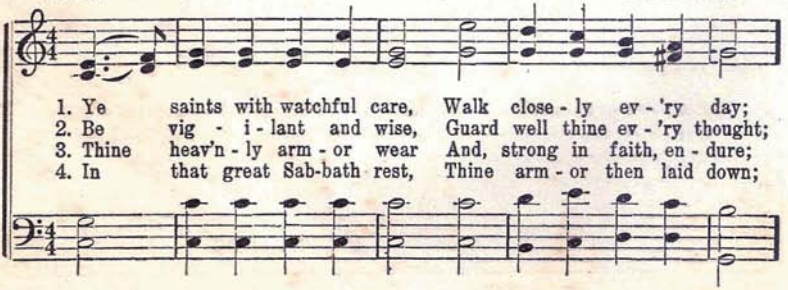
and lone - ly, My heart is weak with - in: I need the cleansing fountain, Where
a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store: I need the love of Je - sus To
and pit - y, A friend to care for me: I need the heart of Je - sus To
the rain-bow, And seated on Thy throne: There, with the blood-bo't children, My



I can al-ways flee—The blood of Christ most precious, The Christian's perfect plea.
cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
feel each anxious care, To tell my ev - 'ry trouble, And all my sor-rows share.
joy shall ev - er be, To sing Thy praises, Je - sus, To gaze my Lord on Thee.

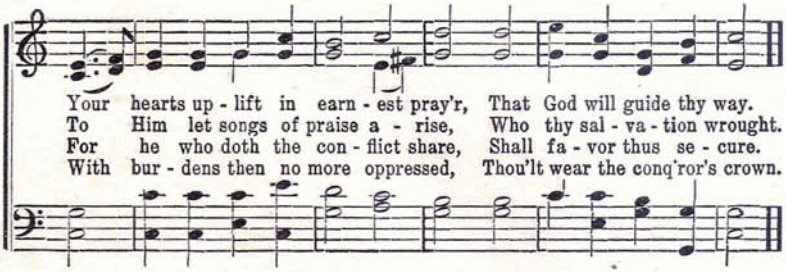
185 Ye Saints With Watchful Care.

A. J. M. Lowell Mason.



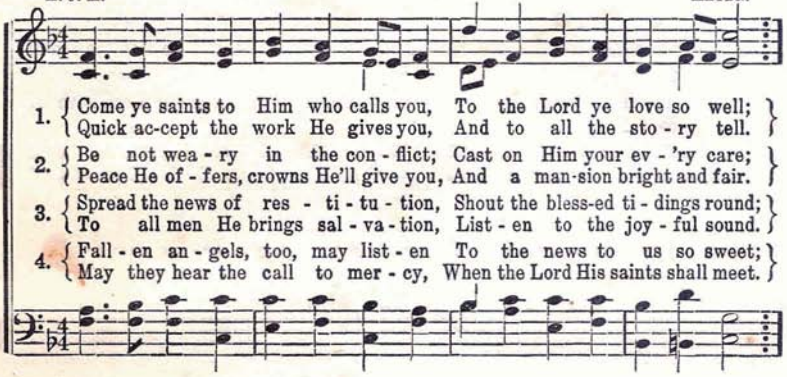
1. Ye saints with watchful care, Walk close - ly ev - 'ry day;
2. Be vig - i - lant and wise, Guard well thine ev - 'ry thought;
3. Thine heav'n - ly arm - or wear And, strong in faith, en - dure;
4. In that great Sab-bath rest, Thine arm - or then laid down;

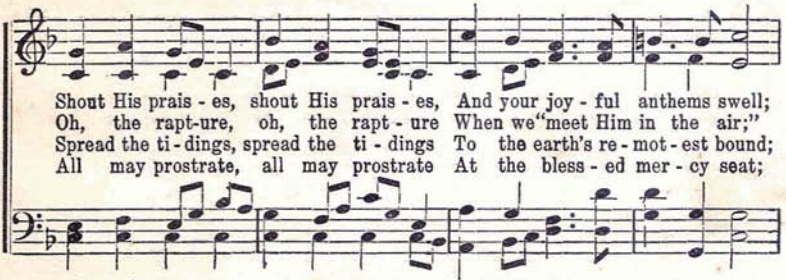
Ye Saints With Watchful Care.

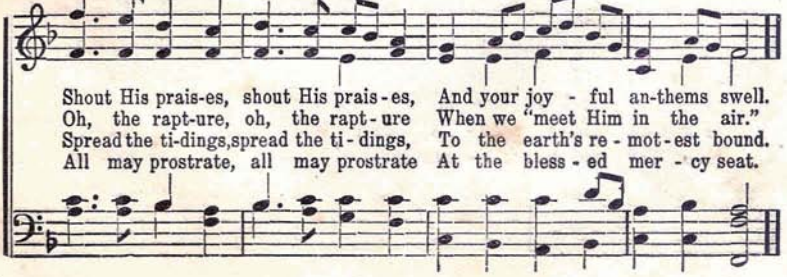


186 Come Ye Saints.

A. J. M. HAYDN.

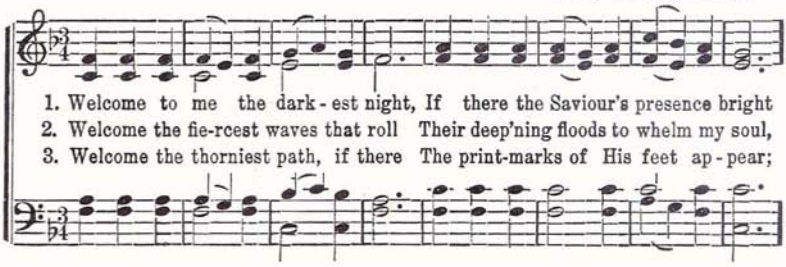




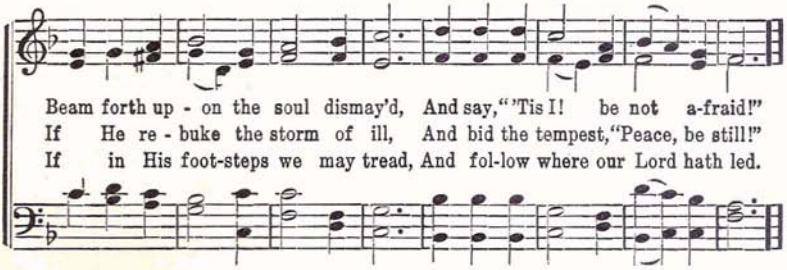


187 Welcome to Me.

Arr. by Wm. Henry Monk.



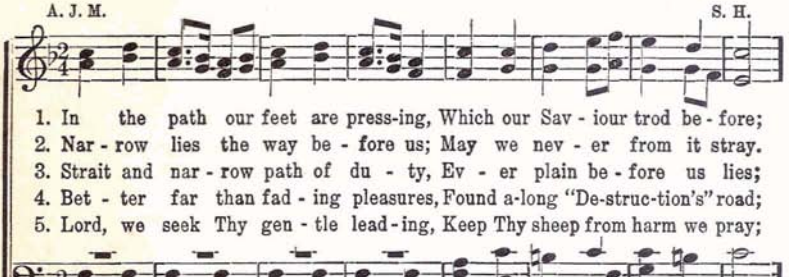
1. Welcome to me the dark-est night, If there the Saviour's presence bright
2. Welcome the fie-rcest waves that roll Their deep'ning floods to whelm my soul,
3. Welcome the thorniest path, if there The print-marks of His feet ap-pear;



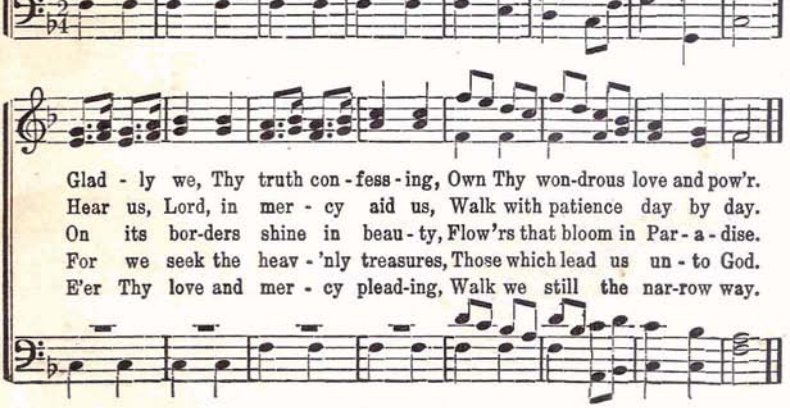
Beam forth up-on the soul dismay'd, And say, "'Tis I! be not a-fraid!"
If He re-buke the storm of ill, And bid the tempest, "Peace, be still!"
If in His foot-steps we may tread, And fol-low where our Lord hath led.

188 In the Path Our Feet Are Pressing.

A. J. M. S. H.



1. In the path our feet are press-ing, Which our Sav-iour trod be-fore;
2. Nar-row lies the way be-fore us; May we nev-er from it stray.
3. Strait and nar-row path of du-ty, Ev-er plain be-fore us lies;
4. Bet-ter far than fad-ing pleasures, Found a-long "De-struc-tion's" road;
5. Lord, we seek Thy gen-tle lead-ing, Keep Thy sheep from harm we pray;



Glad-ly we, Thy truth con-fess-ing, Own Thy won-drous love and pow'r.
Hear us, Lord, in mer-cy aid us, Walk with patience day by day.
On its bor-ders shine in beau-ty, Flow'rs that bloom in Par-a-dise.
For we seek the heav-'nly treasures, Those which lead us un-to God.
E'er Thy love and mer-cy plead-ing, Walk we still the nar-row way.

189 The Varying Scenes.

H. H.

1. Since all the vary - ing scenes of time God's watch-ful eye sur - veys,
2. Good, when He gives, su-preme - ly good; Nor less when He de - nies;
3. Why should we doubt a Fa-ther's love, So con-stant and so kind!
4. In Thy fair book of life di - vine, My God, in - scribe my name;

Oh, who so wise to choose our lot, Or to ap - point our ways!
Ev'n cross-es, from His sov-'reign hand, Are bless-ings in dis-guise.
To His un - err - ing, gra-cious will Be ev - 'ry wish re-signed.
There let it fill some hum - ble place Be - neath my Lord the Lamb!

190 Day to Day.

C. Arr. by Dr. MASON.

1. Day by day the man - na fell: Oh, to learn this les - son well!
2. "Day by day" the prom - ise reads; Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;
3. Lord, our times are in Thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have planned,
4. Thou our dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee we live;

Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.
Cast fore-bod - ing fears a - way; Take the man - na of to - day!
To Thy wis - dom we re - sign, And would mould our wills to Thine.
So shall add - ed years ful - fill Not our own, our Fa-ther's will.

191 His Way Is Best.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. How sweet to feel God's will is best, And in this pre-cious tho't to rest;
2. Oh, how it helps us bear the pain, Oh, how it makes us strong a-gain!
3. To those who take His will as best, He grants His per-fect peace and rest,
4. Then why should hearts grow weak or faint, Why should we ev - er make complaint?

f. FINE.

To know, what-ev - er may be - tide, 'Tis best, for He is by our side!
The cold and gloom of dark - est night It fills with warmth and heav'nly light!
And ev - er gives them day by day His grace suf - fi - cient on the way.
Let us press on with upturned face, And fol - low where we can - not trace!

D. S.—*I know, what-ev - er may be - tide, He'll nev - er—nev - er leave my side.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

His way is best, His way is best—And in this pre - cious tho't I'll rest;

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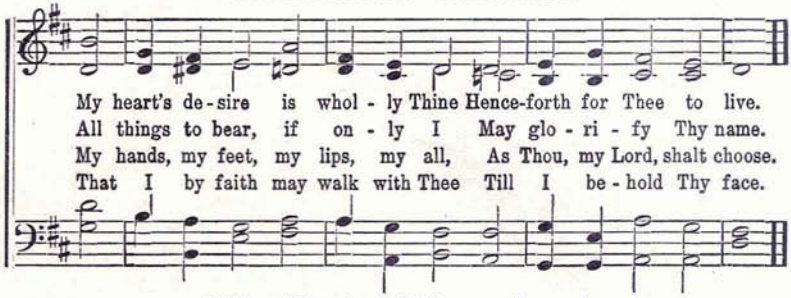
192 Consecration.

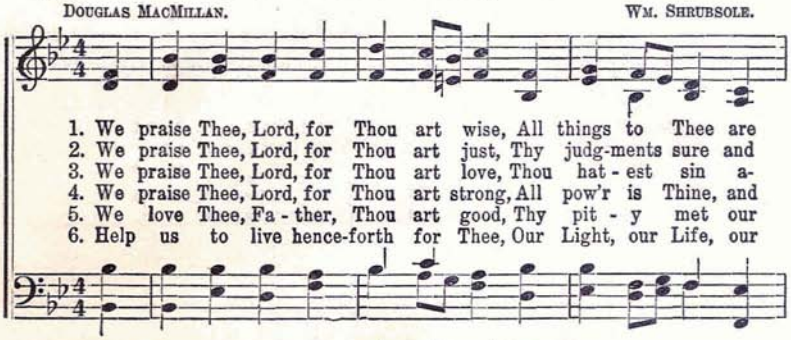
G. W. SEIBERT. K. W. HARRINGTON.

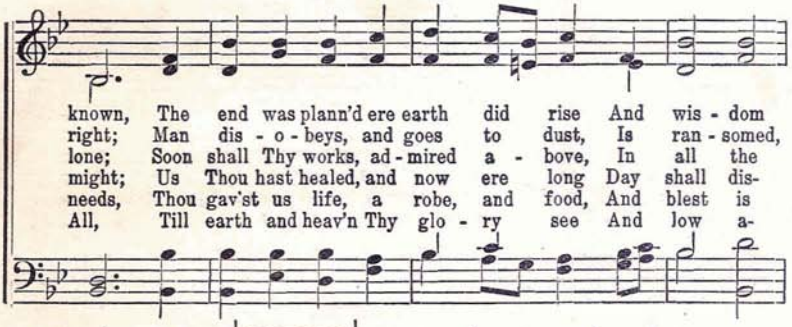
1. Lord, here I bring my - self, 'Tis all I have to give;
2. To own no will but Thine, To suf - fer loss or shame;
3. Hence-forth my ev - 'ry pow'r Each day for Thee to use,
4. Dear Lord, my con - stant pray'r Is for in - crease of grace,

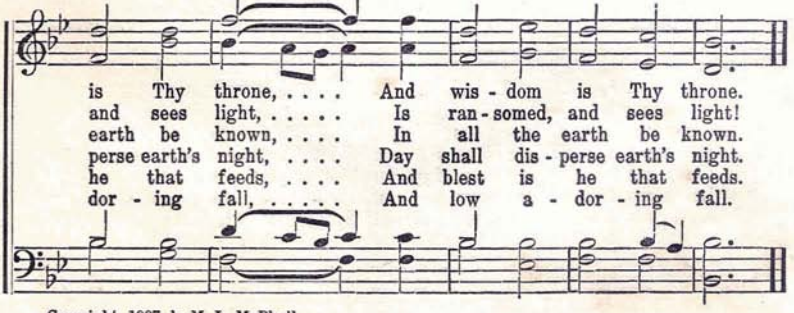


193 We Praise Thee, Lord.

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN. WM. SHRUBSOLE.







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194 O Christ, Our Immortality.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. O Christ, our im-mor-tal-i-ty, We have no life ex-cept in Thee;
2. O Christ, our im-mor-tal-i-ty, A-mid earth's storms to Thee we flee!
3. O Christ, our im-mor-tal-i-ty, Our safe-ty is to hide in Thee;
4. O Christ, our im-mor-tal-i-ty, Death has no sting nor vic-to-ry,
5. O Christ, our im-mor-tal-i-ty, No dark-ness can be found in Thee;

Thou art our res-ur-rec-tion breath, And without Thee is end-less death.
No wind this Sol-id Rock can break, No flood this Sure Foundation shake.
Thy blest Redemption now we claim, And life re ceive thro' Je-sus' name.
Since for Thy peo-ple Thou didst win The great sal-va-tion from all sin.
And in-to ev-'ry trusting heart Thou dost the light and life im-part.

CHORUS.

Im-mor-tal-i-ty, Im-mor-tal-i-ty Is Je-sus' gift to me;
Life and light di-vine, thro' the blood are mine; And end-less vic-to-ry.

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195 Leave Me Not.

G. M. BILLS. VON WEBER.

1. Leave me not, O pre-cious Sav-iour! Tho' un-grate-ful I have been;
2. Leave me not, O pre-cious Sav-iour! Grant Thy mer-cy long a-bused;
3. Leave me not, O pre-cious Sav-iour! Tho' my heart with-in is stained;
4. Leave me not, O pre-cious Sav-iour! Ev-er-more my will con-trol;
5. Leave me not, O pre-cious Sav-iour! Speak the life im-part-ing word;

Leave Me Not.

Art Thou not a friend of sin-ners? May I not Thy fa - vor win?
With a pen - i - tent of - fend - er Share Thy love so long re-fused.
Let me feel Thy love's re - fin - ing, Till Thy like - ness is re-gained.
Strike Thy crim-son seal of cleansing On the lin - tel of my soul.
Write up - on my con - trite spir - it, "Lo! the ransomed of the Lord!"

196 In That Day.

J. Mi. JOHN McPHAIL.

1. All those who love and o - bey my word, In that day, In that day;
2. They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, In that day, In that day;
3. They shall be with me for - ev - er - more, In that day, In that day;

They shall re - ceive a great re - ward In that day.
When I shall make my jew - els up In that day.
And all their tri - als will be o'er In that day.

CHORUS.

They to my pre-cepts are al - ways true, Do - ing my will in the

work they do; I shall be with them and crown them too, In that day.

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197 Desiring Not That Sinners Die:

A. J. M. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. De - sir - ing not that sin-ners die, Our Sav-iour hung up - on the tree;
2. But, best of all, to them He's giv'n, Who here His suff'rings glad-ly share,
3. Then give us patience, Lord, we pray, To fol - low in Thy footsteps here;

And that they all from wrath might fly, Sur - ren-der'd life most will - ing - ly.
And have by faith with Him a-risen, A right to share His glo - ry there.
That we may keep the nar-row way, And reign with Thee when o - ver there:

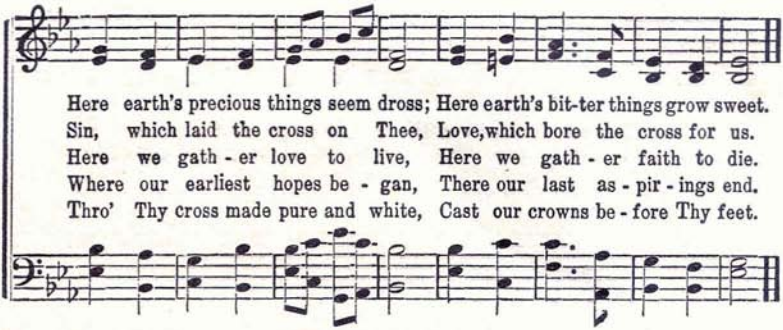
For them a - tone-ment of-fer'd free, That they might in the king - dom be.
To this great prize His church as-pire E'en tho' the path-way lead thro' fire.
To rec - on - cile the tribes of earth, And teach them, Lord, Thy gracious worth.

198 Never Further Than Thy Cross.

Mrs. CHARLES. C. HEWS.

1. Nev - er fur - ther than Thy cross, Nev - er high - er than Thy feet;
2. Gaz - ing thus our sin we see, Learn Thy love while gaz - ing thus;
3. Here we learn to serve and give, And re - joic - ing, self de - ny;
4. Press - ing on - ward as we can, Still to this our hearts must tend;
5. Till a - mid the hosts of light, We in Thee re-deem'd, comp-lete,

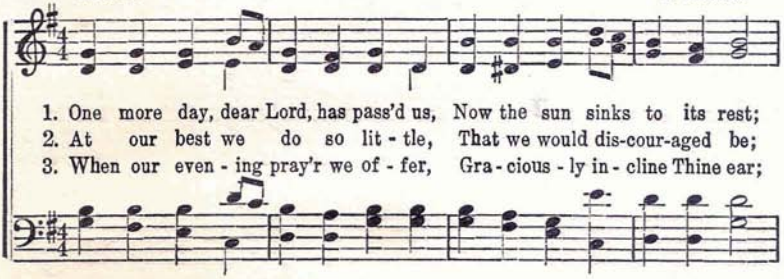
Never Further Than Thy Cross.



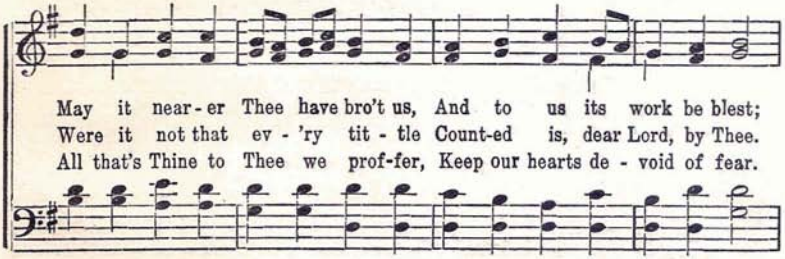
Here earth's precious things seem dross; Here earth's bit-ter things grow sweet.
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee, Love, which bore the cross for us.
Here we gath - er love to live, Here we gath - er faith to die.
Where our earliest hopes be - gan, There our last as - pir - ings end.
Thro' Thy cross made pure and white, Cast our crowns be - fore Thy feet.

199 One More Day.

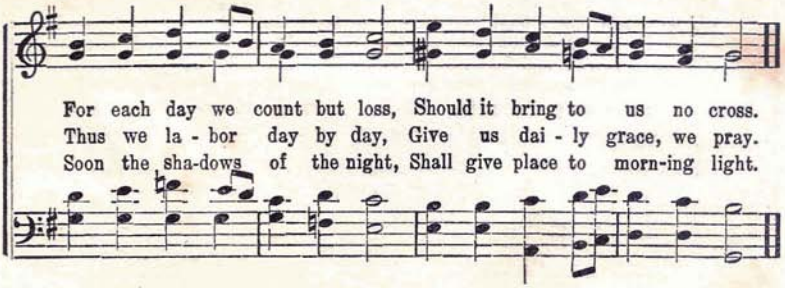
A. J. M. C. Gounod.



1. One more day, dear Lord, has pass'd us, Now the sun sinks to its rest;
2. At our best we do so lit - tle, That we would dis-cour-aged be;
3. When our even - ing pray'r we of - fer, Gra - cious - ly in - cline Thine ear;



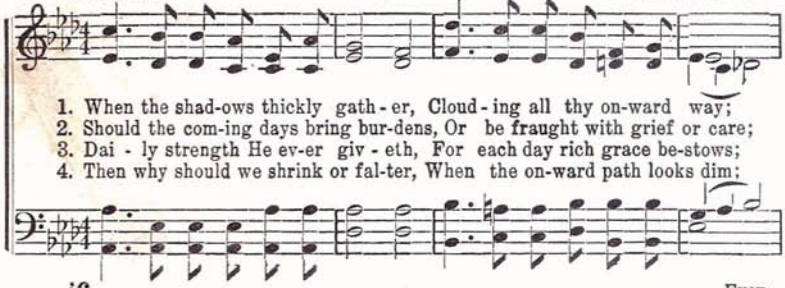
May it near - er Thee have bro't us, And to us its work be blest;
Were it not that ev - 'ry tit - tle Count-ed is, dear Lord, by Thee.
All that's Thine to Thee we prof-fer, Keep our hearts de - void of fear.



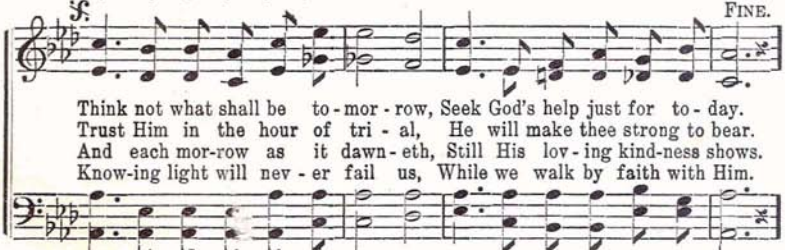
For each day we count but loss, Should it bring to us no cross.
Thus we la - bor day by day, Give us dai - ly grace, we pray.
Soon the sha-dows of the night, Shall give place to morn-ing light.

200 Step by Step.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.



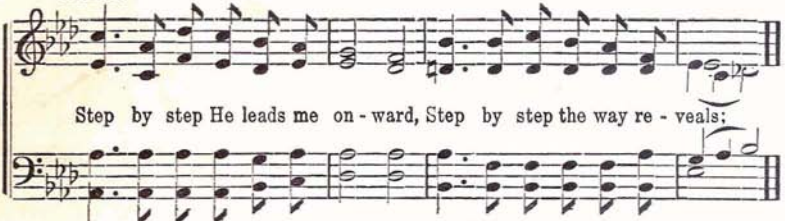
1. When the shad-ows thickly gath-er, Cloud-ing all thy on-ward way;
2. Should the com-ing days bring bur-dens, Or be fraught with grief or care;
3. Dai-ly strength He ev-er giv-eth, For each day rich grace be-stows;
4. Then why should we shrink or fal-ter, When the on-ward path looks dim;



Think not what shall be to-mor-row, Seek God's help just for to-day.
Trust Him in the hour of tri-al, He will make thee strong to bear.
And each mor-row as it dawn-eth, Still His lov-ing kind-ness shows.
Know-ing light will nev-er fail us, While we walk by faith with Him.

D. S.—*But what in the fut-ure li-eth, In His mer-cy He con-ceals.*

CHORUS.



Step by step He leads me on-ward, Step by step the way re-veals;

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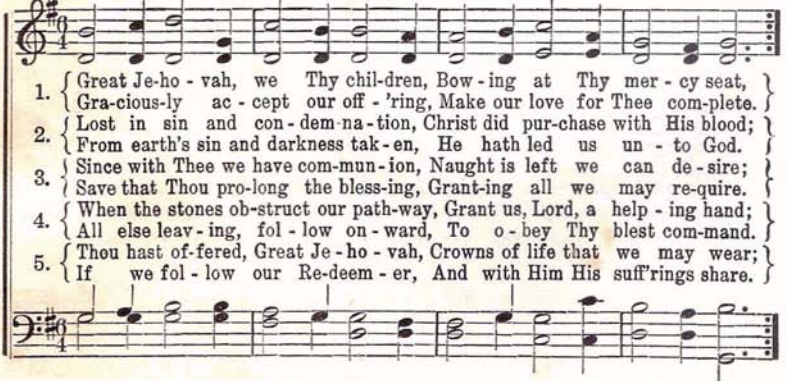
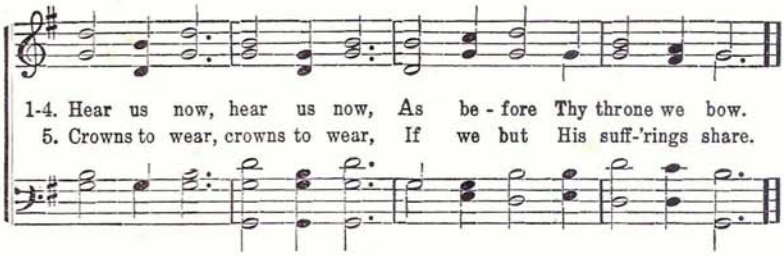
201 Great Jehovah.

A. J. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



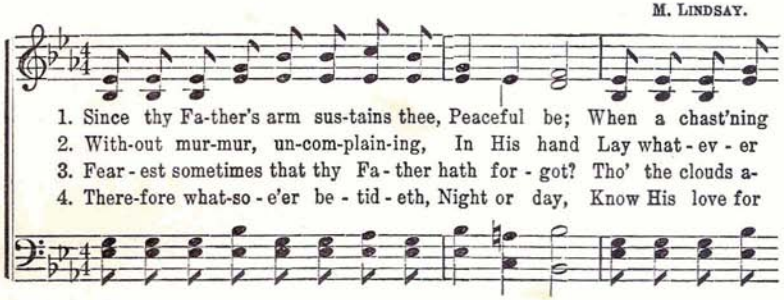
1. Great Je-ho-vah, we Thy chil-dren, Bow-ing at Thy mer-cy seat,
   Gra-cious-ly ac-cept our off-'ring, Make our love for Thee com-plete.
2. Lost in sin and con-dem-na-tion, Christ did pur-chase with His blood;
   From earth's sin and darkness tak-en, He hath led us un-to God.
3. Since with Thee we have com-mun-ion, Naught is left we can de-sire;
   Save that Thou pro-long the bless-ing, Grant-ing all we may re-quire.
4. When the stones ob-struct our path-way, Grant us, Lord, a help-ing hand;
   All else leav-ing, fol-low on-ward, To o-bey Thy blest com-mand.
5. Thou hast of-fered, Great Je-ho-vah, Crowns of life that we may wear;
   If we fol-low our Re-deem-er, And with Him His suff'rings share.

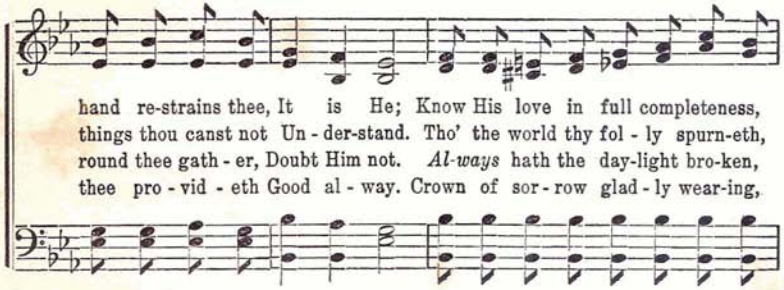
Great Jehovah.

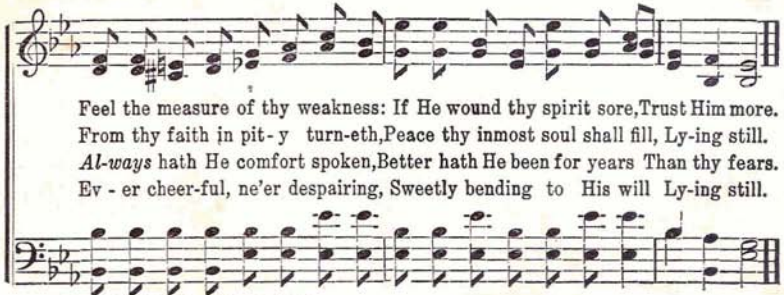


202 Submission.

M. LINDSAY.







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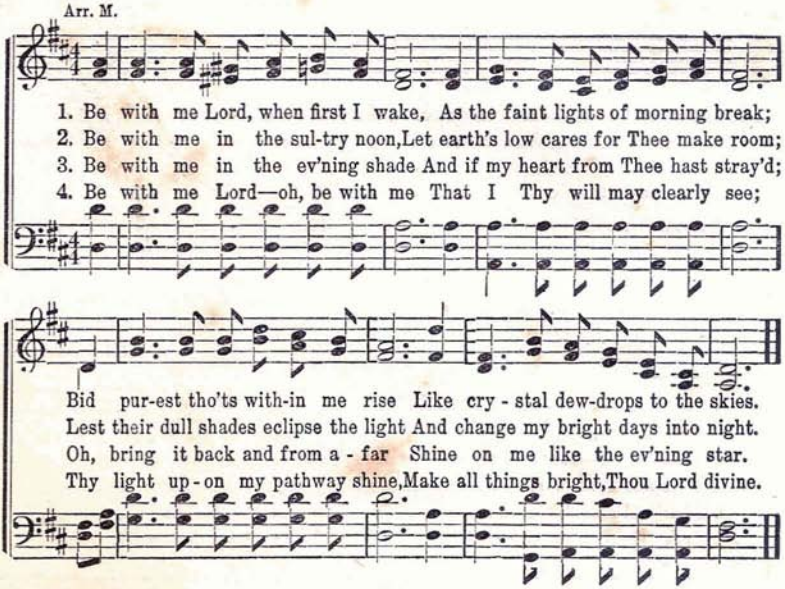
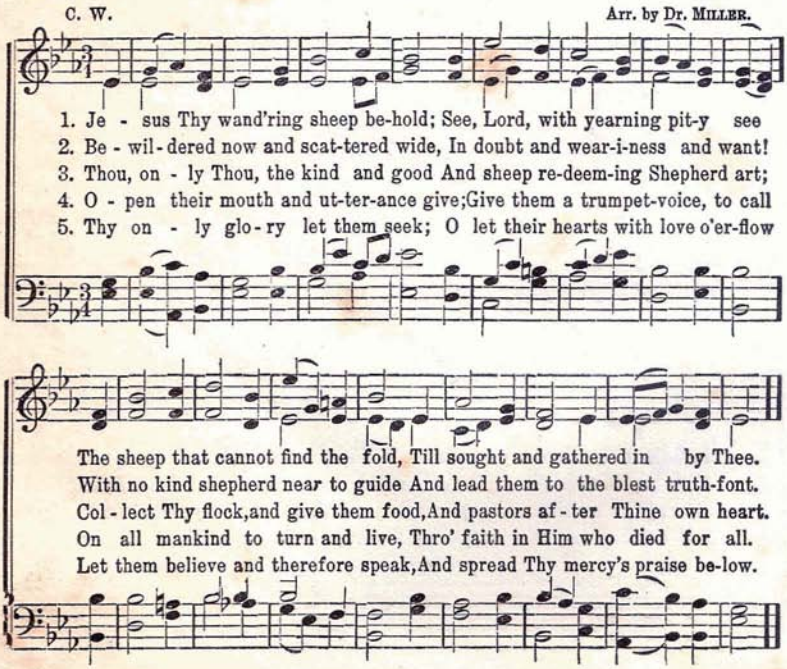
203 Be With Me Lord.

Arr. M.



204 In Babylon.

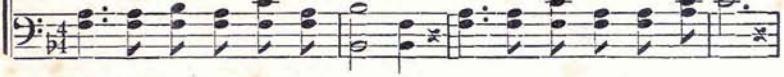
C. W. Arr. by Dr. MILLER.



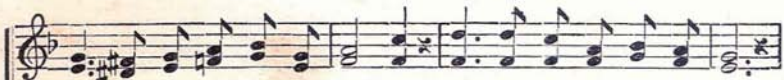
205 Christian, When Thy Way.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

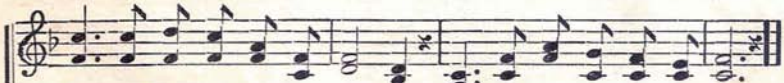
1. Chris-tian, when thy way seems dark-est, And thine eyes with tears are dim,
2. Sym - pa - thy of friends may cheer thee When the fierce, wild storm is past;
3. All thy griefs by Him are or-dered, Need - ful is each one for thee,
4. Far too well thy Sav - ior loves thee, To al - low thy life to be
5. Though His wise and lov - ing pur - pose Clear - ly now thou mayst not see,



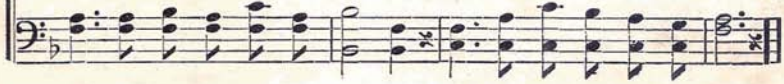
Straight to God thy Fa - ther hast'ning, Tell thy sor-rows un - to Him.
But God on - ly can con - sole thee; When it breaks up - on thee first;
All thy fears by Him are count - ed, One too much there can-not be;
One long, calm, un - bro-ken sum - mer, One un - ruf - fled, storm-less sea.
Still be-lieve, with faith un - shak - en, All shall work for good to thee.



Not to hu - man ear con - fid - ing, Thy sad tale of grief or care,
Go with words or tears of si - lence, On - ly lay them at His feet;
And if, whilst they fall so quick - ly, Thou canst own His way is right,
He would have thee fond-ly nest - ling, Clos - er to His lov - ing breast.
Therefore, when thy way seems darkest, And thine eyes with tears are dim,



But be-fore thy Fa - ther hast'ning, Pour out all thy sor-rows there.
Thou shalt prove how great His pit - y, And His ten - der-ness how sweet.
Then each bit - ter tear of an - guish Pre-cious is in Je - sus' sight.
He would have that world seem bright-er, Where a - lone is per - fect rest.
Straight to God thy Fa - ther hast'ning, Tell thy sor - rows un - to Him.



206 Call Jehovah Thy Salvation.

M. Psalm 91. MOZART.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
2. From the sword at noon-day wast-ing, From the noisome pes - til - ence
3. Since with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,

FINE.

In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dis-mayed;
D. S. Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe - ty there.
In the depth of mid-night blast-ing, God shall be thy sure de - fence;
D. S. Mer - cy shall thy soul de - liv - er, Tho' ten thou - sand be laid low.
With the wings of His pro - tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove:
D. S. Here for grief re-ward thee doub - le, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

D. S.

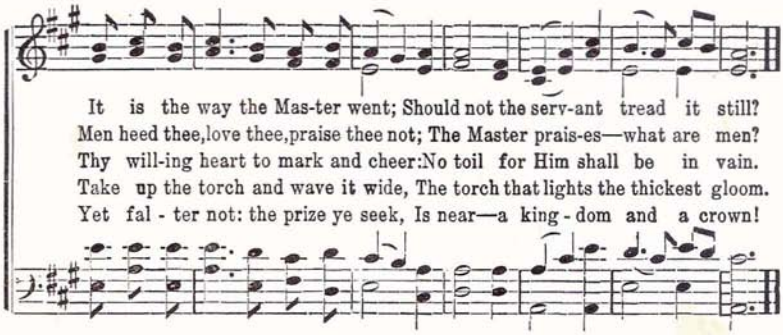
There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare;
Fear thou not the dead - ly quiv - er, When a thou-sand feel the blow;
Thou shalt call on Him in troub - le, He will heark-en, He will save;

207 Go Labor On.

LOWELL MASON.

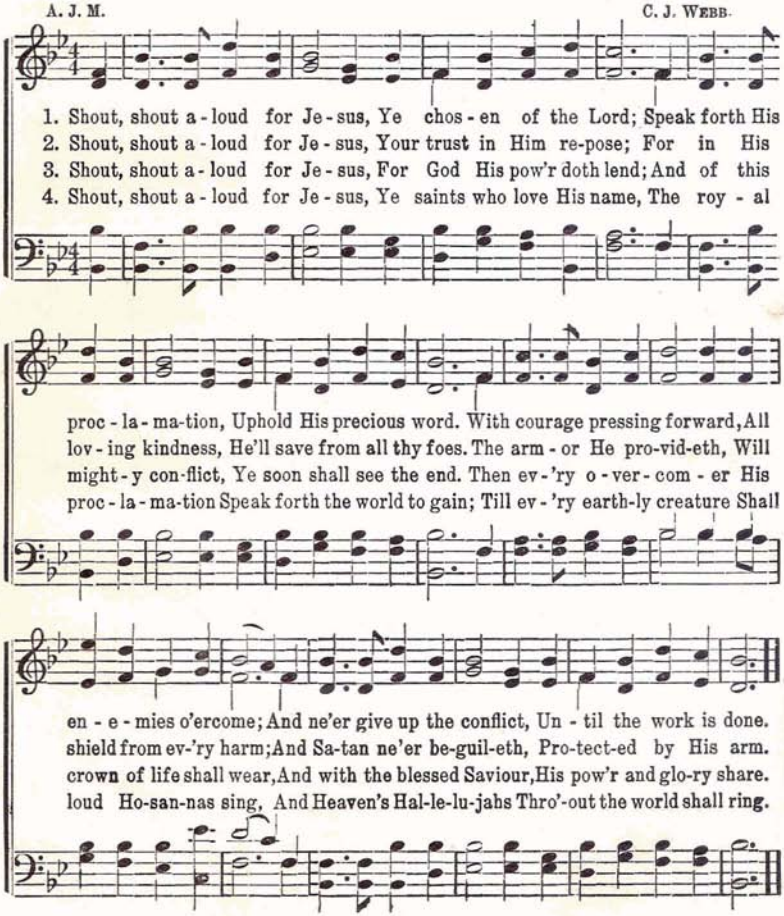
1. Go la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do thy Fa - ther's will;
2. Go la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thy earth - ly loss is heavenly gain;
3. Go la - bor on; enough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
4. Men sit in darkness at thy side, With-out a hope be-yond the tomb:
5. Go la - bor on; thy hands are weak, Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down,

Go Labor On.



208 Shout Aloud for Jesus.

A. J. M. C. J. WEBB.



209 Lo! He Comes.

THOMAS OLIVER.

1. { Lo! He comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for favored sin-ners slain;
   Thousand, thousand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train; }
2. { Ev-'ry eye shall soon dis-cern Him Robed in might-y ma-jes-ty;
   Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierc'd and nailed Him to the tree, }
3. { Yes, A-men! let all a-dore Thee, Sit-ting on Thy lof-ty throne;
   Sav-iour, take the power and glo-ry, Rule the kingdom,'tis Thine own; }

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Christ has come to earth to reign.
Shamed, re-pent-ing, shamed, re-pent-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Crown'd with Thy im-mor-tal crown.

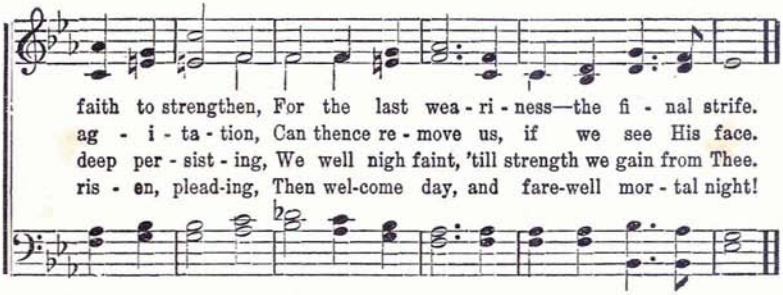
210 We Would See Jesus.

A. B. W. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je-sus—for the shadows length-en A-cross this
2. We would see Je-sus—the great Rock Foun-da-tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je-sus—un-to blood re-sist-ing, In that dark
4. We would see Je-sus—this is all we're need-ing, Strength, joy and

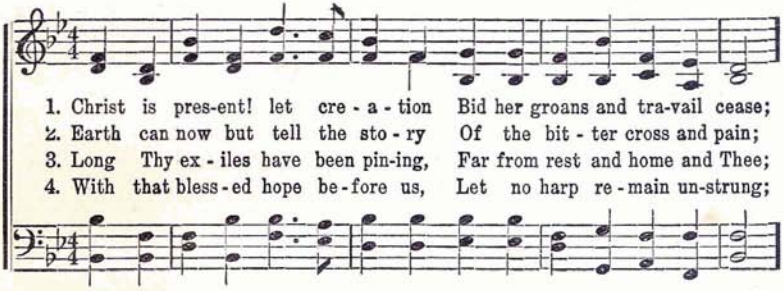
lit-tle landscape of our life; We would see Je-sus our weak
feet were set with sovereign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
hour in sad Geth-sem-a-ne, When wearied, worn by tri-als
will-ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je-sus, dy-ing,

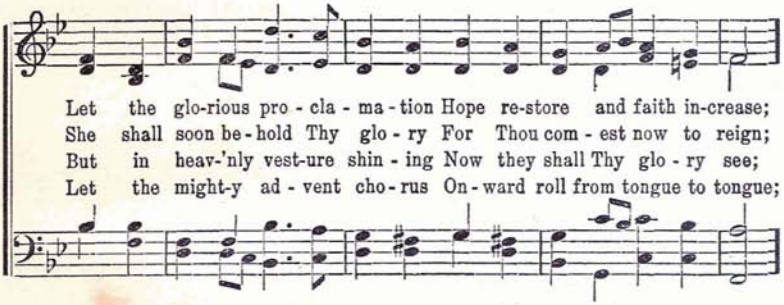
We Would See Jesus.

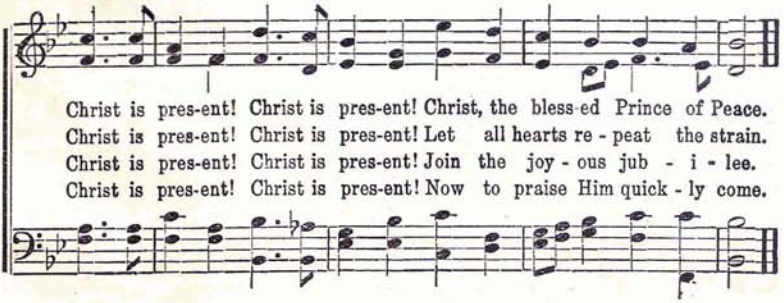


211 Christ is Present.

HENRY SMART.







212 Everything I Give to Jesus.

A. J. M. HAYDN.

1. { Ev - 'ry-thing I give to Je - sus, All I hope for, all I have:
On the sac - ri - fi - cial al - tar, Ev - 'ry-thing I free - ly leave. }

2. { All I have in full sur - ren - der, That I may with Thee a - gree;
For Thy love so kind and ten - der, Makes Thee all in all to me. }

3. { Plac - ing self up - on the al - tar, May I Thine ap - prov - al find;
Cour - age give me lest I fal - ter, Grant to me the heav'n-ly mind. }

May it find a sweet ac - cep-tance, Will - ing off-'ring may it be;
Naught of pleas-ure e'er shall tempt me, If the world the off - 'ring make;
Bow - ing down in full sub - mis - sion, E'en ad - ver - si - ty seems sweet;

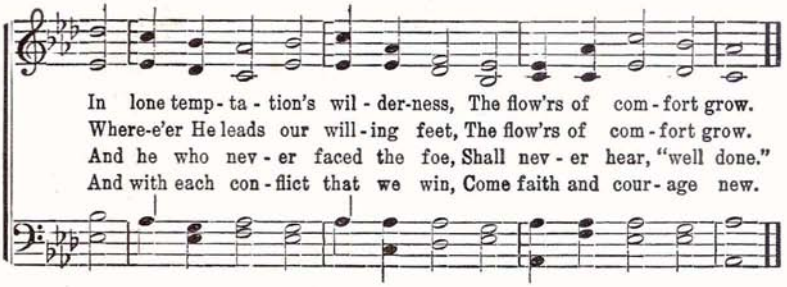
For no mat - ter what op - pose me, All in all shall Je - sus be.
Since Thou canst not share them with me, I will suf - fer for Thy sake.
Keep me, Lord, in such con - di - tion, That I may Thy pres - ence greet.

213 The Master Meets our Every Need.

H. J. Z. W. H. H.

1. The Mas - ter meets our ev - 'ry need, Wher-e'er our foot-steps go;
2. Then praise the Lord with heart and voice, His lov - ing care we know;
3. 'Tis on - ly thro' the bat - tle fierce, That vic - to - ries are won;
4. Our cour - age grows by what we meet, Our faith needs test-ing too;

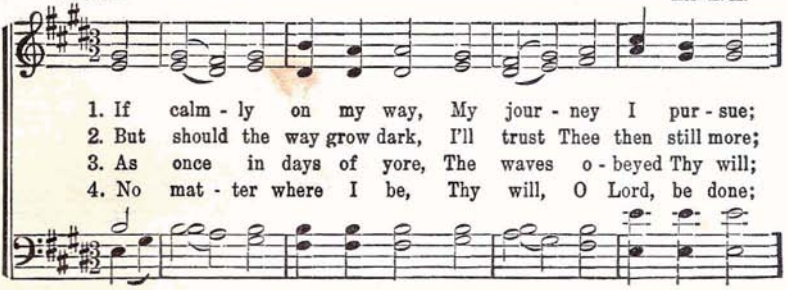
The Master Meets our Every Need.



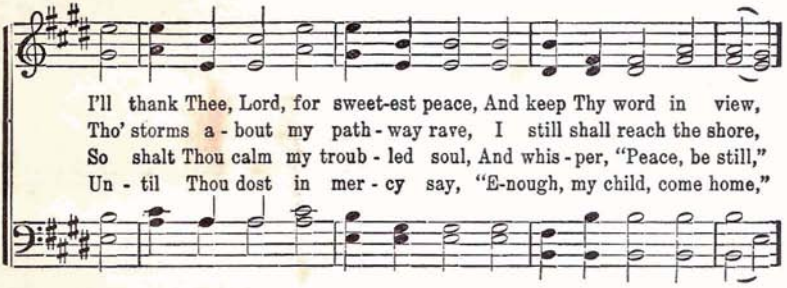
In lone temp-ta-tion's wil-der-ness, The flow'rs of com-fort grow.
Where-e'er He leads our will-ing feet, The flow'rs of com-fort grow.
And he who nev-er faced the foe, Shall nev-er hear, "well done."
And with each con-flict that we win, Come faith and cour-age new.

214 If Calmly on My Way.

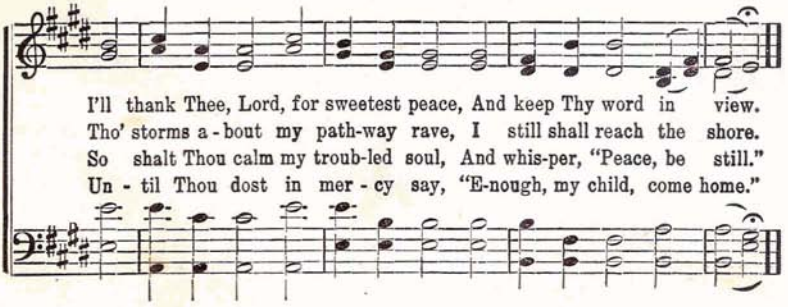
A. J. M. Arr. L. M.



1. If calm-ly on my way, My jour-ney I pur-sue;
2. But should the way grow dark, I'll trust Thee then still more;
3. As once in days of yore, The waves o-beyed Thy will;
4. No mat-ter where I be, Thy will, O Lord, be done;



I'll thank Thee, Lord, for sweet-est peace, And keep Thy word in view,
Tho' storms a-bout my path-way rave, I still shall reach the shore,
So shalt Thou calm my troub-led soul, And whis-per, "Peace, be still,"
Un-til Thou dost in mer-cy say, "E-nough, my child, come home,"



I'll thank Thee, Lord, for sweetest peace, And keep Thy word in view.
Tho' storms a-bout my path-way rave, I still shall reach the shore.
So shalt Thou calm my troub-led soul, And whis-per, "Peace, be still."
Un-til Thou dost in mer-cy say, "E-nough, my child, come home."

215 My Soul's Supply is Jesus.

A. J. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul's sup-ply is Je-sus, God's ev - er bless-ed Son; I'll ev - er sing His
2. If times of sor-row threaten, My soul then on Him leans; My faith can nev-rr
3. As to His words I hearken, My pathway lighter grows; And if the clouds should

prais - es, While I my jour-ney run. Tho' thunders crash a-round me, And
les - sen, So near to me He seems. Each step I take He guid-eth, Un-
dark - en, I can but say, "He knows." His prom-ise to me bring-ing, He

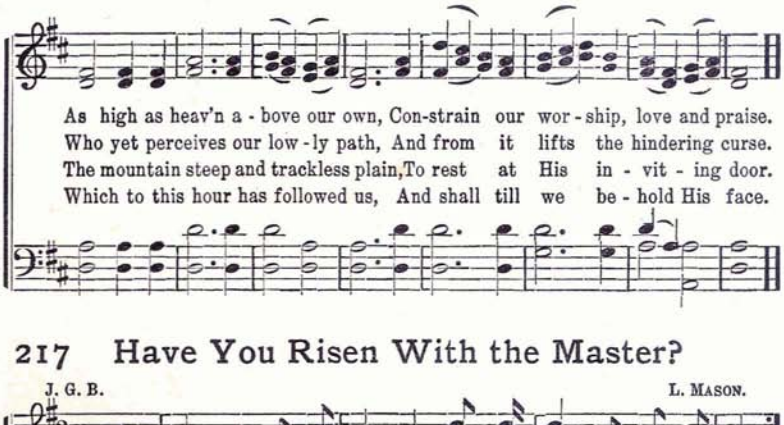
clouds of troub-le roll; These never can alarm me, There's peace within my soul.
til I reach the goal; My trust in Him a-bid-eth, There's peace within my soul.
will my way con-trol. So on I journey singing, There's peace within my soul.

216 With Humbleness of Heart.

MRS. E. C. HENNINGES. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. With humbleness of heart we bow Be - fore the throne of Him whose ways,
2. We worship our Cre - a - tor, great Sus - tain - er of the Un - i - verse,
3. We love the hand, by love empowered, Which guides our fee - ble foot-steps o'er
4. We praise and mag - ni - fy His name, At the re - mem - brance of His grace,

With Humbleness of Heart.



217 Have You Risen With the Master?

J. G. B. L. MASON.

1. { Have you ris - en with the Mas - ter To the mount-ain top of faith?
There a - bove earth's ceaseless clam - or You can hear what-e'er He saith. }

2. { Have you ris - en with the Mas - ter To the mount-ain top of Hope,
Where the birds are sing - ing gay - ly, Flow - ers bloom-ing in the slope? }

3. { Have you ris - en with the Mas - ter To the mount-ain top of Love,
To the free-dom and the glad-ness Of that se - cret place a - bove? }

Have you left the mire and pit-falls, Where the air is dank and foul,
From the shadow of the val - ley, From the gloom and grief be-low,
There no craven fears can reach you, There no clouds your vision screen;

Have you ris - en with the Mas - ter To the sum-mits of the soul?
Have you ris - en with the Mas - ter To this mount with light a - glow?
Have you ris - en with the Mas - ter To this Pis - gah height se-rene?

A Prayer.

G. W. Seibert. Joseph P. Holbrook.

1. Heav-enly Fa-ther, Ho-ly One! May Thy will in us be done;
2. Je-sus, Mas-ter, we should bear In Thy suf-fer-ings a share;
3. Bless-ed Lord, Thy saints de-fend, Watching o'er them to the end;

Make our hearts sub-mis-sive, meek, Let us ne'er our own way seek.
Help us, Lord, to fol-low Thee, Heav-y tho' the cross may be!
Day by day their faith in-crease, Keep them in Thy per-fect peace.

Lov-ing Sav-iour, we would be Ev-er more and more like Thee,
Fill us with di-vin-est love,—With Thy spir-it from a-bove.
Com-fort, strengthen, guide and bless, Lead them thro' the wild-er-ness,

Free from pride and self-de-sire, Fer-vent with a ho-ly fire.
May we pa-tient-ly en-dure, Trust-ing in Thy prom-ise sure.
And when Thy "due time" shall come, Gath-er all Thy lov'd ones home.

219 Hear Our Prayer.

A. J. M.

FINE.

1. Hear our pray'r, Thou great Je - ho - vah, Lead us thro' this vale of tears;
D.C. Rich in mer - cy, rich in mer - cy, Safe - ly lead our jour-ney thro'.
2. Rich sup-plies on us be-stow-ing, Make us thank-ful, Lord, we pray;
D.C. Then we'll praise Thee, then we'll praise Thee, All a - long our pil - grim way.
3. As the clouds break from our pathway, May we more Thy glo - ry see;
D.C. May we join them, may we join them, And u - nite in praise to Thee.

D. C.

Pit - y Thou our fall - en na - ture, Strengthen faith and qui - et fears,
Feast - ing dai - ly at Thy ta - ble, Keep us hum - ble day by day,
Saints u - nit - ed now with Je - sus, Sing a - loud rich mel - o - dy,

220 Gracious Father.

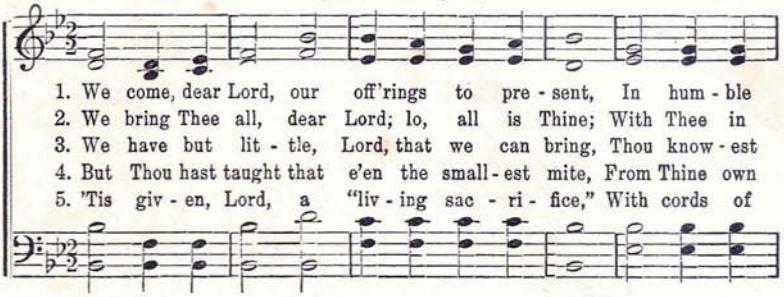
A. J. M.

1. Gra-cious Fa - ther, hear us now, Low - ly at Thy feet we bow;
2. Pit - y Thou our fee - ble - ness, Lift us up in our dis - tress;
3. Thou our source of com - fort art, Rich - ly fill - ing ev - 'ry heart;
4. May we in the nar - row way, Walk with patience day by day;

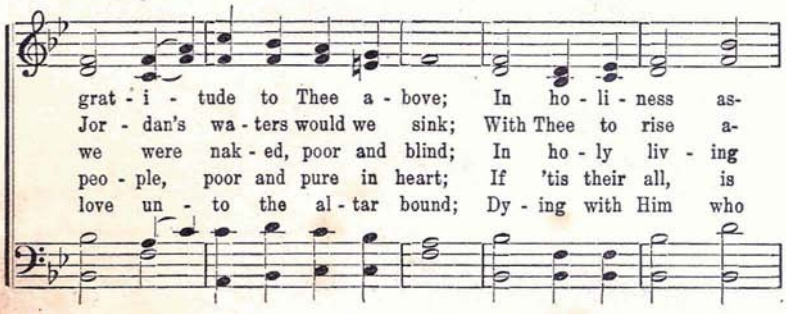
Hymns of grat - i - tude we raise, All re - sound - ing to Thy praise.
May we lean up - on Thy pow'r, Sweet-ly trust - ing ev - 'ry hour.
May our souls when sin op-pressed, Seek Thine ev - er - last - ing rest.
Sing - ing loud in sweet-est song, Prais - es that to Thee be - long.

221 We Come, Dear Lord.

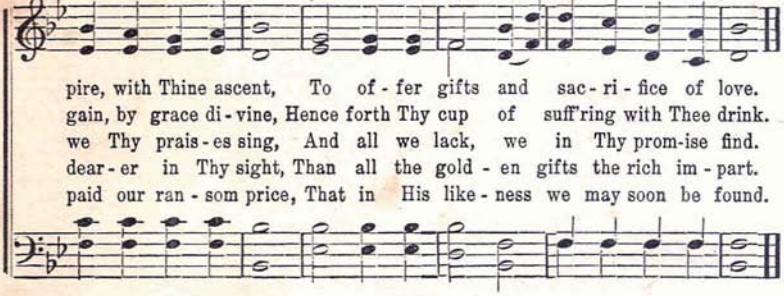
DOUGLAS MACMILLAN. (Consecration Hymn.) L. M.



1. We come, dear Lord, our off'rings to pre - sent, In hum - ble
2. We bring Thee all, dear Lord; lo, all is Thine; With Thee in
3. We have but lit - tle, Lord, that we can bring, Thou know - est
4. But Thou hast taught that e'en the small - est mite, From Thine own
5. 'Tis giv - en, Lord, a "liv - ing sac - ri - fice," With cords of



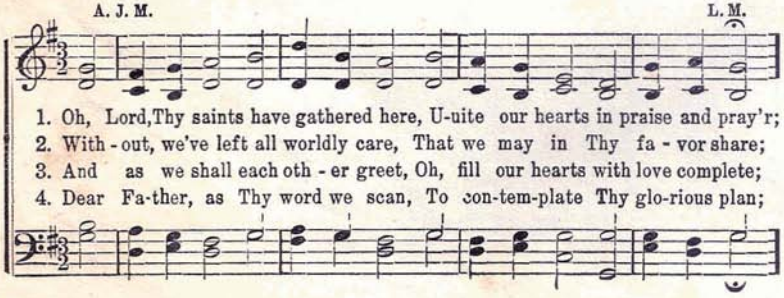
grat - i - tude to Thee a - bove; In ho - li - ness as-
Jor - dan's wa - ters would we sink; With Thee to rise a-
we were nak - ed, poor and blind; In ho - ly liv - ing
peo - ple, poor and pure in heart; If 'tis their all, is
love un - to the al - tar bound; Dy - ing with Him who



pire, with Thine ascent, To of - fer gifts and sac - ri - fice of love.
gain, by grace di - vine, Hence forth Thy cup of suff'ring with Thee drink.
we Thy prais - es sing, And all we lack, we in Thy prom-ise find.
dear - er in Thy sight, Than all the gold - en gifts the rich im - part.
paid our ran - som price, That in His like - ness we may soon be found.

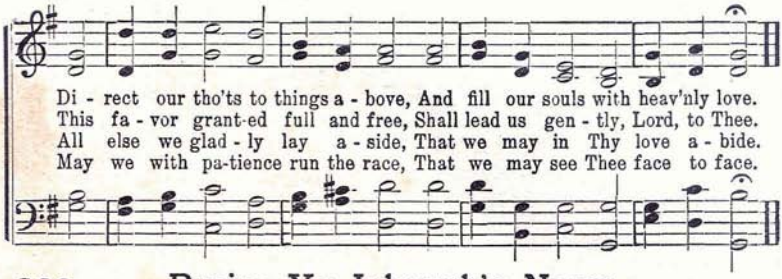
222 Communion With God.

A. J. M. L. M.



1. Oh, Lord, Thy saints have gathered here, U-uite our hearts in praise and pray'r;
2. With - out, we've left all worldly care, That we may in Thy fa - vor share;
3. And as we shall each oth - er greet, Oh, fill our hearts with love complete;
4. Dear Fa-ther, as Thy word we scan, To con-tem-plate Thy glo-rious plan;

Communion With God.



223 Praise Ye Jehovah's Name.

A. J. M. HANDEL.

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah's glo-rious name, Join in tri - um-phant song; With
2. Greet ye Mes - si - ah's prom-ised reign, The time so long concealed; The
3. He comes to ban - ish Sa - tan's rule, The prince of dark-ness flies; Ye
4. All ye who mourn now cease your sighs, Your comfort now ap-pears; The
5. Ye pure and bless - ed saints of God, With pa-tience run your race; Your
6. Praise ye Je - ho - vah's glo-rious name, Join in tri - um-phant song; Earth

thank-ful hearts your voic - es raise, And thus His praise prolong. And
pres - ence of your Lord pro - claim, That's now by faith re-vealed, That's
meek of earth now taste the feast, His grace so rich sup-plies, His
king - dom of Im - man - u - el, Shall soon al - lay your fears, Shall
King shall soon set up His throne, And ye shall see His face, And
in the cho - rus soon shall join, And thus His praise pro-long, And

And thus, And thus His praise pro-

And thus, And thus His

thus His praise pro - long, And thus, and thus His praise pro - long.
now by faith re-vealed, That's now, that's now by faith re-vealed.
grace so rich sup - plies, His grace, His grace so rich sup - plies.
soon al - lay your fears, Shall soon, shall soon al - lay your fears.
ye shall see His face, And ye, and ye shall see His face.
thus His praise pro - long, And thus, and thus His praise pro - long.

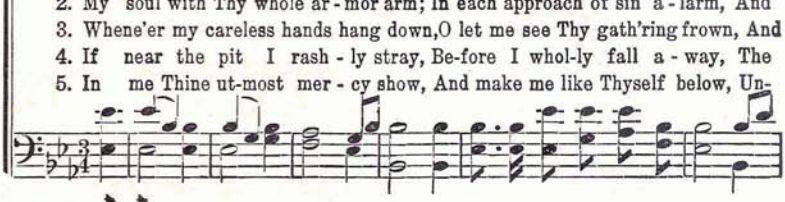
long . . . . . .

praise pro - long,

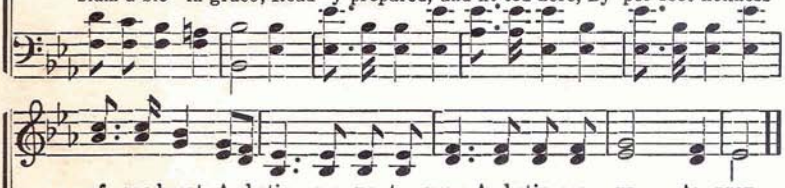
224 Help, Lord.

W. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

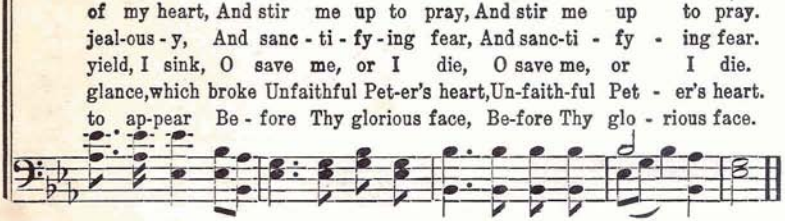
1. Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly, And still my tempted soul stand by Thro'-
2. My soul with Thy whole ar - mor arm; In each approach of sin a - larm, And
3. Whene'er my careless hands hang down, O let me see Thy gath'ring frown, And
4. If near the pit I rash - ly stray, Be-fore I whol-ly fall a - way, The
5. In me Thine ut-most mer - cy show, And make me like Thyself below, Un-



out the e - vil day; The sa-cred watchfulness impart, And keep the is-sues
show the danger near; Surround, sustain, and strengthen me, And fill with goodly
feel Thy warning eye; And starting cry, from ruin's brink, Save, Jesus, or I
keen conviction dart! Re - call me by that pitying look, That kind, upbraiding
blam-a-ble in grace; Read - y prepared, and fit-ted here, By per-fect holiness



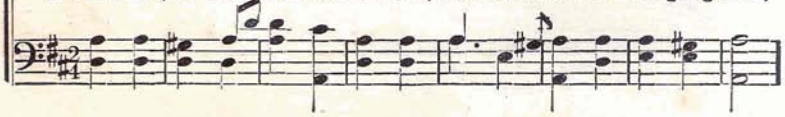
of my heart, And stir me up to pray, And stir me up to pray.
jeal-ous - y, And sanc - ti - fy - ing fear, And sanc-ti - fy - ing fear.
yield, I sink, O save me, or I die, O save me, or I die.
glance, which broke Unfaithful Pet-er's heart, Un-faith-ful Pet - er's heart.
to ap-pear Be - fore Thy glorious face, Be-fore Thy glo - rious face.



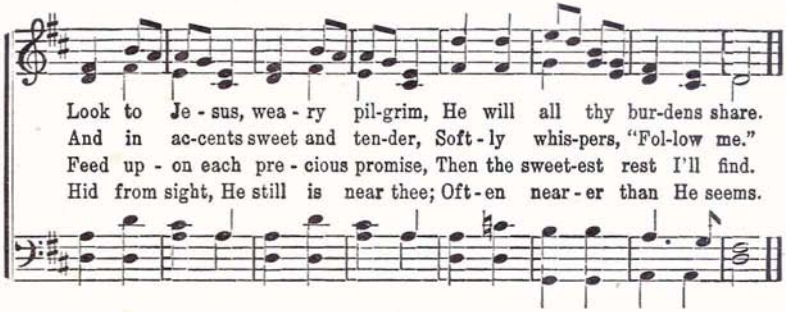
225 Weary Laden With Life's Burden.

A. J. M. WEBER.

1. Wea - ry lad - en with life's bur-den, Faint-ing with thy load of care;
2. When it seems thou art for - sak-en, Ver - y near He draws to thee;
3. Trust in Him, the bur - den bear - er, He is a - ble, He is kind;
4. Trust Him, tho' the storms surround thee, Trust Him when the sunlight gleams;

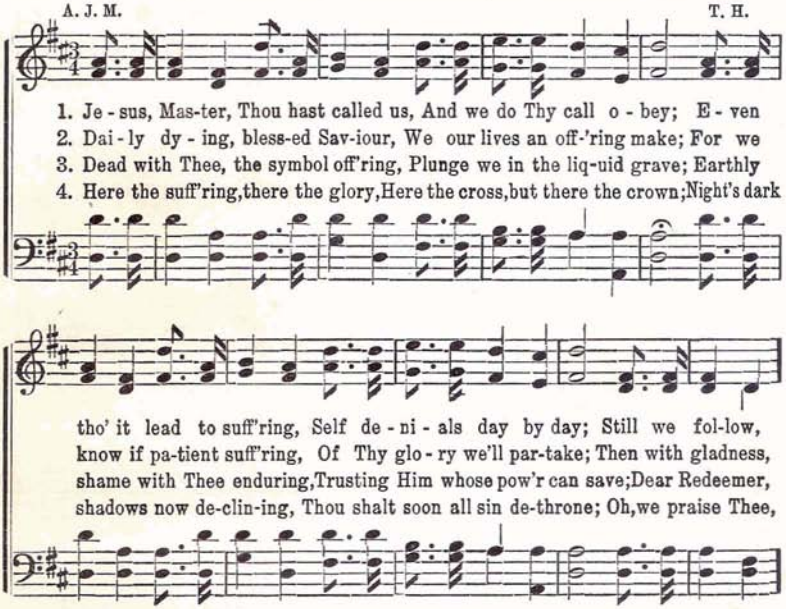


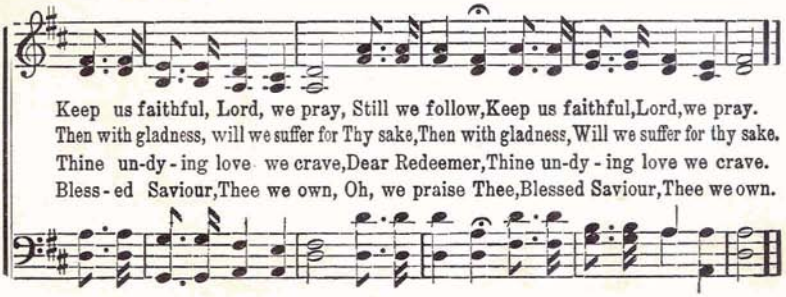
Weary Laden With Life's Burden.



226 Jesus, Master, Thou Hast Called Us.

A. J. M. T. H.





227 Be Ye Doers of the Word.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. (Jas. 1: 22.) M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. 'Tis not the *hear-er* of the Word, But he that *do-eth*, who is blest,
2. For he that hears and do-eth not, Is like a man who builds on sand,
3. Lord, we would build with pa-tient zeal A house of faith up-on the rock,

f FINE.

Not he that *know-eth* all the law, But he that *heeds* the law's be-hest.
When storms and tem-pest fierce a-rise, The house, thus built, will nev-er stand.
So safe, so strong, it shall with-stand The strain of storm and tempest-shock.

D. S.—*when we reach our journey's end, May en-ter in-to heav'n-ly rest.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Dear Lord, then help us *do* Thy will, That we may be for-ev-er blest; And

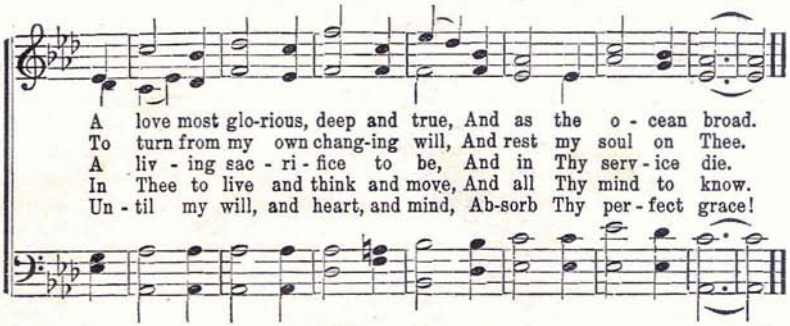
Copyright, 1907, by M. L. McPhail.

228 What Wondrous Heights!

GRACE FILDER.

1. What wondrous heights and depths of love Are hid in Thee, my God—
2. Calm as the changeless sea of glass, What peace it gives to me,
3. So bound by Thine own cords of love, I'll on Thine al-tar lie
4. What joy to live for Thee, my Lord, And all Thy will to do;
5. To grow each day more like Thee, Lord, By gaz-ing on Thy face;

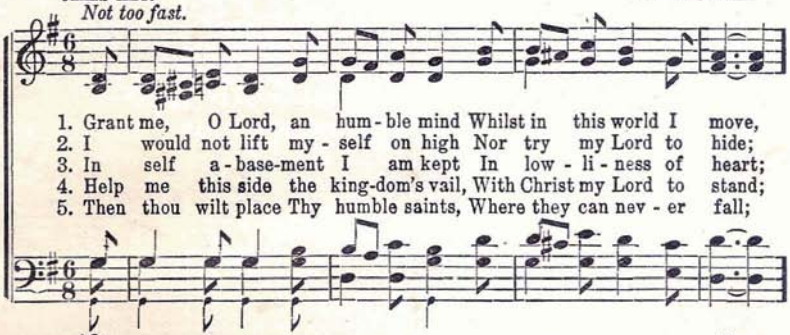
What Wondrous Heights!

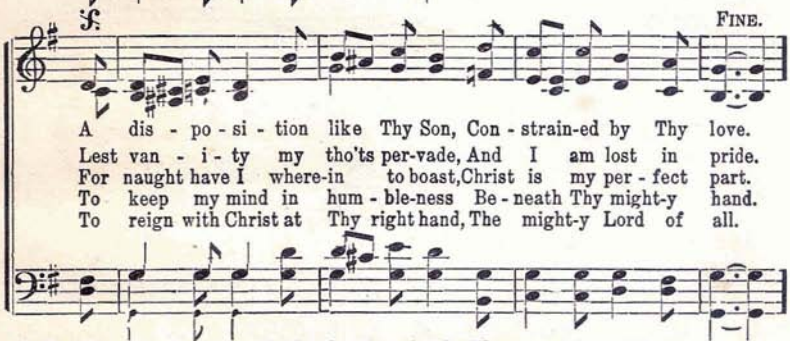


229 Like Jesus.

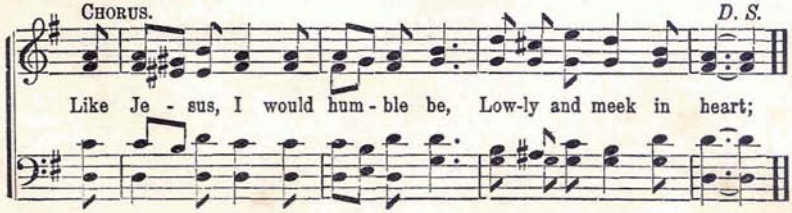
JAMES HAY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.





D. S.—*To those who'neath Thy hand sub-mit, The grace Thou wilt im - part.*



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230 He Grows More Precious.

W. C. M. 1 Peter 2: 7. JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. How deep is that great love which all The wounds of Je-sus Christ display;
'Twas sweet when first I heard the call, And grows more precious ev-'ry day.

2. He com-forts me in sad-dest mood, He seeks me when I go a-stray;
My wild-est pas-sions are sub-dued, He grows more pre-cious ev-'ry day.

3. Can soul of man be-hold the cross, And wave the bless-ed Lord a-way;
To me all oth-er things are dross, He grows more pre-cious ev-'ry day.

The sun has dawned up-on my soul, With beam-ing-pure, life-giv-ing ray;
In dark-ness, Je-sus is my light, My sure de-fense, my help, my stay;
O, soul, now grop-ing in the night, Re-ceive the Lord with-out de-lay;

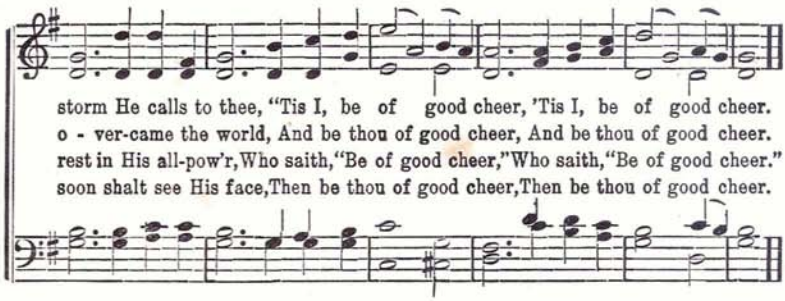
I love His gen-tle, sweet con-trol, He grows more precious ev-'ry day.
My cour-age in the deep-est night, He grows more precious ev-'ry day.
His pres-ence is a sweet de-light, He grows more precious ev-'ry day.

231 Be of Good Cheer.

G W. SEIBERT. G. K.

1. When tempest-tossed on life's wild sea, And fair skies dis-ap-pear, A-bove the
2. Tho' Sa-tan's darts are fiercely hurled, Be-lov-ed, help is near; Trust Him who
3. In trib-u-la-tion's dark-est hour, Yield not to doubt or fear; But calm-ly
4. Press on be-lov-ed, in the race, The goal is ver-y near; Faint not, thou

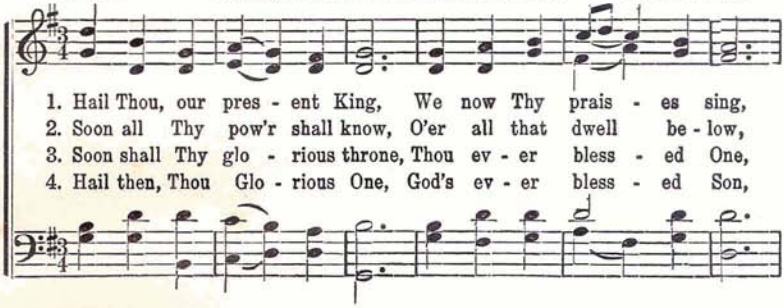
Be of Good Cheer.



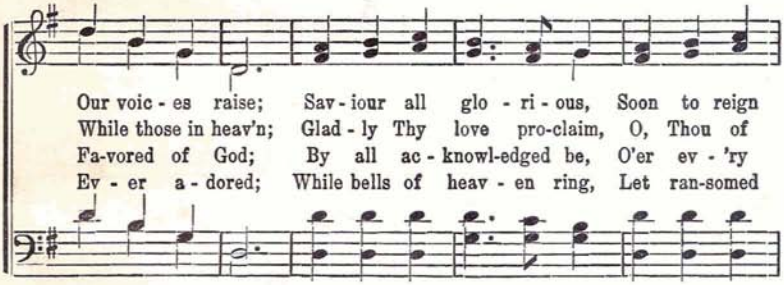
storm He calls to thee, "Tis I, be of good cheer, 'Tis I, be of good cheer.
o - ver-came the world, And be thou of good cheer, And be thou of good cheer.
rest in His all-pow'r, Who saith, "Be of good cheer," Who saith, "Be of good cheer."
soon shalt see His face, Then be thou of good cheer, Then be thou of good cheer.

232 Hail Thou, Our Present King.

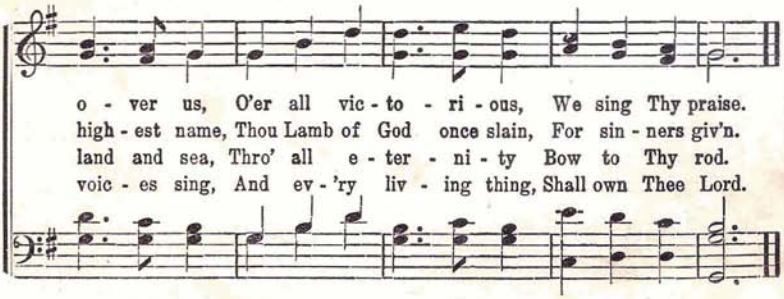
A. J. M. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Hail Thou, our pres - ent King, We now Thy prais - es sing,
2. Soon all Thy pow'r shall know, O'er all that dwell be - low,
3. Soon shall Thy glo - rious throne, Thou ev - er bless - ed One,
4. Hail then, Thou Glo - rious One, God's ev - er bless - ed Son,



Our voic - es raise; Sav - iour all glo - ri - ous, Soon to reign
While those in heav'n; Glad - ly Thy love pro-claim, O, Thou of
Fa-vored of God; By all ac - knowl-edged be, O'er ev - 'ry
Ev - er a - dored; While bells of heav - en ring, Let ran-somed

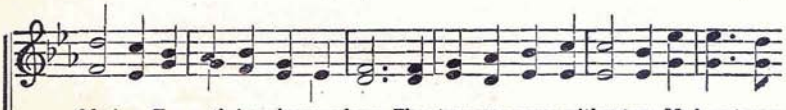


o - ver us, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, We sing Thy praise.
high - est name, Thou Lamb of God once slain, For sin - ners giv'n.
land and sea, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Bow to Thy rod.
voic - es sing, And ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, Shall own Thee Lord.

233 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

A. L. N. S. S. WESLEY.

1. In heav-'nly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-
2. Wher - ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
3. Green pastures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be



fid - ing, For noth-ing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My heart may
side me, And noth-ing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er waketh, His sight is
o'er me, Where dark the clouds have been. My hope I can-not measure, My faith to

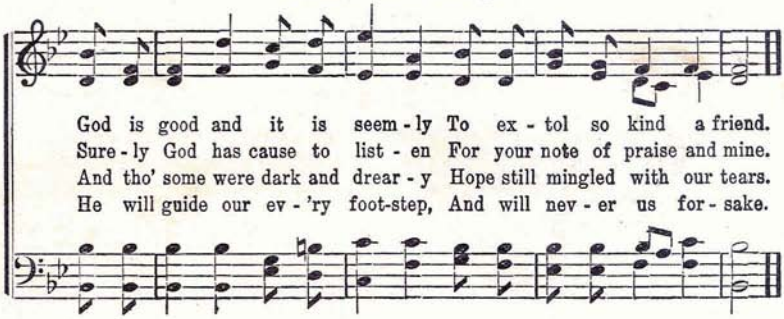
low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, How can I be dis-may'd?
nev - er dim; The bet - ter way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
life is free; My Sav-iour has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

234 Sound the Harp.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. D. E. JONES.

1. Sound the harp of glad thanks-giv-ing! Let our praise to heav'n as - cend;
2. Sound the harp! Let earth - ly an-thems Min - gle with the choirs di - vine;
3. Sound the harp for He hath blest us Thro' the days of by - gone years;
4. Sound the harp for He will bless us As our on - ward course we take;

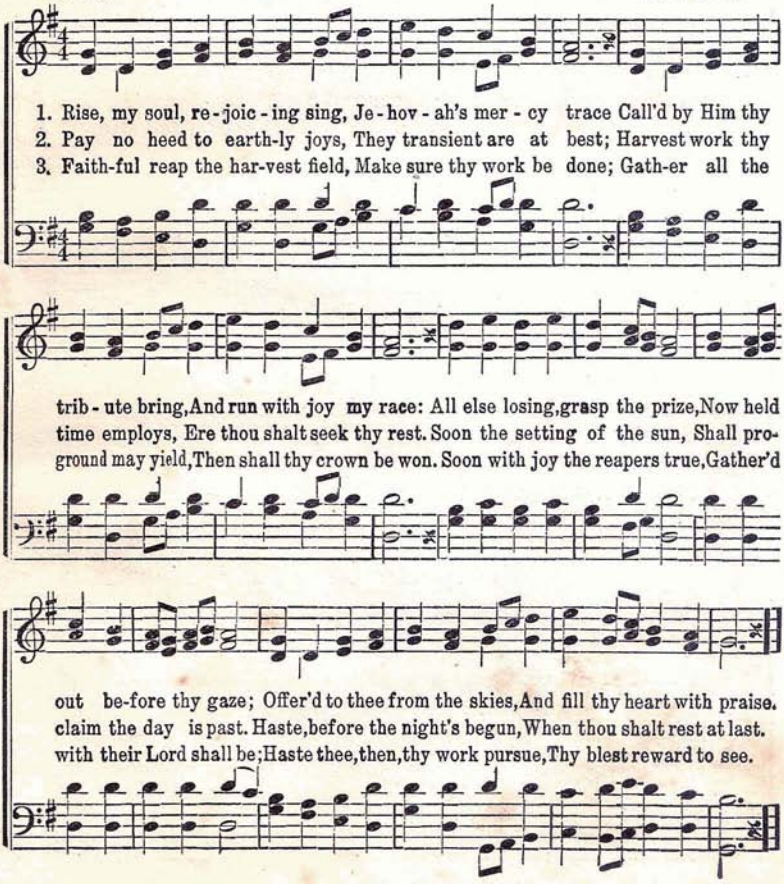
Sound the Harp.



235 Rise, My Soul.

"Lift up your eyes unto the fields white with the harvest."

A. J. M. JAMES NARES.



236 With Hearts Brave and Loyal.

"To Him be glory, both now and forever."

K. U. M. PORTOGALLO.

1. With hearts brave and loy-al, un-wav'r-ing and strong, We fol-low our Lead-er, a
2. Not car-nal our weapons, the Word is our sword, Our foes we as - sail in the
3. The hosts of the faithful, who've gone on be-fore, Their sword and their armor laid
4. Re - joic - ing, we press toward that cit - y so near, The sweet strains ex-ult-ant we

conquering throng; His glo-ri-ous banner up-lift-ing with song, And prais-es of
name of the Lord; With vic-to-ry certain, we'll gain our re-ward, While sounding the
down evermore; And now in their triumph are crown'd on that shore, And praises of
al - most can hear; Our courage inspiring, they banish all fear, As prais - es of

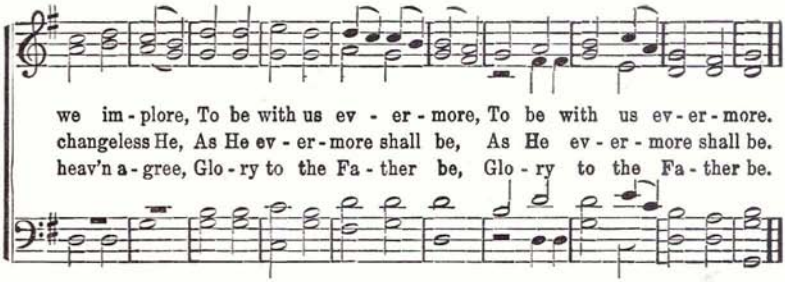
Je - sus we'll glad-ly pro-long, And prais-es of Je - sus we'll gladly prolong.
prais - es of Je - sus, our Lord, While sounding the praises of Je - sus, our Lord.
Je - sus re-peat ev-er-more, And prais-es of Je - sus re-peat ev- er-more.
An-gels fall soft on the ear, As prais-es of an - gels fall soft on the ear.

237 Glory Be to God.

A. J. M. Arr. by Dr. MASON.

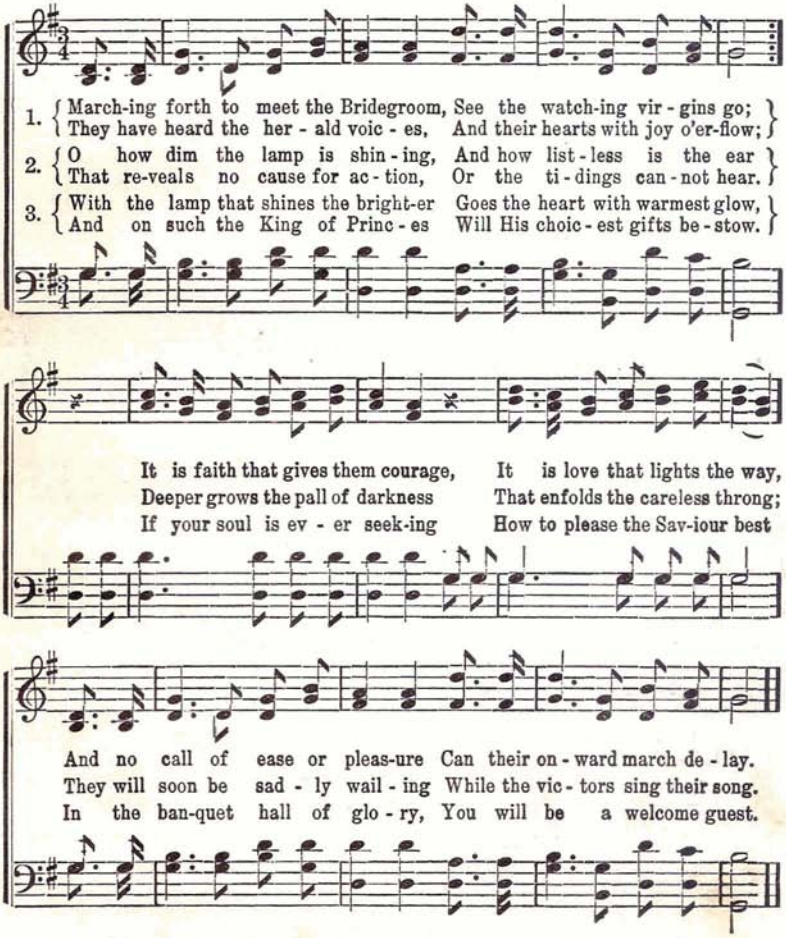
1. Glo - ry be to God in heav'n, For His Son so free - ly giv'n; His sweet spir-it
2. Praise and bless His ho-ly name, That His love is e'er the same; Earth may change, but
3. "Glory!" shout the choirs a-bove, Saints re-ech-o notes of love; Soon shall earth with

Glory Be to God.



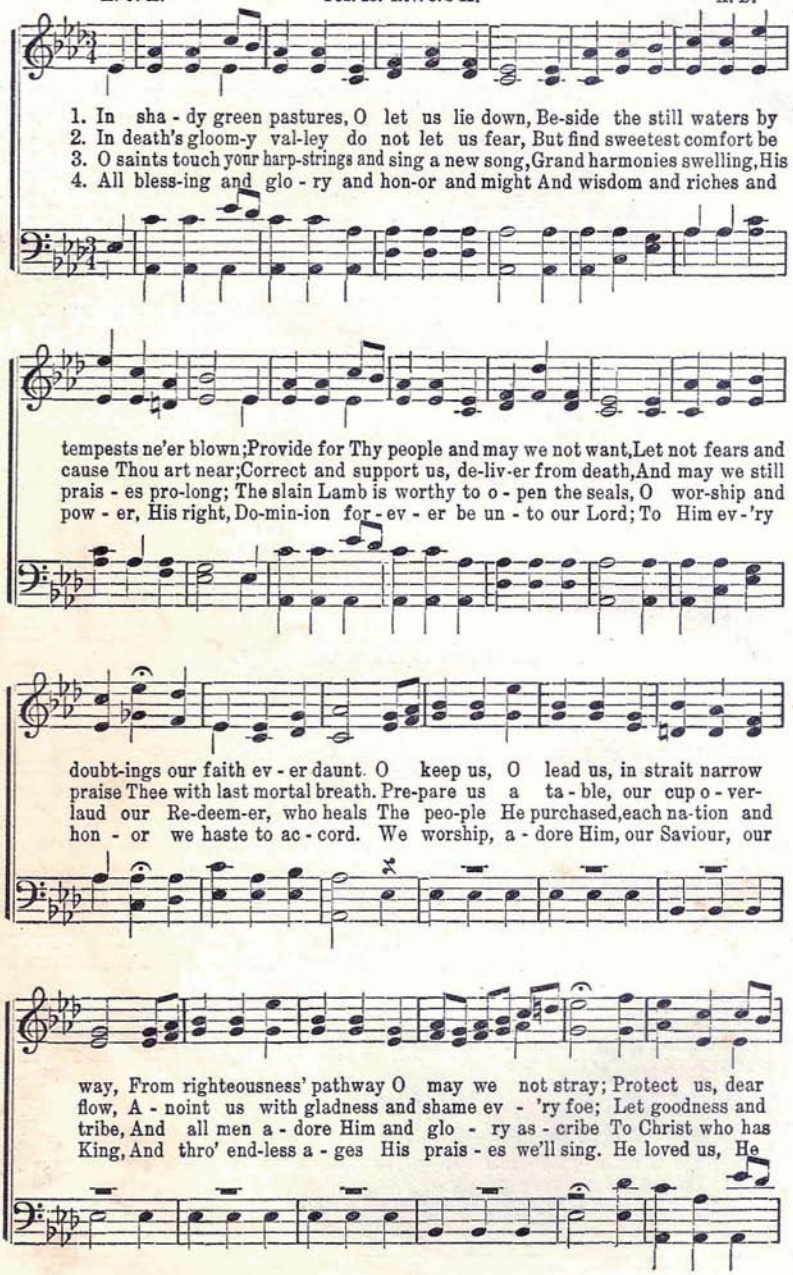
238 Going Forth to Meet the Bridegroom.

G. M. BILLS. "At His right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11.

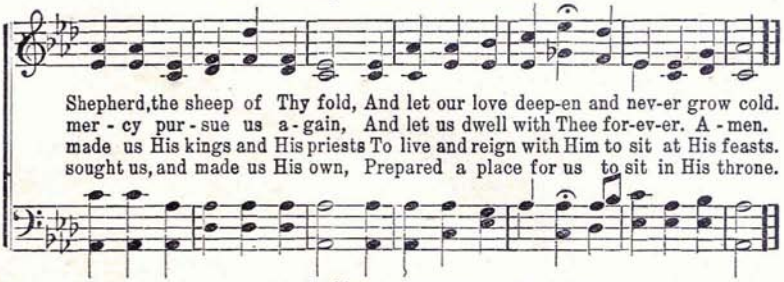


239 In Shady Green Pastures.

H. O. H. Psa. 23. Rev. 5: 8-12. A. D.



In Shady Green Pastures.



240 Like Jesus. No. 2.

F. G. B. Tune. 239.

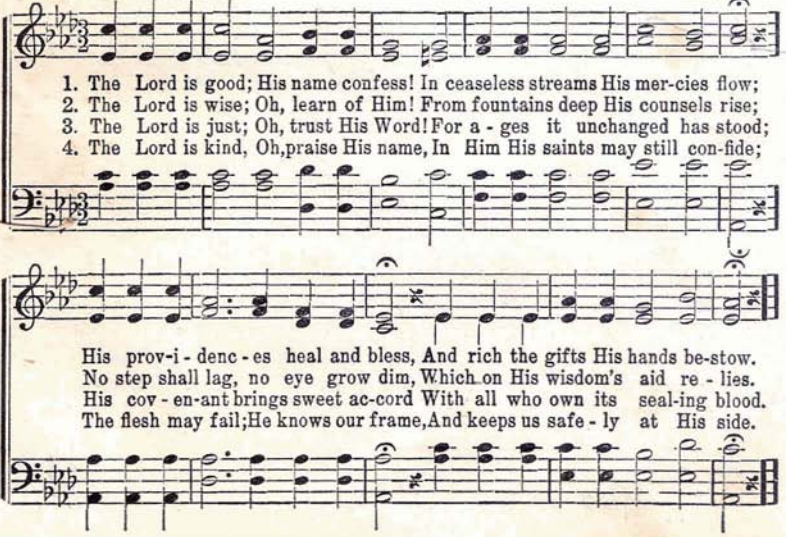
1 When Jesus, our Lord, left His gloryabove—
He humbled Himself to declare His great love;
A servant of servants for us He became—
And we must be like Him if bearing His name.
Like Jesus, like Jesus, we daily would be,
Like Jesus each day, Yes, like Jesus alway;
To spend and be spent in our Lord's ministry
Shall be our blest mission wherever we be.

2 Not those who are seeking their own lives to save,
Shall stand with the victors o'er death and the grave,
But they that will lose all to win for the cross
Shall gain the true riches unmingled with dross.
Like Jesus, Like Jesus, etc.

3 Then, like our dear Lord, let us ever do good,
Be willing, like Him, to be misunderstood;
'Twas not to be ministered unto He came—
And we must be like Him if bearing His name.
Like Jesus, Like Jesus, etc.

241 The Lord is Good.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges. Zeuner.



242 He Will Keep Me.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. O'er the rug - ged path of dut - y, Where my feet would fear to tread,
2. Tho' thro' unknown paths He takes me, I can nev - er go a-stray,
3. When up - on the mount re-joic - ing, Thrill'd with boundless love and peace,
4. Joy or sor - row, pain or pleas-ure, On the mount or in the vale;

S. FINE.

By the lov - ing hand of Je - sus, Gen - tly I am on - ward led.
Not a cross can o - ver - come me, While the Sav - iour is my stay.
There He still doth go be - fore me, High - est rapt - ure to in-crease.
I am His and He will keep me, His is love that can - not fail.

D. S.—*days are crowned with prais-es, Songs He gives me in the night.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

As I fol - low where He lead-eth, I am kept in God's own light, All my

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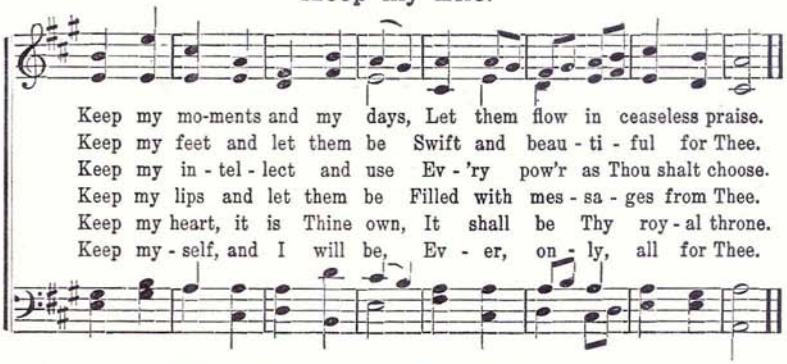
243 Keep My Life.

H. G. F. HANDEL.

1. Keep my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Keep my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Keep my sil - ver and my gold—Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Keep my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
5. Keep my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
6. Keep my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;

Keep my Life.



244 The Saints on Earth Agree.

A. J. M. Arr. by M.

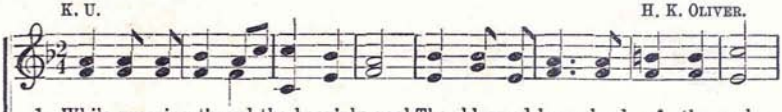
1. The saints on earth a - gree, To praise the Sav - iour's name;
   His love so full and free, Sets ev - 'ry heart a - flame.
2. With Him to guide our feet, We keep the heav'n - ly way;
   Till joys with Him com - plete, Shall crown that cloud - less day.
3. The na - tions all shall sing, When peace to them shall flow:
   The prais - es of our King, Who then will mer - cy show.

We praise His name the earth a - round, And all in heav'n re-
When we with Him shall then ap - pear, And hap - pi - ness re-
His lov - ing grace to all men giv'n, Who meek - ly bow the

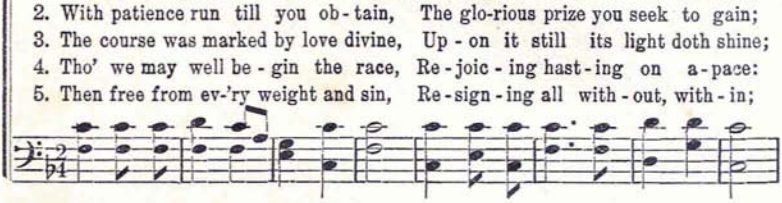
peat the sound, And all in heav'n re - peat the sound.
place all fear, And hap - pi - ness re - place all fear.
knee to heav'n, Who meek - ly bow the knee to heav'n.

245 So Run That Ye May Obtain.

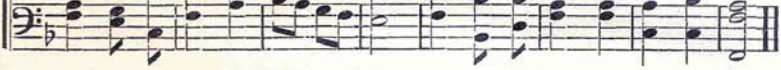
K. U. H. K. OLIVER.



1. While pressing t'ward the heav'nly goal, The bless-ed home-land of the soul;
2. With patience run till you ob-tain, The glo-rious prize you seek to gain;
3. The course was marked by love divine, Up-on it still its light doth shine;
4. Tho' we may well be-gin the race, Re-joic-ing hast-ing on a-pace:
5. Then free from ev-'ry weight and sin, Re-sign-ing all with-out, with-in;



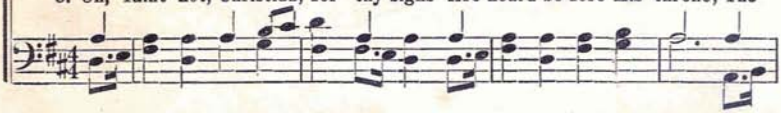
O nev-er let your long-ing eyes, Be tak-en from the wait-ing prize.
Let noth-ing turn you from the way, That leads you on to end-less day.
For Christ Himself the way hath tried, Un-seem-ing-ly His foot-prints guide,
Un-less we to the end en-dure, The prize we nev-er can se-cure.
With steadfast pur-pose let us run, Un-til at last the prize is won.



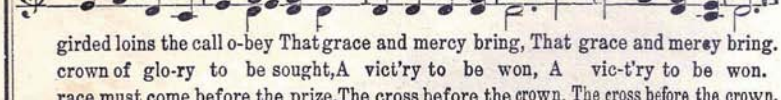
246 Oh, Speed Thee, Christian.

HANDEL.

1. Oh, speed thee, Christian on thy way, And to thy ar-mor cling; With
2. There is a bat-tle to be fought, And up-ward race to run; A
3. Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs Are heard be-fore His throne; The



girded loins the call o-bey That grace and mercy bring, That grace and mercy bring.
crown of glo-ry to be sought, A vict'ry to be won, A vic-t'ry to be won.
race must come before the prize, The cross before the crown, The cross before the crown.



At the Banquet.

G. M. BILLS. Arr. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. At the ban-quet of glo-ry and love, That the Fa-ther pre-
2. We shall sing in the choir of the King, An-gel harp-ers will
3. We shall feast with the he-roes of faith, Who are true to the
4. 'Mid the shad-ows of tri-al and pain, When the temp-ter our
5. In the calm of that glo-ri-ous hour When the tem-pest of

pares for His own; We will gath-er His boun-ty to prove, We shall
join the re-frain; We will make all His pal-a-ces ring, With the
call of the Lord; They who love not their lives un-to death, Leav-ing
hope would de-stroy; Comes an an-gel to cheer us a-gain, With a
e-vil is past; We'll re-joice in the mer-cy and love, That has

CHORUS.

feast in the light of His throne.
praise of the Lamb that was slain. At the feast of the
all for the crown of re-ward.
draught from the fountains of joy.
con-quered cre-a-tion at last.

At the feast

soul; Where the fountains of joy ev-er flow; At the
of the soul, ev-er flow;

feast of the soul, We shall rest from our la-bor and woe.
At the feast of the soul,

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God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Chorus.

Till we meet . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;

Till we meet . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

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